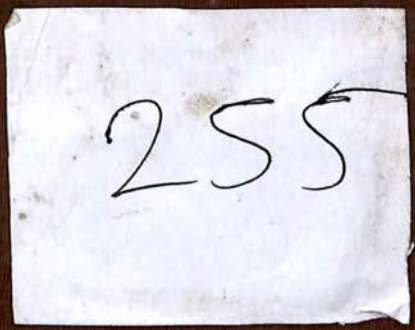
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ANASTASIUS

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ANASTASIUS,

OR

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

CHAPTER I.

From the brilliant descriptions given me of the celebrated Masr,[1] of the kalish[2] that runs through its centre, and of the birkets[3] that adorn its outskirts, I expected, if not an earthly, at least an aquatic paradise. On first reaching this vaunted city, I saw nothing but filth and ruins on the outside, and filth and misery within. "So much!" exclaimed I, thinking of Aly Tshawoosh, "for travellers tales!"

"So too," said I, "echoed my companion the Caïreen, somewhat nettled, "on entering Stambool!" "What?" cried I in my turn, "would you com-

pare Cairo with Constantinople? Where can you find the least resemblance? Is it between the vile swamps that here extend to the banks of the river, and the verdant hills which there rise from the very margin of the sea? between the yellow muddy stream here treasured up for refreshment in half baked pitchers, and the crystal rills there gushing forth from golden fountains? or finally between the smoke dried men, tatooed women, and bleareyed bloated children of this overgrown beggarly place, and our population of patriarchs, of houries, and of cherubs? In Constantinople the very cemeteries of the dead look like portions of elisium; here the habitations of the living already seem charnel-houses."

"With us each gem has its foil," observed drily my friend; "and we admire our beauties the more from the relief which that very circumstance gives them. Suspend your judgment on our comforts till you see the palaces of our Beys."

This was not to be my destiny immediately. I had observed the haughty looks and gorgeous apparel of the meanest of the Mamlukes who condescended to mix among the populace; and wished to avoid the privileged cast, until I might vie in my appearance at least with its minor members. I therefore was content to sleep the first night at a khan;

and the next morning prepared for presenting my letters. Keeping my friend Aly before my eyes as my model, I put on my gayest attire; and when fully equipped for my visit, viewed myself in a looking glass with such complacency, that I began at last to apprehend the fate of Narcissus; and for fear of catching the evil eye from myself, tried to spit in my own face:[4] deeming an extraordinary case to require an extraordinary remedy.

This exploit performed—not without some labour—I sallied forth, feeling quite secure as to what might happen. A fellow in the street, himself totally blind, shewed me the way to Suleiman's palace, on the lake Yusbekieh.[5] The grandeur of its portal, far from damping my confidence rather elevated my pride, by promising a theatre worthy of my ambition. Bounding like a ball, I ascended its spacious stairs, paced the long gallery, and entered the hall of audience. Perceiving the Bey, seated in the angle of his sofa at the upper end of the room, I boldly advanced,—retorting the supercilious and scrutinizing looks of the gay youths who lined the passage,—and when near their patron, put my hand to the ground, to my forehead and my lips, and presented my credentials with every possible grace.

Throughout the East, grandees, when first

addressed, preserve an impenetrable countenance. Their internal emotions lie concealed under a mask of iron. Thus they avoid committing themselves, as they must, in some measure do, were they even to express the reverse of what they feel. Still I fancied I could discern athwart the Bey's immoveable features, such an impression, produced by my first address, as I had no reason to repine at. Once or twice, while one of his eyes affected most diligently to run over the recommendatory lines, I caught the other straying from the paper, and stealing a sly survey of my person, with an air of most encouraging approbation. Having at last,— apparently with great toil,— completed the perusal of the long epistle, Suleiman laid it by him on the sofa, wiped his face, and bade me welcome. "My friend Othman Bey," said he, moving his little hands in unison with his speech, "describes you as possessed of valuable talents, and I feel anxious to acquire a claim to your services. Unfortunately," added he in a lower tone, after beckoning to his attendants to retire out of hearing, "our Mamlukes, with all their excellent qualities, are somewhat addicted to idleness, to deceit, and to treachery, and extremely jealous of all whom they look upon as intruders: nor dare we openly brave these little weaknesses, or confer on a stranger what

these our adopted children consider as their rightful honors. Indeed, the stranger himself would soon have cause to rue the unavailing favor. I therefore do not immediately give you in my house a definite office. But stay as a guest, a friend, a household counsellor; and in time the thing may be managed. God be praised, you are not at least a native Turk! Like us you are an Islamite from choice.

After this little preamble the Bey proceeded to try me on the nature and extent of my acquirements; and as he was not sorry that his Mamlukes should have an opportunity of witnessing his own vast erudition, he made signs to them to return within hearing distance, during the examination. An Italian missionary had once given him a dictionary, as a book replete with short and pithy stories; and in its sedulous perusal the Bey had contrived to pick up a considerable assortment of technical terms of art and science, which he employed as it pleased Providence. Of the things themselves whose appellations he had learnt, he seemed to have no more idea than the huge Angora cat which sat purring by his side; and an elementary chaos of astronomy, tactics, geography, mythology and medicine, all huddled together at random in his brain, flowed in most picturesque confusion from his lips. Extensive therefore as

certainly was the general outline of his attainments, it still left me room to fill up a few intervening blanks, in such a way as to give a very favorable opinion of my own knowledge; without however presuming so far on its superiority as to inform his Highness point blank that England, for instance, lay not contiguous to India,—as he had imagined from their constant warfare; or that Voltaire had never been Pope of Rome,—as he had inferred from the frequent juxtapositions of these personages in his missionary's anecdotes. With all this forbearance, however, my course of practical education at the arsenal, joined to the speculative topics I had heard discussed at Pera, still enabled me to pass myself off in the meridian of Cairo for a youth of no common accomplishments; and at every answer I gave to Sul iman's subtle queries, he fail ! not to assume a profound look, and, after some little apparent meditation, to exclaim in an emphatic tone "good, very good, excellent, admirable! In time you will know as much as I do!" The only thing which seemed to give a little offence was my affirming peremptorily that the earth revolved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. At this bold assertion, so contrary to my usual caution, the Bey looked as if he suspected me of a design to play upon his credulity; and I could only get out

of the difficulty into which my pride of learning had led me, by assuring him that it was among us a very common belief; which he still kept wondering that so sensible a fellow as I seemed should have adopted.

When satisfied with the exalted idea which he doubted not he had given me of his own proficiency in learned and foreign lore, Suleiman by degrees descended to more familiar topics; and I now was surprised in my turn to find a man so utterly ignorant in matters of general information, at the same time so much at home in all that concerned the immediate interests of his country and station. But, like many other people, the Bey prized his knowledge in proportion to its rarity, and seemed to value most that of which he possessed the least. He threw out all his questions about the politics of the Porte in so careless a manner, and seemed so little to heed my answers, that an indifferent bystander would have sworn the most vital subjects to Suleiman were just those which he cared least about. He at last concluded his long string of queries with the affairs of Christendom. "You have been long at Stambool," was his prefatory sentence: "and therefore cannot fail to know all about Franguestan.[6] What bone, pray, are those Christian dogs now contending for? Do they

think they possess enough upon the earth? Or are they planning some expedition to the moon? Blind as they be, poor creatures! they seem not less busy than those that can see! And out of mere curiosity, one would sometimes like to know what is passing in a mole-hill."

Book-learning might afford a pretty pastime; but with a race like the Mamlukes, whose chiefs, as well as meanest individuals, were always required to be on the alert, and ready alike for attack, for defence, and fort retreat, skill in the exercise of the carbine, the pistol, and the sabre were the essential and indispensible qualifications of every candidate for preferment. In respect of these military accomplishments also Othman-Bey had in his letter mentioned me with praise; but I clearly saw Suleiman take it for granted, that the same human being could not possess talents so opposite and so varied. When therefore I begged permission to join the next day in the martial sports of his Mamlukes, he strongly tried to dissuade me, lest I should only expose myself: but my perseverance conquered. He at last consented, though evidently concerned at my obstinacy, and pitying my rashness. Not so his young Mamlukes! They were delighted with anticipations of the sorry figure I should make among their expert and dashing troop; and significant glances circulated round

every part of the room. The morrow was to be a day of merriment.

At the appointed hour on that morrow I went to the Bey's palace, and found the whole household assembled in the court-yard, ready to sally forth. We soon marched out in grand procession; but when I enquired whither we were going, not a creature knew. The Beys are too fearful to trust their followers with so important a secret. Not until the whole party is turned adrift in the fields does the serrah, or domestic charged with the camp apparatus, receive intelligence of the destined halting place. Off he then sets, on his dromedary, to make his preparations: the rest follow with loud clamour; and when the place of destination is reached, the Mamlukes immediately dispose themselves in a spacious ring round the ground.

The Koobbet-el-haue proved to be the spot selected. And I suspected the Bey of a secret wish to verify his forebodings; when I understood it to be the most trying ground for martial exercises in the neighbourhood of Cairo. In order to judge how it lay, to study the mode of play of the Mamlukes, and to form some estimate of their strength, I at first hung back, as if not daring to join in the sports: but of course, the less alacrity I showed the more I was pressed to expose myself. The youngsters knew,

they said, it was in sheer compassion upon their inferiority, that I did not choose to come forward. But my backwardness would not serve me: I stood engaged, and my modesty must be put to the blush.

As if only reluctantly urged on by these repeated jokes, I at last, in seeming trepidation, snatched up a djereed; and in order to render my incapacity the more palpable, the most indifferent performer of the set was pitted against me. Off went my adversary's staff! Spite of my indifferent steed, I avoided the blow, and the harmless stick only raised a cloud of dust. All wondered at my escape. In my turn I flung the wooden weapon, but not with similar effect. Its reached its destination, and most unequivocally delivered its errand. The astonishment of the spectators redoubled, and my antagonist limped in rage out of the circle. The rest of his companions now began to suspect that it was not a tyro's task to contend with the new comer. The more skilful players took their turn. They had little better success; and the first exclamations of surprise gradually subsided in speechless disappointment and dismay. Every voice was hushed, and every lip bleeding with bites of vexation.

I had the good fortune to shew equal dexterity in the use of the pistol and the sabre. The jar flew in pieces, and the felt was cut through and

through. In the Koobbet-el-haue at Cairo I thus first reaped the fruits of the exercises performed in the Oc-Meidan of Constantinople, and the melancholy that produced the exploits in the one, led to the triumph that resulted from the feats in the other. So high in an instant rose my reputation that the Bey himself proposed to try his hand against me. I had heard him described as an indifferent performer. I could have no doubt that, equal to Suleiman's ablest Mamlukes, I had little to fear from their master. Yet did every person present seem to revive at the bare proposal of the match. "How is this?" thought I: but a moment's thought gave me the clue to the phenomenon. "Ah rogues," I inwardly exclaimed: "To see me victorious is now precisely what you wish for, in order that I may irretrievably lose the favor of the Bey. But take leave of your hopes! Selim not only knows when to play well, but also when to play ill;" and in fact, I took such uncommon pains for this prudent purpose, that, on quitting the field, Suleiman pronounced me by far the best player next to himself he knew in Cairo, and the one he liked most to engage with; and, on returning home, definitively took me into his service. Fearful, however, of putting me at once on the footing of the favored cast, he placed me for the present among his sc-

ratches.[8] My salary was trifling; but who among the followers of Beys of Egypt depended upon his wages for his emolument?

Suleiman possessed, in addition to the numerous Mamluke sprigs ingrafted upon the family tree, one male, and sundry female suckers, directly sprung from the stock. To his female offspring Suleiman seemed attached: The male shoot no one could accuse him of spoiling by excess of fondness. He considered the Bey-Zadé as a perfect cipher. Seldom he deigned to enquire after his health: never to demand his presence. "What interest," would he say, "can I take in a plant on which all culture is thrown away? Why cherish a reed, too feeble to support my encreasing age? What I lay out on a conceited idiot, who forgets his deficiencies only to remember his birth, I lay out to utter loss: I even expend it without reaping empty thanks! Are not then my gifts more wisely bestowed on men whom I cherish for their intrinsic merit, and who reward me with their gratitude?" To this mode of reasoning, I, for one, could not possibly object!

Various were the sorts of merit which, in the eyes of my patron, took precedence of kindred. Valor, capacity, zeal, each obtained their share of superior esteem: but the quality rated above all others was a pair of ruddy cheeks. Among many

other instances of their paramount influence, a young fellow from Odesché, remarkable for his stupidity and peevishness, had just superseded in the Bey's favor, and in the place of Tchibookdjee,[9] a Georgian esteemed for his good qualities by all his companions; and that, for no other earthly reason which any one could discover, except that his face looked like a ripe October peach. Suleiman himself saw nothing singular in this fancy. "People," he said, "value a tulip, a shawl, a ruby, a canary-bird, a horse, for the brightness of their hue: they dress up their domestics in the gaudiest colors! Why then should they not be as particular about their faces? and choose their attendants by the same rule as their flower-pots; since both alike are destined to furnish their chamber! For my part, it is my delight, when I cast my eyes around, to view a long row of handsome busts; and I think I may be permitted to be as fastidious about the hue of my pages, as my neighbour Ayoob is about that of his pipe-sticks!"

Fortunately, the new comer possessed not in his complexion wherewithal to make any very valuable addition to Suleiman's collection, as it must have kept me at home much oftener than I liked, for fear of spoiling the set. So far from mine being any longer pure and primitive colors, they were rather

become neutral tints, and such as could not, by their absence, leave the smallest sensible gap in the Bey's prismatic scale. Scarce a day therefore passed without my allowing myself—in company with some of the younger Mamlukes of our house—time to visit Maallim[10] Ibrahim, Maallim Yacoob, Maallim Yoossef, or some other of the Maallims, or writers of the Coobtic persuasion, who lived round the Yusbekieh. They assisted us in keeping up our good old Christian customs; for they never would let us depart without reviving our spirits with a few glasses of rakie: "in order," they said, "to keep out of our stomachs all the water that surrounded us." This good purpose however, they sometimes overshot; for one evening my companion and myself took so copious a dose of the antidote, that on returning home, we no longer could distinguish the path from the canal that ran along side of it; and so fell into the ditch, which was full to the brink. My companion first pulled me in, and I afterwards pulled him out; and he felt so thankful for this trifling compliment, that from that moment we became sworn friends. Some of the other Mamlukes, indeed, wished to sow the seeds of discord between us; but in vain they tried to damp the ardor of an attachment begun in a ditch.

Rashooan was my comrade's name: Gurgistan

his country. He possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities in which Mamlukes excel. Equally active and vigorous, he could break the most unruly horse; leaped a ditch (when sober) with the agility of a deer; brought his steed to a dead stand in the midst of the swiftest race; and wielded with equal dexterity, the scimitar, the musket, and the pistol.

One day I found him describing in glowing terms to a knot of his companions the glories of his native soil. Its flowers, fruits, verdure, streams, men, women, and even, I think, tobacco-stoppers, were, according to his account, positively of a different nature from those of every other country; and could he but once more behold this land of wonders, he would resign his breath contented! "I did not know, Rashooan," said I, when the party separated, "that you so grievously regretted your native country." "Nor I neither," was his answer; "and between ourselves, I pray to God every morning that I may never see it again. Fine horses, rich caparisons, costly armour, sumptuous apparel, Egyptian grooms, and Negro slaves, would be a sad exchange for a life of hard labour and poverty; and for what purpose? Only to find myself forgotton by my parents, and recognized by nobody but a landlord who would sell me again! I have lost my relish for simplicity, and am weaned

from my mother nature. But it is not amiss, now and then, to remind these pert coxcombs that they are only savages, and that I am a Georgian."

Scarce had Rashooan uttered these words, when two or three of Suleiman's younger Mamlukes came running to us, and addressing my friend, said: "Either something very good, or very bad, is hanging over you. We have left Othman Kaichef closeted with the Bey, and you are the theme of their discourse. Both repeated your name frequently with considerable vehemence." "Ah!" answered Rashooan, "if any thing extraordinary awaits me, it is sure to be bad. I never was fortunate myself; nor ever brought good fortune to others! When a boy I was sent among the Kabardahs. Kind people! My host adopted me as his child; his wife sealed the act with the milk from her own breast; and his sons swore to treat me as a brother. What was the consequence? Tartars carried me off, my adopted kinsmen fell in my defence, and I was told to the Turks. I now am a slave by habit as well as from necessity, and no longer wish to be free: the chance therefore is that I am doomed to have my liberty."

Other Mamlukes now brought Rashooan word that his presence was commanded. Sighing he went, and in about half an hour returned to us

with a countenance clouded by sadness, "Sélim," said he, "I leave you: for ever I must leave the house of Suleiman."

"What motive," cried I, "can induce the Bey to part with a favorite?"

"Listen," answered Rashooan. "Othman kiachef had an elder brother in Georgia, settled at a distant place. The kiachef has just discovered that I am that brother's son. He has consequently requested of Suleiman to purchase me. But, as you may suppose, our patron did not think himself warranted by any circumstance, however singular, to listen to the proposal. "Such a disgrace," cried he, "as that of bartering my Mamluke for money, shall lie neither on his head nor on mine. Suleiman may inflict death on an undutiful son, but his enemies shall never say "he exchanged him for gold!"

"Othman upon this looked exceedingly dejected, and Suleiman for awhile seemed rather to enjoy his distress. At last he proceeded thus: "since, however, Rashooan is your nephew, God forbid I should keep him from his uncle's longing arms. Receive the young man as my gift, and let the donor ever remain near your heart."

"Othman," pursued the Georgian, "would fain have excused himself from accepting me in the

burthensome form of a present; but unable to obtain his nephew on any other terms, he submits. I therefore leave you; I leave all that is dear to me! Torn in my childhood from my natural friends, I now in my youth am wrested from all my adoptive brethren. But the will of God be done!"

We accompanied Rashooan back to the palace, where he took an affectionate leave of his patron and his friends. All regretted the young Mamluke sincerely; and Suleiman himself appeared greatly moved. Little did he foresee what luck his gift one day would bring him!

The removal of Rashooan left me fewer inducements for rambling, and this was fortunate; for every day the Bey could less endure my absence. I was his cyclopœdia, and whatever puzzled his sagacious brain—whether a paragraph on Egypt in an old Vienna gazette, or the site of Cairo in a worn-out Nurnberg map; whether the arranging of a microscope presented by a traveller, or the telling of the weather by a barometer extorted from a Jew; whether the construction of a barge, or the design of a keoschk—all was referred to me, as to the oracle in chief: so that many a time, when there occurred what seemed inexplicable riddles to Mamluke intellects, I could only escape my part of

Œdipus, by my insufficient proficiency in the language of the Egyptian sphinx; and my ignorance of the Arabic saved my credit for information on many other subjects. The Bey, however, recommended me to the tuition of a schaich, bred in the college of El-Azhar;[10] not doubting that, when once taught all the refinements of the Caïreen idiom, I should no longer be at a loss for an answer on any topic whatsoever. He thought me a positive abyss of science; and in truth it would have been difficult to discover on what bottomed my knowledge. Whenever I feared that its want of solid foundation might become palpable, I diverted the Bey's attention by some piece of flattery. Not that I ever condescended to perform so inferior an office in the endless departments of adulation, as that of administring to Suleiman his daily dose of crude unmodified incense, which, in common with all other grandees, he had from long and inveterate habit come to regard—like his daily pill of opium—as an absolute necessary to his constitution; insomuch that, while he could as little dispense with the praise as with the laudanum, he swallowed both alike only as a thing of course, and felt neither peculiar exhilaration from the drug, nor gratitude toward the giver:—the task of preparing this insipid sort of panegyric I left to the vulgar herd of attendants.

Mine was the nicer office of exciting the Bey's appetite ere I gratified it, and of heightening the flavor of the destined draught by that little previous fermentation which I often had found to give spirit to the flattest beverage. I therefore usually began by putting my patron, through means of some point blank contradiction, into a violent rage. To yield afterwards to the force and perspicuity of his arguments was perfectly irresistible: it gave at once the pleasure of surprise to his triumph, and the appearance of sincerity to my submission!

Such pains to please deserved a recompense, and they obtained it, but in a mode nearly as circuitous as that in which the reward had been earned. Seldom was Suleiman known to bestow a direct gift: what he usually granted to his favorites, was an opportunity of grinding other favorites already provided for,—of laying under contribution some dependant or client. He would send me, for instance, to inform some rich Jew protegé that he had been thinking of him all day, or some wealthy Christian tradesman that he had been dreaming of him all night; and truly I had never before experienced such a solid way of thinking, or such golden dreams! As an additional favor, he introduced me to all his most distinguished colleagues; particularly to Ibrahim-Bey Sogeir, to

Moustapha-Bey Skanderani, and to Ayoob-Bey the great. This latter was pleased to express great regret that his ill-fate should not on my outset have directed me to himself.

On first entering Suleiman's house I had found the envy of his Mamlukes entirely centered in the Tchibookdgee. It was hard to digest so marked a preference shewn a native of Odesché, whatever might be the color of his cheeks. But when I, who was not even a purchased slave, became the Bey's right hand, only for practising a few foreign juggling tricks as they were politely termed, even the favorite was thought aggrieved, and began to be pitied. Accustomed to dissimulation, he however preserved with me an exterior of civility, tempered only by a few cutting remarks so expressed as to seem to arise from sheer kindness; until a favorable opportunity at last offered of letting loose upon me all his malice.

Suleiman had been rather too eager one day in exhibiting his prowess at the Djereed. Over-heated with an exercise too violent for his age, he returned home greatly indisposed. His illness soon became so violent a fever that his life was thought in danger; and his Hakem in ordinary, at his wits ends, no longer knew what to do. All his Mamlukes stood aghast round their patron, expecting

every hour to be his last. I was looking on with the rest, when all at once it occurred to me that I need not remain an idle spectator. Eugenius my French instructor at Pera, whose strong mind lodged in but a weakly sort of a body, had on occasions derived relief from an English powder, which he always kept with him. Of this panacea he had at parting given me a few papers, as a valuable present. But Anastasius in health never remembered that Anastasius might fall ill, and the medicine was abandoned to whoever chose to try its efficacy: an occurrence the more frequent as the result of the experiment always was favourable. It however now struck me that, possibly, among my clothes, there might be some powders left which might save the Bey's life, and make my own fortune.

Full of this idea, I broke through the circle, burst out of the room, and ran, with a throbbing heart, to my own chamber to look for the medicine. But where to find it I knew not! Every corner of my box was ransacked, every hole of my room was searched, every article of my apparel was turned over fifty times, without my being able to discover the least symptom of the tiny blue papers for which I was hunting. At last I gave over the search, considered the case as hopeless, and went down stairs again, to resume my forlorn station in the sick

chamber, where even during my short absence matters were grown worse. Scarce had I entered, than I recollected that in tumbling over my wardrobe I had perceived the blade of an old rusty handjar—a keep-sake from Aly—stick out of the sheath, and had met with some resistance on trying to push it home. In the flurry of my spirits, I had only curst the rusty weapon; but, on recurring to the circumstance, a glimpse of hope flashed upon me. Aly had taken one of my powders after his seasickness, and the handjar had been his acknowledgment for the relief obtained. I ran back to my chamber, probed the scabbard to the bottom, and from the very point of the implement of death drew forth the last dose of my restorative of life and health,—probably thrust there in some thoughtless moment. Wrapping up the precious medicine in an embroidered handkerchief, I ran down again to the Bey; gave him—for fear the simple truth should sound too homely in his ears—a pompous account of the singular personage to whom I owed the gift; expatiated on the incalculable rarity and wonderful powers of the medicine itself; and ended by imploring him to take perhaps the last dose of this powder of life existing on the whole terraqueous globe!

Most ready was my patron to try its efficacy;

but I had seen him swallow other medicine of less vital importance with an ill grace, and spit out three good quarters and a half. Fearful lest he should serve in the same manner what I considered his sole remaining chance of existence, I went for some palatable vehicle in which to secure a safe transit to the powder.

Though scarcely absent two minutes, I found on my return the face of affairs entirely changed! The Tchibookdgee had employed the short period of my absence to insinuate that the medicine probably was a poison, and the giver a rogue. Of late, I had been much with Ayoob-Bey. Ayoob indeed was Suleiman's most intimate friend! But what were Mamluke friendships? And my evident confusion, my wildness, and my running in and out, clearly bespoke a guilty mind. When full of exultation and hope I offered the draught, the Bey pushed it aside, and, without giving any reason, said he would take no more physic! The declaration seemed a death-blow to myself: but, suspecting whence it proceeded, I steadfastly cast my eye round the Mamluke circle. The Tchibookdgee looked away; I guessed the truth, and trembled.

It now became necessary to insure my own safety. I therefore said with firmness: "This powder has some other virtues beside that of expelling fever:

it exposes calumny. Since my patron rejects its healing powers, let it at least bear witness to his Selim's heart;—and may God forgive the unfaithful servant who suffers the waste of what might have saved his master's life!"

Saying this, I carried the cup to my lips. My speech had restored to the Bey his former confidence. With all the eagerness which his debility permitted, he interposed his trembling hand between the rim and my mouth, wrested from me the draught, and, whispering to the Tchibookdgee in a faultering accent: "he cannot be a poisoner," at one gulp poured down his throat the whole contents.

In my eagerness to do good, I certainly had not sufficiently proportioned the dose to the weakness of the patient. Instead of finding relief, he felt greater oppression: and soon his constitution appeared utterly unable to struggle with the medicine. The Mamlukes, upon this, renewed all their former surmises, and spoke their sentiments so loudly in the Bey's hearing, that they seemed quite determined to justify their imputations, cost what it might! and in default of real poison, to kill their patron through the fear of it. I was in a trance. Had I dared, I should have mounted my horse and rode away, without waiting the issue. But I saw myself watched on all sides, and I knew that on the smallest attempt

to make my escape, I must be cut down on the spot. Meantime a death-like paleness overspread the Bey's countenance: his features became fixed, and his breath ceased to be perceptible. This was the critical moment. I gazed on his countenance, like one whose own life depended on its changes. At last a slight dew broke out upon his forehead! The powers of the medicine triumphed: plentiful reachings and evacuations which soon followed, enabled the system to throw off the weight which oppressed it, and the fever abated! From that instant the Bey's illness took a favourable turn. Every hour shewed an improvement on the preceding; and in a short time after being to all appearance in the agony of death, Suleiman was on his legs again, as well as ever; while,—as had been predicted at the Fanar, —I fell upon mine at last, and stood proclaimed the saviour of his life.

CHAPTER II.

On the occasion of his recovery, Suleiman took a less circuitous mode than usual of shewing his gratitude. He made me at once, by a direct grant, Multezim or proprietor of a district containing several villages; and Selim Aga thus became a man of substance. But this favor inflamed to such a degree the jealousy and murmurings of the Mamlukes, that the Bey, I believe, would at last gladly have seen me in the condition from which I rescued him, without the benefit of Eugenius's English powders. An urgent summons into his presence was the consequence. The moment I appeared: "Selim," he cried, "you prescribed the other day for me: I must now prescribe for you!"

I thanked my patron, and assured him that the pleasure of seeing his health restored, had put mine beyond the reach of accident.

"You mistake," resumed the Bey. "I see by your face that you are ill,—very ill indeed! The air of Cairo disagrees with you. Take my advice,

and change it immediately for that of the province in which your property lies."

It was something to find that I was not expected to swallow a positive dose, which I feared might cure all my ailments too effectually. Still I considered the prescription as indicating something critical in my case, and exclaimed: "say at once, Sir, that I have lost your favor; say at once you banish me your presence; say that my enemies have prevailed!"

"To prove you mistaken," replied the Bey, "to prove that I lose not so soon all sense of gratitude, I add to my former gift a new one; I name you Caïmakam[1] of Samanhood. It is a delightful place, and your residence in your own district will season you to the climate. On your return, you will appear less a stranger among us."

From some lips, "I advise," implies "I command." My only business therefore was to go where bidden, as soon as invested with the insignia of my office.

Meanwhile: behold me now become Selim-Caïmakam! and by the indefeasible privilege of always rising one step at least above one's real rank, giving myself by anticipation all the airs of Selim-Kiachef. No little rayah had the misfortune to meet me in the street, whom my mokhadam[2] forced not to jump from off his long-eared steed, and

humbly to salute me in the mire. The great fat Frank merchants indeed, I had the mortification to find as yet more firm in their seats, and could only indulge in the pleasure of bespattering them from head to foot, as I passed. These were the follies of my youth; but the recollection has often amused my riper age.

Suleiman's regular bazirghian[3] was the merchant on whom I chiefly conferred the honor of fitting me out for my lieutenancy. I chose at his shop broad-cloths, shawls, silks, muslins, armour, &c., sufficient for the equipage of a Bey. These I paid for in orders on my villages; and as the term of payment was distant, so was the price of the goods proportionably high: I therefore felt very indignant, when, alarmed at my increasing requisitions, the wary trader at last swore with great apparent concern that he had not a strip left of the articles I wanted. It put me under the disagreeable necessity of secretly watching some customer of more established credit into his shop, when, gliding in after him, and finding the whole counter covered with the choicest specimens of the very goods which I had in vain demanded, I congratulated the merchant on his seasonable supply, swept away the whole assortment, and resold what I could spare from my own private use.

Spite of Suleiman's impatience to see me gone, I was determined to witness at Cairo the opening of the Kalish. Rather than lose that festivity, I chose to sprain my ancle, and limped to the show. Among the costly articles which I had brought to grace my accession to my government, shone pre-eminent a fine Samoor[4] pelisse. This I was dying to display at the fete; and caught a cold on purpose to wrap myself in furs, in the very midst of the dog-days: nor did I stir a step except in my pelisse. The very mob raved of its beauty; and one youth in particular beheld it with such eyes of adoration, that, unable to possess himself of the whole, he cut off the left sleeve, while it hung dangling at my back, and bore it away as a relic. It was mortifying to learn my loss in the midst of my happiness. The sleeve indeed might be replaced, but the pelisse could no longer be worn that day, and with a deep sigh I sent it home. Scarce, however, had its mangled body reached my door, than after it walked in the severed limb. Dropped in his confusion by the thief, it had been picked up by a most conscientiously honest fellow, who, by the greatest good luck, happened to be a tailor into the bargain, and offered to wield his needle with such diligence, as in a trice to enable the Signor Caïmakam to resume his robe of state. The honest fellow's services were accepted: the cloak was

given him, and he retired to work in a little back chamber.

Unluckily this chamber had a window as well as a door, and having come in at the one, my friend choose, for variety, to go out at the other. On my looking in to hasten the business, tailor, cloak and sleeve, had disappeared together, nor have they ever since been heard of. I applied to the Schaich or chief of the robbers at Cairo, who, for a certain consideration undertakes to restore stolen goods; and during the sultriest season of the year had every day fifty pelisses of cat and rabbit skin brought me to examine; but not one of Samoor!

Thus bereft of my fairest jewel, I nevertheless proceeded on my journey. According to the custom of the country, I was accompanied by some of the Fellahs[5] of my own estate, to serve me as a sort of hostages for the good behaviour of my remaining serfs; and, in addition to these had by way of retinue, four black slaves for the service of my person; three Hawarees or Barbaresque horsemen for the protection of my vassals, half a dozen kawasses,[6] to clear my way of canaille, and four or five Saïs, or grooms, to take care of my stud. This consisted, besides the steeds we mounted, of three or four fine led horses for show, as many mules for use, and a dromedary for flight, should circumstances render a retrograde movement expedient. As to asses for

incognito expeditions, they were, thank God, to be found every where. This little assortment of bipeds and quadrupeds,—spread out on as long a line as possible,—formed a very respectable procession, and quite sufficient to make passengers enquire, and have an opportunity of learning: that it was Selim Caïmakam on his way to his government.

I began my journey by land, and spite of the humble entreaties of the Schaichs and Shehoods[7] of the different places where I halted, preferred pitching my tents in the open air, to lodging in the close and miserable hovels of the towns and villages; but I took care that the inhabitants should lose nothing by the great man keeping aloof! and consoled them by sending for as much provision of every sort as I could manage to consume or to want. The Schaich-el-belled of each district is obliged to supply the public officers on their route at the expense of the district; in consequence of which excellent regulation I should never have given up the more economical way of travelling by land, for the more expensive conveyance by water, had not some of the kiachefs on my way been most inconveniently engaged in hostility with the neighbouring Arabs. This rendered part of the road insecure; and as I had but an inadequate force, I resolved, after three or four days march by land, to embark on the Nile; myself in a light

khandgea[8], which went on before, and the bulk of my equipage in a larger and heavier boat behind.

In consequence of the adventure of my pelisse, I had conceived the erroneous notion that the thieves of Cairo far excelled in skill those of the provinces. This opinion, so injurious to the latter, I had occasion to correct. One evening, advancing with a fresh breeze pretty rapidly against the stream, our ears were suddenly struck by the noise of a heavy body, plumping into the waves; and inexpressible was my surprise and concern when, running to the stern of the boat, I beheld my best mare, whom I had left as I thought fast tied by the legs, swimming away to the land with all her might. Unable to guess the cause of this strange freak, I did all in my power to call the poor beast back, cried out in the most coaxing tone, held up a crust of bread, nay went so far as to neigh to a miracle: but I might as well have brayed! It was all in vain; for, as if bewitched, she only swam the faster; so that at last I gave orders to tack and row after the fugitive with all possible speed. Noorshah however reached the bank about fifty yards in advance of me, and no sooner had she touched the shore, than out came the secret, in the shape of a thief; who to my inexpressible horror started up from behind the animal, cut the strings that confined its

legs, threw his own bandy shanks acrosss it, and scampered off. By diving all the way, the scoundrel had contrived unperceived to reach the boat, had crept by favor of the dusk into the hold, and had slipped under the mare; then, raising his back under her belly, had tilted her over into the water, and pushed her to the land. Unfortunately the boasted speed of the animal put out of question all chance of successful pursuit; and Noorshah was placed in my memory together with the pelisse, among the things that had been.

At Mamfloot I again quitted the khandgea. Only five or six days journey now separated me from my new district, which bordered upon the province of Djirdgé; and the road bore a good character.

On the third morning, however, passing near a mean looking village of mere mud hovels, I began to doubt its claims to that merit. All the inhabitants, young and old, were under arms; some carrying clubs, others stones, and, the most distinguished a rusty sword, or a worn out match-lock. The enemy against whom they marched, drawn out in most martial array on the brow of an eminence hard by, were the inhabitants of the next village; and inquiring into the cause of hostilities, all the information I could get, was that no body knew it

The hereditary animosity between the districts boasted an origin concealed in the obscurity of ages; but its virulence had been laudably kept up by as many subsequent injuries and retaliations as other business permitted; and to my great edification I understood that, however totally the first cause of the enmity might be forgotten, it was not the less implacable on that account.

Though gratified by so praise-worthy a spirit, I yet took the liberty to represent that, even supposing the happiness of the community beyond enduring, I thought a sufficient alloy might be found in certain regular drawbacks, such as contributions to the Sultan, taxes imposed by the Beys, provisions claimed by travelling officers like myself, exactions of avaricious landlords, depredations committed by wandering Arabs, and yearly encroachments of the sand on the cultivable soil, together with the incidental circumstances of locusts, plague, imperfect irrigation, mortality and famine; without rendering indispensible the gratuitous addition of civil warfare and bloodshed between neighbours, begun without a cause, and carried on without an object!

This civil remonstrance, I was happy to find, was kindly taken, and made a great impression on my audience. They alleged not a single objection, frequently interrupted my speech by cries of: "listen

listen!" thanked me humbly when I departed for my good advice, remained stationary in the place where I met them for a considerable time after my departure, and only when I and my suite were quite out of sight, went and, as I have since understood, gave their enemies the bloodiest battle on record in the annals of their history!

At last, after nearly four weeks spent on the road, I found myself to my great satisfaction performing the last stage of my tedious journey. Suddenly I was aroused from a deep reverie by the loud shouts of my suite, at the sight of my capital. Delighted at the sound, I expected that the next would announce the appearance of my subjects, drawn out in due state to meet their new governor, with drums beating and colors flying. "How long they must have been watching my arrival!" thought I, as I spurred my horse, and strained both eyes and ears to discover some distant stir; but no symptom of bustle being yet discernible, I again slackened my pace, in order to give leisure for the procession to advance. Vain considerateness!! might proceed as slow as I pleased, not a creature appeared to welcome my arrival; and I had to enter my capital unhonored with the smallest notice. Matters mended not even as I penetrated deeper into the town; though at every street or lane which I successively entered, I still entertained fresh hopes of some

tardy demonstration of respect. On the contrary, the place looked peculiarly forlorn. Every door and window was as empty as if the city had been visited by the plague; and the inhabitants, so far from impeding my passage by their congratulations seemed rather to have all fled from their homes, at my approach. Inconceivably mortified, I fell into a state of such complete abstraction that I no longer at all minded what I was about, but crossed my capital (which to say the truth was among the under sized) through and through; after a few more turnings and windings, issued forth again at the opposite extremity from that at which I had entered, into the open country; and, leaving my residence wholly behind me, continued, on in full progress toward the Saïd. In fact I might have proceeded in this way in slow march to the very end of the world, had not all at once a prodigious clamour assailed my ears, a hundred yards or two in my rear. It was no less than all the Schaichs, Shehoods and notables of the place, who, seeing me thus contemptuously turn my back upon my new subjects, and run away from my government, were in full cry at my heels, to stop my strange career. Unfortunately the discord of their shouts had the contrary effect from that which they intended. Imagining it in my abstraction to be some fray in which I had no concern, I only spurred on my horse the faster,

and the more pertinaciously the procession pursued me, the harder I gallopped. At last one of my own suite, who in the interval had learnt the truth, got me to hear him, and rectified my mistake. My subjects, poor creatures! were less to blame than I imagined. Apprised of my proximity, they had early in the morning taken their station where they expected me to enter: forgetting a bad pass in the road, which, by compelling me to enter at the opposite side, obliged my subjects to run after the governor whom they had marched out in due state to meet. Matters now were soon brought to an amicable understanding, and I turned back in better humor with my people, and without any other ill consequence arising from the mistake, except that the procession entered the town with its governor, the wrong end foremost.

It had been sheer modesty in me not to expect a capital at least equal to Raschid or to Fooah: When therefore, on looking round, I saw what a place I was in, the first thing I did was to accuse Suleiman of having treated me with disrespect. It was only by degrees that I came to more reasonable sentiments. That is: I learnt to consider mine as a situation not of amusement but of profit. Accordingly I applied with all diligence to the minutiæ of its duties, and by great assiduity made such progress in my studies, that in a very short

time I was able to tell to a fraction of a para what each feddan of ground might yield, and each head of the subjects be chargeable for, whether to the Multezim, the lieutenant, the governor, or the miri;[7] and as to my pastimes, they only varied between letting leases, imposing contributions, levying fines, receiving presents, and inflicting penalties. Indeed, as the Egyptian fellah makes it a matter of conscience never to pay his rent, until compelled by main force, and wears the stripes he has incurred in his resistance as badges of honor, my very financial operations sometimes afforded me an opportunity for indulging in my warlike propensities. Still did my genius, in its new sphere, shrink into insignificance before that of my Coobtic writer, who, with a salary of six medeens a day, and a large family to maintain, had become, by mere saving, as rich as a Sultan's seraf. It is true that whenever he drew a para out of his vest, it was as if he tore his very vitals out of his bosom Once I tried to make myself master of his accounts, but I might as soon have attempted to find my way in the labyrinth of Crete. When I complained of this worthy personage to my confidential servant, I found little sympathy. Seyed shrugged up his shoulders; said it might be tiresome to be cheated, but it was the regular practice. If the Coobd cheated the Multezim, did not the Multezim in the

same way cheat the Caimakam, and the Caimakam the Kiachef, and the Kiachef the Bey, and the Bey the Schaich-el-belled, and the Schaich-el-belled the Pasha, and the Pasha the Porte, and the Porte the Sultan? who, he was very sure, cheated Allah himself, when he assumed the title of Kaliph of the faithful.

Whenever I felt tired of the orations and perorations of my steward, I used to go and hear at the mekkiemé the decisions of the Cadee. Here as elsewhere the conjugal union seemed to be a most frequent source of discord; and, in all its various stages, from its first origin to its final conclusion, a most ample subject of litigation. One day appeared a fair one, thus far entitled only to the blushing honors of a bride. In moving terms she stated that, going home in solemn procession to her bridegroom, the faithless swain, instead of wrenching his very door off its hinges to receive her, had shut it full in her face, and had left her to return at her leisure to her parents. Another day came a regularly installed wife: she, poor woman! after possession of her conjugal rights, had been dispossessed more secretly, and now claimed both principal and arrears of interest: and on another occasion walked in an afflicted mourning widow; who, still as much in love with her dead husband as while he lived, only demanded the empty gratification of nightly visiting his grave, unimpeded by

her churlish relations. She was pretty: her grief affected me, and once or twice I went to the scene of her affliction, to mix my tears with hers.

In Europe, they say, the law demands a long apprenticeship: it is not so among Mohammedans. The Koran and its commentaries decide every case, —from a point of faith to a right of gutter—in a few seconds. The form of trial is simple. Every man pleads his own cause: and wonderful is the readiness of the Egyptians in finding answers to every interrogatory, excuses for every action, witnesses to every fact, and sureties for every engagement. I remember a poor fellow who, called upon for his respondents, and having none on earth, had recourse to heaven. Imam Aly was the one he chose: nor durst the other contracting party, albeit a little startled, refuse so respectable a security: however distant the abode of the Imam, and difficult the task of enforcing his appearance!

My stay was long enough in my lieutenancy to find the subject of discourse which once had appeared to me the most tiresome, become the most interesting in the world. I mean the rise of the Nile. So far from wishing never more to hear of it, I could think of no other. Yet was it this season a source of most unsatisfactory contemplation. The river seemed in a state of torpor, and was so un-

usually sluggish in rising, that soon every district trembled lest its waters should remain short of the requisite height. Nothing was heard but lamentations and complaints. One came to tell me of canals which had no chance of receiving a single drop of moisture; another of such as had been drained prematurely of their insufficient contents. Here the legal period for cutting a dam had been wholly disregarded; there a single field had been flooded at the expence of a whole district: every where it seemed as if the dread of a scarcity had made man exert his utmost ingenuity to render a famine unavoidable.

I now became haunted by the phantom of drought, the most dreary that stalks over Egypt's rich domain. My thoughts by day, and my dreams by night equally presented to me its ever extending, blasting form, followed by the whole train of its frightful offspring: unirrigated tracts, fields remaining fallow, insufficient crops, farmers unable to pay their contributions, peasants abandoning their villages, whole troops of fellahs leaving their possessions and their homes to till the land of the stranger, impositions to remit, short rents to receive for the Bey; and the Caimakam alone held accountable for all the deficiencies of nature, and all the waywardness of man. O! how earnestly did I now pray for some lucky incident, which might

release me from my stewardship and responsibility! But of such a piece of good fortune I entertained no hopes.

It however came, and when it came it failed of its promised pleasure. One morning, as I sat puzzling over some of my writer's explanations, in walked a smooth-spoken gentleman, who, in a civil tone informed me that he came to take my place; and, lest I should doubt his word, handed me an injunction from the Bey to return forthwith to Cairo. This unlooked for recall produced such a revolution in my sentiments, that I now would gladly have given just as much to retain, as I would have done the instant before, to get rid of my trust. It is true that to my concern for what I left was to be added my apprehension of what I might find. So sudden a removal, so little accounted for, savored of a disgrace. I doubted not but my enemies had improved my absence to undermine my favor: I saw the Tchibookdgee at the bottom of the whole affair; and as I had already vowed the insidious pipe-bearer an eternal hatred, I could now only add the vow of a speedy revenge.

Absorbed in my meditations on the best mode of executing what, but for the consequences, was feasible a thousand ways, I one day, on my homeward journey, rode on so fast as to get entirely out

of sight of my suite, when suddenly I found myself breast to breast with a troop of Bedoween Arabs, whose low dusky tents, pitched behind a sand hill, had remained concealed from my view, till I almost stumbled over them. The same instant the chief of the tribe, followed by half a dozen of its ragged members, advanced upon me with couched spears, demanding either a hundred sequins for my passage, or all I had. Neither of these proposals suited me; but my retinue amounted not to one-fourth of that of the Arabs, and it seemed quite certain that if it came to blows, we must have the worst of the fray. Without therefore advancing, but without either answering the summons, I turned round to the foremost of my escort who by this time had approached within reach, and bid them fill a basket with ball and cartridge. This ammunition I sent the Bedoweens: telling them at the same time it was the only coin in which I paid impositions; but if not content with the quantity offered, they might, as soon as my army came up, have as much more as they could carry away: and that, sent by the speediest conveyance. This rodomontade took effect. The Schaich received the gift with thanks, filled the basket in return with superexcellent dates, and bade me pass on, with the salutation of peace. This latter I most readily returned; nor waited

until my army should be in sight, to hurry with all possible speed out of that of the Arabs.

Brooding all the way to Cairo over the cause of my recall, I at last so completely convinced myself it was an entire withdrawing of the Bey's favor, operated by the malicious Tchibookdgee, that, on entering the capital, I thought I read in every countenance the knowledge of my disgrace. This idea made me throw my shawl over my face, until I reached the palace. There, meeting at the gate an old and confidential comrade, I for the first time gave vent to my apprehensions, and by way of obtaining, without asking it, more explicit information, cried out: "I was come to look after Osman."—"God forbid!" was all my friend answered.

But these few words, with the ominous smile by which they were accompanied, were quite enough to confirm all my suspicions. What more indeed could I want, to be convinced that the thing I feared not only existed, but was of general notoriety? Absolutely beside myself, I rushed up stairs, flew into the Bey's apartment, and hardly allowing myself time to breathe, or to perform a respectful salutation: "Sir," cried I in scarce articulate sounds, "Osman, I know, will never cease his machinations, until he has entirely ruined me in your esteem!"

"If so," coolly answered the Bey; "your knowledge far exceeds in its reach even what I imagined; nor did I think poor Osman still continued to disturb your repose, after being himself laid for ever at rest."

"How!" replied I, — my ideas now all completely subverted—"is Osman dead?" "And what else," replied the Bey, "do you think could have made me send for you in such haste? What but the means of now conferring upon you without any obstacle.....? but you are too much agitated to listen at present. I must wait until to morrow to unfold my designs. Meanwhile, go, and compose yourself."

I went, but whether I obeyed the sequel of the injunction, let the reader tell himself. My imagination, always ardent enough, had been set in a complete blaze; and burning with impatience to learn my new destinies, I only felt my agitation changed in its object without being in the least diminished in its intensity. The whole night I kept racking my feverish brain to clothe into some definite shape the Bey's vague and desultory hints; and in my anxious wish for the day that was to clear up the mystery, I began to think night had overslept herself, and the morning, pregnant with my future fate, would never arrive.

At last it duly shone upon the world, I was

summoned to my patron's chamber, and gave him no cause to complain of my dilatoriness. Left with the Bey in much-portending tête-a-tête, he looked at me, smiled to see the impatience depicted in my countenance, hemmed twice or thrice only to increase the fever of my spirits, and then began his discourse.

CHAPTER III.

"SELIM,"—said Suleiman, in all the solemnity of a set speech,—"you have seen our two leaders, and seldom, I should think, can have observed two personages more unlike both in mind and in body. The short spare form, the mild countenance, the insinuating address, the cautious calculating turn of the Scaich-el-belled could not find a greater contrast than in the ferocious features, the colossal frame, the voice of thunder, the violent temper, the fearlessness of danger, the impatience of control, and the prodigality of disposition of his blustering colleague. Little union might be expected between qualities so dissimilar; and, in fact, the public at large, which sees Ibrahim ever prefer artifice to force and negociation to war, while Mourad openly professes to know no other instrument of persuasion but the sword, and dreams as lost every moment given to discussion which might be employed in warfare, regards these two chiefs as constantly on the eve of a rupture, and about to hoist the stan-

dard of interminable enmity. But we who observe more closely, have lost all hopes on that head. It is true, that, for the purpose of deceiving the world, of throwing their rivals off their guard, and of keeping their enemies in suspense by the promise of feuds which never happen, Ibrahim and Mourad often affect to be at variance. You may have heard Ibrahim pretend to lament the hot-headed temerity of Mourad, and Mourad in his turn, perhaps with more sincerity, abuse the pusillanimous delays of Ibrahim; but it is easy to perceive that these are only sallies rehearsed before hand by the performers. Each in his heart feels all the value of that difference of disposition in the other, which gives him in his associate precisely all he wants in himself, and duly prizes that opposition in their respective characters which makes Mourad execute with vigor and promptitude all the plans digested by Ibrahim with slow deliberation, enables Ibrahim in his turn to repair by minute parsimony the effects of the prodigality through which Mourad gains over fresh partisans, and again renders Mourad ever ready to cut asunder the knot which Ibrahim is unable to untie! Thus it is that these dissimilar ingredients,—like the gold and the steel of a Damascus blade—only cement the two chiefs more closely together, fit them better for supporting their joint interest, make them on all sides present a

more impenetrable front, and leave less hopes of those chasms and fissures in their union, at which competitors insinuate themselves to divide a party, to drive its members asunder, and to rise on its ruins!"

"Some of us therefore,—Ibrahim Bey Sogeir, Osman-Bey Tcherkavi, Moustapha-Bey Skanderani, Ayoob-Bey the lesser, and myself,—have at last come to a determination, to bring these all-grasping leaders by main force to a more equal division of the spoil; and even Ayoob-Bey Kebir, Youssouf-Bey, and Ismaïl-Bey Sogeir, though they still seem to waver, only do so, in order that they may sell their co-operation at a higher price. Their irresolute and doubtful conduct, however, would have made us put off the execution of our design until it had had time to acquire greater consistency, did not the present juncture offer advantages which perhaps may never hereafter recur. Ismaïl and Hassan, after their long sleep at Es-souan, are at last awake, and preparing for a descent to Cairo. Aware how little our assistance is to be depended on, should the capital be made the field of battle, the leaders have thought it advisable to hush the storm, if possible, in its cradle, and Mourad is going to march to the Saïd, while Ibrahim stays to awe us at Cairo. Thus separated from his colleague, and deprived of half his strength, the Schaich-el-belled must, if strenuously

attacked, yield to our united force: and in order to be in readiness for the day of trial, we all are busy recalling with the least possible shew our adherents from the different provinces. This made me so abruptly summon you from your government, without much considering whether your recal might not for the moment wear the air of a disgrace. You now know what I had to confide to you; nor need I point out the necessity of the utmost secrecy."

Here, by rising from his seat, my patron marked the end of his discourse. The conclusion fell somewhat short of my expectations. Great undoubtedly to one like me was the satisfaction of learning that all the world was going to quarrel: but still I had looked forward to the disclosure of some more directly personal advantage. Again—it occurred to me that Suleiman might fear lest the new favors which he destined for his servant should appear the sole result of his necessities, and might only defer to another sitting the announcing of his intentions respecting myself: all which things considered, I humbly thanked him for his expenditure of breath, made every requisite profession of attachment, fidelity and zeal, and respectfully retired.

A slave of Ayoob's had been waiting for my appearance near the gate of the palace. The moment I went forth, he came up to me, and, rather

in a mysterious manner whispered a summons from his master, which I lost no time in obeying.

As soon as Ayoob saw me: "Signor Caïmakam," cried he in his eager way—wholly unlike the cold exterior of other Mamlukes, who too much resemble volcanos wrapt in snow—"a most extraordinary occurrence has happened. It is still a secret to all, save the parties concerned: my own family knows nothing of it; and you are the first stranger to whom I impart the wonderful event!"

"You know," continued he after a short pause to fetch breath, "that I spare neither pains nor money, since I cannot have my Mamlukes of my own blood, at least to have them of my own country — my beloved Gurgistan. Doomed to live and to die in this distant land, whoever comes from the country of my birth seems to me a relation. Not many days ago my harem was enriched with a new bud reared in the parent soil. In order to save the maiden from the rapacity of her landlord, her friends were going to put her under the protection of a husband's name, at the tender age of eleven: but already they had deferred their purpose too long. Her wedding-day was fixed, when an armed troop carried her off; and ere she had time to become a wife, she was made a slave."

"Brought hither to adorn my garden, this lovely

rose of the East became my favourite flower: yet had I the forbearance, ere with eager hand I placed it in my bosom, to observe our sacred custom,—to enquire on what stem it had grown, and what walls had sheltered its infancy from the rough blasts of heaven, and the rude touch of man? Selim—would you believe it? In my slave, I found a sister!"

"The virgin blushing before me, was my own father's daughter: was a young and solitary shoot, which, long after the elder branches had been severed from the parent stock, had sprung up to shade the withering top with fresh and tender foliage. For the first time during my twenty years sojourn in Egypt, I heard the voice of kindred, and felt the yearnings of blood."

"But what is all this to you? Perhaps you are thinking? Listen!"

Here Ayoob gave me nearly the same sketch of the state of affairs, and of the views of the party as Suleiman had done before: except that he spoke of himself as more decided in his sentiments than he had been represented by my patron. I began to fear that I was twice in one day fated to be inveigled, by a hope of personal advantage, into listening to a long detail of other people's concerns. But mark the sequel!

"At a moment so critical"—continued Ayoob—"I naturally feel anxious to surround myself with

men who to such bravery as comes and goes not with the fumes of hashish,[1] add such intelligence and skill as may render that courage useful. Of such, small is the number; but you are one, and heaven now affords me the means of attaching you to my house, and of rewarding the surrender I crave of your person to my service. I must provide my newly found sister with a husband, worthy of so so great an honor, and able to pay his distinguished spouse undivided attentions. Such a man I cannot find among my Mamlukes. The elder individuals of my houshold already are established; and as to the remainder, they have not yet accomplished their state of probation. To you therefore I offer Zelidah's youthful hand; to you, who may become my own support as well as my sister's solace! Let me however add, that I never should have made the proposal, while Suleiman your old patron wished to preserve his claims upon you. These, I find, he resigns, —for what reason I know not; and I therefore may, without scruple, offer you an alliance with my blood, a share in my honors, and a home in my house."

At this overture, I felt utterly confounded. It filled me with pleasure, but at the same time with anxiety. I knew not how to choose between the brilliant offer which came unexpectedly, and the expected favors as yet unbestowed. I dared not

hope that Suleiman's thus far undisclosed designs would ever gratify my ambition beyond Ayoob's avowed intentions; but then again, I saw no means of attaching myself to Ayoob, without setting at nought the debt of gratitude, and the duties of the allegiance which I owed to Suleiman. In this dilemma between the certain and the promised boon, I magnanimously determined to make the proposals of the strange Bey, in the first instance, instrumental only in bringing to the test the munificence of my own patron—reserving their final acceptance or refusal for a later period; and in a speech brimful of those high-flown nothings called thanks, begged Ayoob's permission to ask Suleiman's consent, ere I changed my allegiance:—observing that so far from my favor at home declining, it stood higher than ever; and in order to confirm this assertion, representing, by a little transposition only of the future to the past, those honors which I still expected, as already come to pass, and only for political purposes kept as yet unpublished.

Ayoob seemed not much to relish the idea of having his splendid offers accepted conditionally, or his liberality submitted to the discussion of a rival, and swore by his beard he though it very strange: but seeing me immoveable on this point, "Then go," said he at last, "since you will be so obstinate;

but remind Suleiman that if he stops the current of my intended bounty, his own should make you unbounded amends; and above all, stay not long. An hour is the utmost I can bear to be left with my richest gifts thus hanging heavy on my hands.

I promised to be back in much less time; and flew home as on the wings of lightning, to communicate to my patron the substance of the interview with his colleague. On hearing of his offers, he reddened, and seemed offended. "By the head of our holy Prophet," he cried in a tone of bitterness, "my brother Ayoob uses me ill: but these are times in which we must hush our resentments; and *this* Ayoob knows! You, Selim, I cannot blame: his offers took you by surprise, and you could not stop your ears. I however feel happy that, ere my rival made his proposal, I hinted the new favors with which I myself purposed to crown your zeal. You might otherwise suspect me of only acting from the fear of being out-bidden. Now mark me. My oldest Kiachef, Mooktar, is married you know to my first born daughter. My second Kiachef to her sister next in age. My other children, already sent forth into the world, are provided for in different ways adequate to their deserts. Thank God, I have been able to make all my freedmen lords! My Haznadar,[2]—first in rank of those still under my roof—I cannot

yet afford to part with, and I do not wish to conceal from you that had Osman lived, his name would have graced the nuptial song, sang in honor of my youngest girl. But Providence has called him away, and none of his comrades are yet entitled to an alliance with my blood. I may therefore indulge the suggestions of my heart by giving you my only remaining daughter. It is true, the man she marries must possess a public rank: but this also I give. I name you Kiachef. Remember, however, that as my favors are great, so will your duties be arduous,—Of our intended plan of insurrection, the success may depend in great measure upon your devotion, your skill, and your activity!"

On Suleiman pausing here, I clasped his knees, and poured into his lap all my remaining store of thanks and protestations. This done, I retired to a solitary place to give full scope to my emotions.

"I shall then see myself a Kiachef!" exclaimed I aloud, pacing up and down the room in an extacy of joy; "I shall then every time I stir out behold dancing before me those dear damasked spears which I so often have coveted! I shall appear abroad only with an handsome retinue, and at home possess my own separate establishment and harem! No longer a mere graft on a strange tree, I shall cast my own roots in the soil, and on my own independant stem bear my own

separate fruits. This chin of mine shall henceforth cease to be kept close mown, and shall put forth unrestrained its most luxuriant crops!" [3]. And immediately, with the eagernesss of the husbandman, ascertaining whether in his field the budding blade comes up close and strong, I ran to the glass to see whether my broad jaw promised to bear a thick and handsome beard; already coaxed and perfumed in anticipation the still sleek unclothed skin, traced in imagination the symmetric outline of its future jetty fringe, and wondered how the new appendage would become the remainder of my features!

My raptures lasted some time ere I remembered that I had promised Ayoob an immediate answer; and as soon as my memory returned, my imagination began to wander;—I became suddenly seized with a romantic fit. The substantial advantages were nearly balanced on the rival offers; but as honor threw its additional weight into the scale of my patron, I took it into my foolish head, that beauty must preponderate in that of Ayoob. In short I persuaded myself that Zelidah—by birth a Georgian, by condition a slave—must be as superior in personal charms to Khadidgé, a daughter of Egypt, and a descendant of rulers, as the fairest lily is to the dusky bulrush; and determined, at every risk, to see Ayoob's sister, ere I decided.

A jewess of my acquaintance was the chief purveyor of female finery for Ayoob's harem. I went straight to this useful person, and made her instantly collect some of the richest stuffs she could find. I then put on the blue shift and chequered veil of the Egyptian women of the lower order; and in Sarah's unassuming suite, loaded with all her packages, proceeded to Ayoob's palace—now and then sharply reproved by the way, for my long strides and strapping gait.

Zelidah, when we arrived, was unfortunately in the bath, and signora Sarah had to wait. In order to be less conspicuous the while, I squatted myself down on the floor, in the darkest part of the room. Even this had too much light to conceal me from Ayoob, who, whether informed of the entrance of a suspicious figure, or from some other cause, himself unexpectedly made his appearance, as if to see his sister. The moment his eye fell upon the bundle into which I had transformed myself, his countenance changed, his brow became contracted, and he rushed out again, muttering to himself some words of ungracious import, and not at all complimentary to somebody's mother. At this ill-boding symptom, the jewess turned pale, and striking her breast: "I have brought," cried she, "the thing I should not have come with, and have left behind what I meant to have brought! Go, Ishah; run home; fetch

the tissue we were talking of; and return not without it."

Scarce had the words been uttered, when heavy footsteps were heard to approach the place. Active as she was, Ishah had but just time to make her escape, and to reach without hindrance the outer gate. Running home as fast as possible, I cast off my disguise, and immediately hastened back to Ayoob in my own proper form and character.

With many apologies for the unavoidable delay, I now solemnly declined the Bey's offers, but in terms full of regret, of gratitude, and of protestations. The answer was in the same strain, though, as I thought, delivered somewhat coolly, and in a ruffled manner: and I afterwards understood from the jewess, who had bravely remained at her post, that, in less than half a minute after I had made my exit, Ayoob reappeared in the harem followed by a host of black eunuchs, and looking blacker than themselves. He again cast round an enquiring eye; and in seeming disappointment asked what was become of the Egyptian woman. Sarah told off-hand some not quite impossible story, and, expressing a shrewd doubt of her servant's finding the stuff she wanted, went home herself; too glad at encountering no impediment! Thus ended my courtship with the fair Zelidah!

The instant Suleiman's intentions in my behalf

became known; the greatest discontent shewed itself among his Mamlukes. "Their patron," they asserted, "had no right to give his daughters to any but Mamlukes, or to make Mamlukes any but purchased slaves. Othman-Bey Aboo-seïf and Achmet-Bey el Sukari, Turks by nature, and Beys by the favor of Ibrahim Kehya, though precedents, were not examples. The oftener such abuses occurred, the more they ought to be resisted." At last losing my temper at these repeated murmurings, I went hot with passion to complain to my patron. "Sir," cried I, "your Mamlukes judge me unworthy of your favors. Permit me to make them repent of their insolence —equally insulting to yourself and to your servant—or suffer me to renounce your kindness, and bid Egypt farewell."

At these words the Bey only stared full in my face, and set up a loud laugh; but perceiving that I joined not in his mirth, and continued immoveably grave, he too by degrees dropped his assumed gaiety, and in a serious tone replied, "If, Selim, you really feel desirous to leave me, go! Why should I detain your person, when I cannot prevent the estrangement of your mind? But," continued he, raising his voice until it sounded like thunder, while he darted looks fierce as lightning round the Mam-

luke circle, "I acknowledge not yet my slaves as my masters. Let them harmlessly sharpen with Kohl,[5] the soft glances of their eyes, but let them repress the more offensive sallies of their tongues. Too soon may the voice of this presumptuous cast cease to be he heard in Cairo! Too soon may we be too happy to replenish our thinning ranks with men, not worthy to gird on the sabre of him whom these young fools abuse!"

This speech—supported by a letter from Suleiman's kehaya at Constantinople, read aloud, in which the agent actually complained that the slave market was empty, that the Russian she-emperor had out of mere spite made the Padi-shah,[6] give up the yearly tribute of sons and daughters of the Crimea; and that it was feared the whole world meant soon to be at peace—gave me some comfort, and my enemies more discretion.

My marriage being fixed, the wedding soon was announced. Meanwhile, every hour intervening seemed an age. I longed to possess a wife who, if she could not be an object of love, must be an earnest of promotion; and I was dying to have in a harem of my own, a sanctuary, where, even though my person should be proscribed, my wealth still must remain inviolate, and my dear sequins undisturbed!

All things being ready for my nuptials, the ceremony began. My bride was conducted to the bath in state, lest the world should remain in ignorance of her cleanliness. Properly steamed, stretched out and pumiced, she next went through the labours of a toilet so exquisite, that on its completion not one among her beauties remained nature's own! Several hours were employed in twisting her hair into the semblance of whipcord, in adding to the one hundred and fifty plaits which adhered to her own head, two hundred and fifty braids more, the produce of other scalps; and these were formed into an edifice at once so elegant and so weighty, that she could have wished for a second head, merely for common use. Her eyebrows were only dismissed the artificer's hands, after being shaped into exact semicircles; and her eyes were not deemed to possess all their requisite powers until framed in two black cases of surmeh.[7] Henna,[8] the symbol of joy, which already had been most liberally bestowed upon the epistles which communicated my marriage to my patron's numerous clients, was lavished in still greater profusion on my bride's own plump and lustrous person; and made it emulate the color which no doubt Isis displayed, when doomed to roam through Egypt's plains in the undignified shape of a red cow. After all these pains, taken for the sake of beauty, the lady was, on the score of modesty,

wrapped up in so many veils impervious to the eye, as scarce to escape suffocation; but the most celebrated awalis of the capital took care to inform the assistants in their epithalamiums, of the splendor of the charms and jewels which they were not allowed to see.

I do not know how, at the nuptial feast, with the prospect of all these attractions before me, and in the midst of all the bustle of the dance, all the din of music, and all the glare of the lights, I insensibly fell into a reverie, composed of at least as many gloomy as cheerful thoughts;—but so it was!

"Here," said my wandering mind, "am I, the youngest son of a petty Drogueman in an island of the Archipelago; I, at one time fallen so much beneath the level of my own destiny as in vain to seek the situation of a menial, become the master of a host of slaves, the son to a Bey of Egypt, and the governor of a province;—in other words, already occupying a station far beyond what at one time my most sanguine dreams durst have promised me; and yet regarding that elevation only as a stepping stone to a station infinitely more exalted,—to that of Bey; nay, who knows! of Schaich-el-belled itself!

But, by what a series of toils and sacrifices, and perils I may be doomed to purchase these honors, who also can tell? Alas! do I not on the very

threshold of a career, strewed with as many thorns as roses, begin by yielding up my person, perhaps to an unseemly female, and my freedom, to a domestic tyrant. For well I know the condition of marrying a patron's daughter! And what labors, what snares, what treachery may be the offspring of this splendid union, may accompany every step in the road of my advancement, I know not yet. But the die is cast: and I must wait the issue of the game!

A shake, prolonged by the chief of the singing damsels with the most consummate skill, through every note of the gamut, until it drew forth such a peal of taïbs or bravas as made the room shake, roused me from my unseasonable meditations; and brought back my mind to where sat my body. Presently a pretty Almé,[9] inviting me to make her tambourcen resound with the clang of my gold, threw my thoughts into a totally new channel. I began to feel impatient for the moment that was first to shew me the partner of my future life; and in this disposition deemed every new diversion a new annoyance. "Shall I never see the end," muttered I to myself in despair, "of these tiresome amusements!"

At last a female messenger secretly summoned me away from the noisy hall of mirth, to the silent sanctuary of Hymen. With awe and anxiety I passed its threshold, and was ushered into the

presence of her, on whose qualities of person and of mind must depend so great a portion of my future fate. The mysterious veil which till then had concealed her,—face, form and all—from my inquisitive eye, fell at her feet; and I saw.....

"What?" wonders perhaps the reader. "An angel of light, sent from the highest heavens, on purpose to make my earthly dwelling a paradise?"

"Oh no! that would have been too unreasonable an addition to my good fortune."

"An ugly little monster, then? sufficient, were this earth a heaven, to convert it into a hell?—A being calculated to stamp on each endearment all the merit of martyrdom?"

Alas! is it then decreed that the human mind must always, from one extreme, run straight into the other? like the ball whose recoil is ever proportioned to the violence with which we see it projected! And are there not a sufficient number of individuals in the world neither handsome nor ugly!

Of my spouse at least I do not know what else could have been said with due adherence to truth. Her face was neither of a description to excite, in defiance of reason, a very extravagant passion; nor yet of a species to damp, in despite of duty, a more legitimate ardor. Like other plants kept carefully secluded from the beneficial aspect of the sun, this prisoner of the harem certainly

had a sickly pallid hue. Bounded by its sable locks, her wan colorless face might aptly be compared to the moon surrounded by darkness: but then again from the midst of this unvaried expanse, her large languishing black eyes shot forth glances like lightning when it pierces the clouds; and, as virtue is its own reward, the assurances of unbounded devotion which my situation called for, tarried not to diffuse over Khadidgé's countenance some of that animation which alone seemed wanting to class her, if not with the Helenas and the Cleopatras of two thousand years ago, at least with the prettiest of the mongrel race, which at present grace the land of Egypt.

But ere, from the hour when I first beheld my spouse, the sun had compleated one single, of its daily revolutions, not a doubt remained on my mind, that I had obtained, instead of a mistress, a master. I had only changed my allegiance from the father to the daughter, and from a Lord's dependant, was become a Lady's slave. Nor was even the general rule, applicable to whatever Mamluke married his patron's offspring, modified by the peculiar disposition of the Lady Khadidgé! Quite the reverse! Within a most delicate frame the young lady concealed a most unbending mind. The least breath of air seemed capable of annihilating her person, but no breath of man had any power

to influence her will. Already in the first coyness of the bride, there lurked more of pride than of timidity; and in the subsequent altered conduct of the wife, there shone forth an exaction of dues, rather than a surrender of affections. Jealousy indeed Khadidgé felt, and in all its force; but it was of that contracted sort which fears the loss of a tangible property rather than that of a mental tenure; — of that sort which in a man rests satisfied when he has locked up his wife. As Khadidgé could not, consistent with custom, in the same way lock up her husband, she took care not only to let me have no female retinue of my own, but to keep concealed from my view all the nymphs of her own suite, that might divert my feelings from their legitimate current. The instant my footsteps were heard near the gynecæum, all its inmates short of sixty used to hide themselves or fly, leaving me with my lady in awful tête-à-tête. In one instance indeed the anxiety of the attendants to obey their instructions defeated its own purpose. A young and pretty slave, unable to get away in time, took the desperate resolution of creeping under a clothes basket in the very middle of the room through which I had to pass. In the dark I fell headlong over the awkwardly placed utensil; and in my rage grasped with such violence the bundle within, which I accused of my

downfall, that ere I recognised its nature, my spouse whom the noise had attracted, found her fair attendant infolded in my arms. In vain I pleaded ignorance of what I thus had grasped. The pretty slave never more was beheld!

"And Anastasius the impatient of control" methinks exclaims my reader, "submitted tamely to such egregious tyranny!"

Alas! already had the climate of Egypt begun to exert over my energies its enervating influence: already had I imbibed all the languor with which its watery exhalations by degrees affect foreigners: already was I, in point of listnessness and apathy, a perfect match for my indolent helpmate. While she lay all day long motionless on her sofa at one end of the house, I lay all day long, equally motionless, in my recess at the other end; and if she could scarce accomplish the labor of clapping her hands[10] for a slave, to hold up a chip of tensook[11] to her nose, I could hardly go through the exertion of calling an attendant, to sprinkle a few drops of some sweet scent over my beard. Hour after hour I used to sit, inaccessible to visitors, in a sort of trelliced birdcage, suspended over the kalish, puffing clouds of perfume through a pipe cooled in rose water; and deeming an anteree thin as a cobweb too heavy clothing for my delicate person.

I felt the more anxious to enjoy the moments of repose still within my reach, as I considered the

days of toil to be at hand. The rumour of Ismaïl and Hassan's impending descent every day acquired new strength; and the preparations of Mourad for a southward march every day became more active. But the whole was a bubble, and it burst at last. Misunderstandings arose between the exiles in the Saïd and the Arab Schaichs on whose alliance they depended. The quarrel rose at last to such a height that the Bedoween troops already with the Beys, again retired into the desert. The expedition to Cairo therefore was given up; and with the plot fell the counter plot. On all sides affairs seemed to assume, for a season at least, an aspect more calm and serene.

Meanwhile I had secured my Kiacheflik as well as my spouse; and finding that for some time to come I was not likely to be called out on actual service, I felt it incumbent upon me to act like other governors, who annually visit their provinces, and spend a few weeks in the agreeable occupation of regulating the police and levying the contributions of their various districts. For the purpose of appearing in my government with proper eclat, I mortgaged one years income of my estate, took an affectionate leave of my patron, sighed with my wife over the duties of my station, and set out to riot in the luxury of receiving presents, and imposing avaniahs.

CHAPTER IV.

According to custom, I journeyed slowly. On setting out in the morning, the attendants of my tent used to gallop on in advance, and on arriving in the evening, I used to find it pitched. In order to vary the scene I frequently during my march assumed some disguise. Sometimes it was that of a travelling Syrian, sometimes of a Barbaresque, and sometimes of an Arab, enveloped in his abbah.[1]—Thus fearless of observation, and aloof from any suite, I amused myself in prowling about the country, and peeping into the peasant's hovels. My servants, indeed, discouraged this mode of travelling: they never ceased to express their uneasiness at their lord's thus exposing his precious person; but the more good reasons they gave for my staying with my retinue, the further I extended my rambles. I wanted to see all that passed; and if the master's eye be the best, the master's garb is the worst for making discoveries. My trouble seldom went unrewarded. In one place,

the village Schaichs, mistaking me for the Kiachef's caterer, offered bribes of fattened fowls, to make me swear there was a complete famine. In another, the town folks, honoring me with the office of the great man's steward, promised me one whole piastre out of each sequin which I disbursed on his account; and in a third, where I passed for an entire stranger to the travelling officer, they invited me to go halves with them in robbing his equipage on the highway. Here an Arab, who was abusing a fellah for preparing the service of the Mamluke to the freedom of the desert, appealed to me as to a brother Arab, for the justice of his reproach; and there a peasant, who was describing to a townsman the rapacity of the Kiachef's people, referred to me as to a fellow peasant, for the truth of his assertion.

One day in my solitary rambles I met on its way to the river, a family of villagers consisting of three generations and upwards: for besides grandfather, father and sons, several of the daughters seemed burthened with more than the babes they bore on their backs. An ihram in rags, an old mat torn to pieces, and an assortment of pitchers worthy of an antiquarian's collection, were the travelling relics of the deserted home. A few head of consumptive cattle formed the van, and a worn-out plough closed the procession.

"Whence come you, good people," cried I, addressing the patriarch of the family?—"From the Feyoum," was his answer.

"And you leave the native soil, to seek the bread of strangers?"—"Soon I shall be called away, and my son will not be able to redeem his inheritance. Shall he wait to be driven from the land his father tilled?"

"Whence arises your distress?"

"From God and man, in conjunction. Every day our kalish grows more encumbered; every year our soil creeps further under the advancing sands. Alas! as if the very sources of fertility became exhausted with age, our noble stream itself seems tired of flowing, and for the last two years has made abortive efforts to attain its ancient height. Egypt's soil, instead of crops, will soon only bear corpses! Can we then fly too soon?"

"And let those that stay behind bear the burthen of the absent?"

"Those we leave to day would have left us to morrow."

"Who is your lord?"

"Even that we scarce can tell! One day it is the Sultan, in whose name we are taxed; another the Beys, who are employed to tax us, or the deligates of those Beys, throughout all their numberless stages; another the Multezim or owner, who

accounts with the Beys; another the Arab Schaich, who rents the land of the owner. All call themselves our masters, while we can pay them tribute; all deny their being so, when we want their protection!"

My retinue now came in sight, "Hark ye," added I therefore in haste, "Servants should not betray servants; but here come the masters. Take this therefore and go;" and hereupon I gave the party to the amount of a piastre; begging they might not huzza, lest the lord should hear the noise.

Scarce had I at the ensuing halting place sat down to my welcome supper, when in burst a fellah, dragging by the sleeve another of the same class. "This rogue," said the first, "is the man who last year stole your lordship's mare." Of course the heavy charge was most solemnly denied; but not minding what I considered as a thing of course, "Scoundrel," said I to the accused, "had you been content at least with only taking my black mare! but to rob me of my white one!" "The white one!" exclaimed the man! "As Allah is my witness, I never once came near her!" "No more you did," was my reply "for there she stands: but the black one you stole I find, and for her you shall swing!"

I was still exulting in my ingenuity on this occasion, and thinking myself at least a Solomon,—or a

Sancho,—when, passing by a Latin hospice on the out-skirts of the town, my ear was assailed by most pitiful groans; and looking through a latticed window, I discerned their cause in the shape of a flagellation, which a lusty friar was inflicting with his knotty girdle, not on his own sturdy back, but on the much less powerful shoulders of a little yellow Coobd, whom he forcibly held down before him. Doubting the efficacy of this mode of instilling a doctrine, I interposed, and enquired of the missionary the reason of this paternal correction.

"While we distributed rice," replied the friar, "this fellow chose to become a Catholic; now that supplies grow scarce, and that we hardly have enough for ourselves, he brings me back his chaplet, and cries: "no pilaff, no pope!"

The conduct of the little Coobd I certainly could not approve; but it reminded me of my own toward padre Ambrogio. I conceived a fellow-feeling for the defenceless sufferer, and released him from the clutches of his ghostly corrector. Thus it was that to my former achievements I added those of a true knight-errant, and became, if not so indefatigable a man-slayer as Antar, at least a worthy rival of Don Quixote.

Knight-errantry however was entirely set aside as soon as I came within the pale of my own jurisdiction. The first hovel within its precincts which I entered

gave me but an indifferent opinion of the condition of my vassals. In the mud of the door way lay weltering—affected in various degrees with the rheum that was to end in total blindness—five or six bloated brats, quite naked, and fighting for a bit of mouldy millet cake, the size of my little finger. Further on in the cabin sat over a heap of buffalo's dung, and quite enveloped in its offensive smoke, a female spectre, mother of these gaunt abortions, who, on seeing a stranger, tore the only rag from off her body, to cover with it her face; and at the most distant extremity of the hovel, stood the head of the dismal family, burying the bag of rice intended for its support in the earth that formed the floor. One more spadefull, thrown over the store, would have compleated its concealment when I made my appearance. At this awful sight, the spade dropped out of the peasant's hands; and the rag he called his turban, rose a full inch from his head.

"Be composed, my friend," cried I, "it is not the enemy that is coming, it is your own governor."

"Alas!" replied the man, "will not the Kiachef devour my rice, and can the Bedowsen do more? But since you have seen the heap, take half, and mention not the other, or we must all perish!"

"Come," rejoined I, "for once keep the whole; but when my writer calls for my tribute, remember

I know your hiding place, and think not your honor engaged to let yourself be cut in stripes, before you pay the rent you owe!"

At the words I departed, leaving the fellah motionless with astonishment at having seen his Kiachef, without paying for the sight.

"And this, then," thought I, "is the land which its infatuated natives boast to be the finest on the earth; where they would rather die of want, than live in plenty elsewhere. That it has a hidden charm, I needs must believe, since all obey its attraction; but where it lies, I cannot yet discover. I am now in the very heart of that Feyoom so famous for its roses, and all that yet has struck my senses is the smell of its cow-dung!"

Arrived at the place of my residence, I immediately set about receiving with all proper dignity the homage and the presents of my subjects. My writer took special care that none of my vassals should have to complain of my forgetfulness. To each he sent a summons to welcome their lord; and his invitations were addressed not only to the aboriginal and stationary cultivators of the soil, but also to the Arab Schaichs, who occasionally here and there rented a district. The liberality of these latter on this occasion exhibited various shades of difference. The first of my Bedawee[3] tenants who attended my summons, gave me, over and above the tribute due,

two camels, a dromedary, and fifty fat sheep, with fleeces white as snow. "This begins well," thought I. The second produced for my acceptance a present of a different hue:—two jolly Abyssinian damsels of the most complying temper: observing "that even ivory looked insipid, unless contrasted with ebony." The third only presented his landlord with a lean steed; but then he was of noble blood, and his pedigree so long that it would have reached to Cairo. "Even this is not much amiss," said I to myself. A fourth Arab chief now made his appearance, who gave me not a single para beyond the stipulated rent; and to him I only grew somewhat reconciled, when there came a fifth, who raised such a commotion, that I would willingly have remitted all he owed me, with a handsome consideration on my side into the bargain, to see a hundred leagues of imperviable desert separate our respective jurisdictions.

I had left the lady Khadidgé my wife fully occupied in collecting every species of amulet and charm, and recommending herself to the efficacy of every form of devout orison and practice, in vogue either among Mussulmen or Christians, for the purpose of seeing her waist lose on my return its perverse slimness: but, except on the score of progeny, felt with respect to my spouse in the most happy security, when unexpectedly an express arrived from

Cairo, with the sad tidings that she had not only been seized with a sudden illness, but was actually considered as in very great danger. As however the sapient Moslemin Esculapius called in on the occasion, had decided upon the case without seeing the patient, on the mere evidence of a bit of silk thread tied round her wrist, I chose not implicitly to trust to his report, and immediately set off myself with all speed for the capital;—resolved that some Frank physician should, if possible, cure my wife, even at the risk of seeing her; and only puzzled how to bring about so desperate a measure!

Alas! It was written that I myself should behold her no more! Just before the last stage of my journey, the breath of life had left her for ever! My speed only brought me home in time to hear the dismal howlings that were raised on my youthful helpmate's decease. At my first alighting in the court yard of the house of mourning, a fresh peal of woolliah-woes, louder than any former, went forth from every window, by way of appropriate greeting; and, without much preparation, gave me the first notice of my loss. I was next dragged by force of arms to the place where lay an insensible corpse, she whom my last parting look had left elate in all the pride of youth, of health and of power. Plates of gold covered the coffin, dazzling tissues hung around it, and flowers of every hue filled the

air with their fragrance, as if to mock, or to render more dismal by their gaudiness, the foul corruption at work within. "O Khadidgé," cried I, at this solemn and appaling sight, "too soon has thy tale been told: too soon hast thou glided by like a noon-day shadow; too soon has the rough wind of death swept away the just expanding blossom of thy existence!" and hereupon I let the funeral proceed. For already the attendants were chiding me that I thus rudely kept the black and blue angels of the tomb, waiting for their new guest.

My myrtles now faded; my only shade now being that of the cypress, I went and deposited my grief at Suleiman's feet. A good deal afflicted himself, he yet preserved his wonted courteousness, and assured me that his sentiments in my behalf would ever remain unchanged. I thanked him for saying so; but felt that I had lost the surest pledge to his favor, and was tempted to apply the Greek saying: "Welcome this misfortune, so it come but single!"

A Mamluke seldom finds much leisure for mourning. Scarce had I composed myself for the purpose, when my retirement was invaded by a rumour that the expedition against the Beys of Upper Egypt, a few months before unexpectedly abandoned, had been as unexpectedly resumed. It soon was followed by a strange report that Mourad had actually set out on

his march for Es-souan. This event would only have afforded us a subject for rejoicing, had not the Signor Mourad,—whether with the view of reserving for his own adherents all the profits of the campaign, or in the idea of leaving Ibrahim provided in his absence with sufficient means of defence, —contented himself with only taking on this occasion his own troops, instead of all those at Cairo which belonged to his party; whence the Schaich-el-belled retained a larger force at his disposal, than was desirable for the success of our plan. Still, despairing of a more favourable opportunity, we determined to put it forthwith into execution; and a meeting of all the principal confederates was convened at Ayoob's palace, to determine upon the best mode of proceeding.

When it came to my turn to give my opinion, I proposed rushing at once with all our host upon the Schaich-el-belled, surprising him in his palace ere any assistance could reach him from the citadel, and running every hazard in order to secure his person. No hint whatever was to be given him of the least dissatisfaction lurking in our breasts; above all, no proposal of any sort was to be made nor no step to be taken that could put the wily chief in any way upon his guard, ere this purpose was accomplished. When once fairly in our power, Ibrahim must submit to whatever terms, and grant whatever securities we chose to prescribe.

Several of the party, and among others Suleiman my patron, felt the expediency of this decisive conduct; and supported my proposal with all their influence: but Ayoob as strenuously opposed it. He would not hear of proceeding, as he called it, to extremities with the head of the corps, until milder measures had been tried; and when I reproached him with faint-heartedness, looked significantly, first at me, then at the further corner of the room, and at last cried out in angry tone, "that at least he never yet had fled from any place in women's clothes."

Encouraged by the sentiments of this leading personage, some of the lesser members of our party now in their turn opposed my scheme with all the resolution of cowardice; and the boldest measure which could obtain the assent of the majority, was that of marching out of Cairo, collecting all our forces in the Koobbet-el-haue, and from our camp sending Ibrahim the option of compliance with our terms, or immediate and interminable warfare. On this poor and spiritless conclusion of the meeting, Suleiman in his wrath rent his garment, I shrugged up my shoulders, and the few that had common sense, considered our affairs as lost.

According to the plan resolved upon, as soon as Mourad was supposed to be sufficiently advanced on his way to the Saïd, we bravely rushed out of the

capital, pitched our camp under the city walls, and deputed Saleh, the ablest of Ayoob's Kiachefs, to lay before Ibrahim our long list of grievances. On the first blush of the business, the Schaich-el-belled appeared more frightened and more disposed to grant redress, than I durst have hoped. He seemed ready to accede to any terms; and only wanted,—he assured us,—clearly to understand what were our wishes. Those who had insisted on gentle measures now triumphed, and looked all exultation. In the course of the negotiation, it is true, their confidence in their sagacity abated a little. The first panic of the chief seemed gradually to subside: he shewed symptoms of returning resolution; and contrived to make the affair drag on a long while after the expected period, ere it came to a conclusion. At length, however, he agreed to our demands; the treaty was put into writing, and emissaries went out in every direction to collect such of the Schaich-el-belled's creatures as were to be our securities. We only waited for the hostages, triumphantly to enter the city, and take possession of the government.

All at once a most appalling report spread through the camp! While we were quietly drawn up under one extremity of the city, Mourad, it was said, had with all his forces re-entered its precincts at the other. In-

formed on his march of our insurrection,—which perhaps its only object had been to bring about prematurely,—he had re-descended the left bank of the river, crossed over at Djizeh, and resumed his post at Cairo, ere the enormous circuit of this city had permitted our receiving the least intimation of his precipitate return; and the very messenger who was to have brought us the pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty, brought the first authentic intelligence that all negociation was at an end! "Tell my friends without the gates," were the last words addressed to this personage by Ibrahim, "that since they have taken the trouble to quit Cairo of their own accord, they have nothing to do now but to make the best of their way to Upper Egypt; Mourad, my colleague, is less enduring than I am."

We looked aghast; but followed the Schaieh-el-belled's advice Raising our camp without a moment's delay, we glided in haste behind Mount Mokhadem, and during four days marched without interruption along the back of the rugged ridge of which it forms the extremity. Then crossing its uneven width, we on the fifth morning gained the river. This too we passed, and soon, on its western bank, reached the town of Minieh.

Here we fixed our head quarters. Our position

afforded us every convenience for what was next in our wishes to ruling at Cairo—starving the capital by intercepting its supplies. To contribute to this laudable purpose as effectually as possible, I stationed my own little troop in the vicinity of Ash-Moonin, where I had opportunities of making good captures, and of manifesting great impartiality. The times in truth admitted not of nice distinctions between friends and foes: besides which there lurked about me I do not know what presentiment, that my sojourn in Egypt was drawing to a close. I therefore determined to make the most of my time while I staid. Summer insects sting sharpest in autumn, when they begin to grow weak.

Still was it my study that the little offerings of my friends should appear the sole result of their own liberality. Receiving intelligence one day that a rich Coobd of Cairo was to be on the road, I took special care to greet him on his passage. "I knew your intentions, my worthy friend," said I, "of travelling this way with all your money and jewels; and for old friendship's sake immediately scoured the country, that you might meet with no extortion." Davood was all thanks. "Set bounds to your gratitude," resumed I; "the two hundred sequins you

destine me for my trouble I positively will not take. All I can consent to is to accept an hundred." Davood began to remonstrate. "No words," cried I, "but the sequins; for the robbers still are near!" So thought Davood, and paid the money.

CHAPTER V.

HUNGER, they say, drives the wolf out of the forest: it certainly in the year eighty-three drove the Schaich-el-belled out of Cairo—but with a full determination to clear the banks of the Nile, of which we entirely impeded the navigation. Some surprise indeed was created by thus seeing the two leaders exchange offices and characters: for while Ibrahim sallied forth in warlike trim to attack the enemy, Mourâd remained in the capital a tranquil spectator of the fray. The conclusion, however, shewed that for once Mourad had foiled Ibrahim with his own weapons. During the march of the Schaich-el-belled, his colleague negotiated so successfully with the Sultan's Pasha, that he induced the Visier to invest two of his Mamlukes—Osman Kiachef surnamed Tamboordgi, and Mohammed Kiachef called the Elfi—with the rank of Beys.

This proceeding of Mourad's appeared so suspicious to Ibrahim, that he began to fear lest his colleague might be meditating the same game which he himself had played before; and having

drawn him out of Cairo, might shut its gates against his re-entrance, as he had shut them against ours. He therefore change his plan, or at least seemed to do so; and made this occurrence the pretext for sparing us the battle which he probably never had intended to give. Instead of waging savage war, he proposed terms of peace. Our leaders judged it prudent to meet his advances; and in October of the same year Ibrahim reinstated our whole party in Cairo.

Mourad now in his turn sullenly marched out; but we at first heeded not much his pettishness: as it is far from a rare occurrence for the rulers of Egypt to agree most amicably upon a rupture. The apparently impending hostilities afford each party a pretence for imposing on its adherents and clients extraordinary contributions; and when the last para for the warlike preparations is paid; lo and behold! the world is gladdened with the news of a reconciliation.

On this occasion, however, Mourad protracted the shew of warfare somewhat longer than usual; and indeed acted his part with such truth of imitation, as almost to impress us with the idea of the reality: for not only he actually retired into the Saïd, but there continued with such earnestness the task which we had undertaken of destroying the supplies of the capital in their very sources, that Ibrahim

at last began to think the joke too serious, and in order to appease his rival, again sent us fresh notice to quit the capital. It was unpleasant to be thus bandied to and fro; but at this juncture braving Ibrahim would have been braving the whole force in the citadel, ready to move at his command. Thus deprived of every hope of successful resistance, we agreed to obey; but only with the view of executing a scheme proposed many times and as often rejected, of coalescing in the Saïd with Ismaïl and Hassan.

I was at home when the resolution of our Beys to quit Cairo reached me. Immediately on receiving it I collected all that was most valuable in my harem, and while the beasts of burthen were loading, walked over the various apartments of my abode, as one who bestows a last look on friends he leaves for ever. "Happen what may," exclaimed I, "here I have at least enjoyed a few moments of ease and quiet, whose existence fate has no power to expunge from the records of time! Should I, while I live, enjoy no other, my mind will revert to these with a grateful recollection!" All now being ready, I joined my patron, and with the rest of our party marched out of the city.

In the full confidence that Ibrahim must make the peace offering required of him, Mourad had redescended from the Saïd along the eastern banks of

the Nile, and had returned to the vicinity of Cairo. From the heights of the Mokhadem he saw our troop wind along the plain. He had the vantage ground, and thought the moment propitious for exterminating our hostile body at a blow.

To rush down the hill with all his force, and attack us like a lion who sees an unsuspecting prey, was the work of an instant. Fortunately his superior numbers were exhausted by a long march, while our fewer men all were fresh. We therefore received the shock of the first onset without giving way, and a bloody combat immediately ensued.

As usual, the Mamlukes of each different house at first remained in close order round their chiefs; and I therefore fought next my patron, until, wounded in the shoulder, he was carried to the rear, when I acquired greater latitude of movements. Spying in the thickest of the fight a son of Osman's, to whom, for many a treacherous action, I long had owed an adequate return, I took aim at him while firing his carbine, and lodged a ball in his side, which made him bite the dust. One of Elfi's hairbrained children instantly sprung forward to revenge his friend's death, and made a thrust at his slayer. I received the stroke on my yatagan, and with a well timed blow sent him too reeling out of the field. He scarce had gone fifty yards, ere he fainted and fell. Another myrmi-

don of Mourad's now advanced: Asssad was his name. Proud of his size and strength, he deemed himself secure of victory before he fought; and in order to give greater splendor to his triumph, prefaced his assault with the most insulting language. The clash of swords soon followed; and here again mine proved the better blade. My adversary's sabre was shivered in his hand, and himself unhorsed and brought to the ground. Maddened by his previous taunts I was going to dispatch him; but he expressed such contrition and begged mercy so piteously, that I agreed, though reluctantly, to spare his worthless life. Scarce had I turned my head to call to my people, when the wretch, deliberately taking aim, fired his pistol at me. The ball grazed my cheek and only tore my turban. I now dismounted to plunge my dagger to the scoundrel's heart; but in the very act of lifting my poniard, a bullet struck my hand, and paralysed my fingers. I dropped my handjar; and Assad—with a sudden jerk tearing himself away from my Mamlukes, who already were seizing hold of the traitor,—darted afresh amid the thickest of the combat, and slunk out of sight.

In despair at this grievous disappointment, I now vaulted back into my saddle, but, from the uselessness of my left hand, was unable either to hold my reins or wield my fire arms. Soon therefore my horse, unsupported by his rider, came down

completely. Thrown off and lamed by the fall, I was obliged for some time to defend myself against a Mamluke enemy with one knee to the ground. While with my yatagan I parried his unceasing blows, another of his party tried to ride over and trample me to death: but spite of his rider's urging voice and stirrup, the generous steed refused to obey, and my own horse who had got upon his legs again, now exhausted with loss of blood, fell dead by my side, and served me as a rampart. Yet still my helpless state must soon have left me at the mercy of my well-mounted adversary, had not at this juncture my own Mamlukes dashed through the adverse current, and come to my assistance. One of them struck my enemy in the loins. He fell backward in his saddle, was immediately pulled off his horse, and I raised up and mounted in his stead. I could however only hold my reins with my teeth, and guide my courser with my sword, while raging with the thirst of vengeance, I flew from rank to rank to seek the traitor Assad.

Already the falling dusk seemed to deny every act of personal animosity, and to permit a continuance only of random blows and general slaughter. My search therefore was fruitless! Ere yet, however, the closing night had dropped its sable curtain entirely over the combat, a colossal form, soaring like the spirit of evil, caught my searching eye. Instantly

I threw myself down, stooped close to the ground, penetrated athwart the surrounding phalanx, and, while the haughty chief was giving a signal, struck at his face one single furious blow. A second must have wrought my own death. I therefore tarried not, but, under my horse's belly, assisted by the darkness, made my escape. At this instant a loud and long shout of terror announced to all his men that Mourad was wounded. and his hated blood, drawn by me, formed the last event of the expiring battle.

Our principal apprehension had been all along lest Ibrahim, apprised of the engagement, should sally forth, and support his colleague with the troops from the citadel. Probably he wished not to render his rival's success too complete ; and Mourad himself, now having had enough of fighting, no longer opposed our retreat. He entered the city, while we, gathering up our most distinguished dead, to be consigned to vulgar earth on the road, continued our march uninterruptedly all night. Suleiman, who suffered much from his wound, was carried in a litter, and I, with my hand in a sling, and my leg bandaged up, figured on a jaded hack. I regretted the richly caparisoned steed of my enemy Assad, which I one moment had regarded as mine; I still more grievously regretted the home-thrust of my dagger, which I hoped to have

made his: but my successful aim at Mourad himself, the ugly gash imprinted on his rugged jaw, and the streams of blood gushing from his hateful face, though sights which I had not had leisure to enjoy in the original, were a rich treat for my imagination!

Several years had elapsed between the first combat I witnessed, and this last engagement. In both I was allowed to have shewn some valour: but how different were the sentiments which, on these different occasions, nerved my arm! In the fight against the Arnaoots, I only obeyed a vague desire to gain applause, and to vent the empty ferment of my youthful ambition. I fought the foe, as I would have hunted the beast of prey: no personal rancour gave venom to the wounds I dealt. Here, on the contrary, every feeling of personal interest, animosity and revenge directed my aim, and dwelt on my blows. After hewing down my enemy, I greedily contemplated his fall, and could almost have wished to turn my weapon round and round in his wound: my soul seemed to thirst after his blood as after a refreshing stream; and when the hot spring gushed from Mourad's own swelling veins, I could have dared death itself to riot in the crimson tide!

Just at the period when the animosity between the insurgents and the chiefs of Cairo was at its height; when both parties had sealed their enmity with their blood; when all chance of reconciliation

seemed for ever at an end, arose that never-failing healer of internal feuds, the fear of an external enemy. A report, bearing the stamp of undoubted authority, suddenly spread itself through Cairo, that Hassan was making immense preparations at Constantinople for re-instating Ismaïl. Immediately the terrified leaders sent after our fugitive troop proposals of mutual forgiveness. The bearers, entrusted with no less credentials than Mourad's own ring and chaplet, reached us the sixth day of our march, in the midst of the mountains. The sole indispensible condition of the reconciliation they offered, was a sacrifice of a few of our Beys' trustiest followers, whose spoil was wanted to feed the rapacity of their own Mamlukes. It is true, the interests of these very adherents had been the ostensible pretext of the rupture: but they were readily given up as a peace offering, when deemed the only obstacle to renewed harmony.

Among the appointments to be ceded was mine. Suleiman indeed proposed a commutation; but whether Mourad knew the author of his wound, or from whatever other cause, he would hear of no exchange. My father-in-law therefore ended like other politicians by yielding to circumstances. He declared himself unable alone to resist the importunities of all the other Beys, and I was summoned to give up my possessions. Thus were realized the

effects which I apprehended from the loss of my wife.

My patron had only yielded, he said, to superior force; I thought it fair to follow his example. When therefore the storm burst forth, I gathered together my trustiest followers, and, instead of returning to Cairo, and expressing my readiness to be stripped,—as I was expected in deference to higher interests, to do,—struck across the country, passed the river, and reached my Kiacheflik. There, intrenched in the best manner I was able, I bade my antagonists take the trouble of turning me out.

During a whole month they seemed averse from the task, until at last I thought myself forgotten; but on the fifth week after my arrival, I received intelligence that my successor was coming. He was accompanied by a force so very superior to what I could muster, that I gave up the Kiacheflik for lost, and only resolved to make the new Kiachef pay a handsome admission fee. Collecting all my cash, jewels, and other valuables, I loaded with them half a dozen camels and dromedaries, freed my slaves, gave away my fixtures, and followed by my small troop of faithful Mamlukes, posted myself in ambush a few leagues from the town, in a place where I knew the enemy must pass. It was an elevated plain, advantageously suited for my purpose. In front rose a hillock covered with ruined

koobbehs,[1] cactus hedges and date trees, which screened us completely, while behind lay an open country, and a kalish, with a bridge of boats and boards, which secured our retreat.

After a whole night of tedious expectation, we early in the morning heard the tramp of horsemen, and presently the enemy came in sight. By his loose and straggling order of march it was plain that he had no suspicion of our design: and soon the troop approached so near our masked battery, that we could discern the features of every individual. Heavens! how my heart bounded when in the chief,—in the stranger who came to dispossess me,—I recognised the identical Assad who had tried to take away my life, as my reward for saving his own. I immediately made a signal to my followers to leave in my own hands the soothing task of just revenge, took the best aim I was able, and fired. A general discharge instantaneously followed: but I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing Assad fall first, though several of his troop soon bit the dust around him. The remainder, unable to guess the force of their invisible assailants, immediately took flight, and dispersed in all directions.

Save the place which my men occupied, there was not a spot in sight where the fugitives could halt and rally. The rout of those that remained

sound, therefore, enabled me to approach the wounded. Assad, though weltering in his blood, was still alive: but already the angel of death flapped his dark wings over the traitor's brow. Hearing footsteps advance, he made an effort to raise his head, probably in hopes of approaching succour: but beholding, but recognising only me, he felt that no hopes remained, and gave a shriek of despair. Life was flowing out so fast, that I had only to stand still,—my arms folded in each other,—and with a steadfast eye to watch its departure. One instant I saw my vanquished foe, agitated by an unceasing tremor, open his eyes and dart at me a glance of impotent rage: but soon he averted them again, then gnashed his teeth, convulsively clenched his fist, and expired. I spurned the lifeless wretch with my foot.

Wishing now for nothing more, I only sought the speediest retreat, fell back in all haste, and got to the westward of the beaten track, into the boundless desert. Several of my camels were intercepted by the Arabs, and my men suffered cruelly from missing a well: but falling in soon after with the Nubian caravan, our distress was relieved, though at the expence of half my remaining treasure. At last, after performing a prodigious circuit, during which we experienced incredible hardships,

we contrived to reach Es-souan, and joined the exiled Beys, Ismaïl and Hassan.

Never had the insurgents, even when in most open hostility with the chiefs of Cairo, formed a common cause with the party in the Saïd. Too deeply rooted a jealousy divided the houses of Mohammed and of Aly. The first and only attempt at an union of interests was that which followed the battle of the Mokhadem, and was foiled by the reconciliation of which I became the victim. At enmity now with every party in the capital, I was well received by the Beys of upper Egypt. I confirmed to them the welcome intelligence of the Capitan-Pasha's preparations, and engaged soon to return with Ismaïl to Cairo. Meantime, apprehending that I might, in spite of appearances, be deemed a spy only upon the ex-Schaich-el-belled, I made over to him my few remaining Mamlukes, and, rid of this burthen, determined to withdraw from Egypt, until the Grand Admiral should actually be on his way. Having however still some goods and valuables, I kept my design a secret, lest my kind friends should make my property a keep-sake. After a few short rambles, to wean them by degrees from the pleasure of seeing me, I at last undertook a longer flight. On a fine star-light night, of which there is no lack near the Cataracts,

accompanied only by two trusty servants mounted like myself on dromedaries, we slipped away and again plunged in the desert.

By a forced march I reached Gieneh. Its Kiachef had formerly been my friend, and what deserves to be recorded, still shewed himself my well wisher. He gave me letters for his lieutenant at Aïdab. I travelled across the sands to this seaport, by the Franks called Cosseir, and found its road full of Zaïms[2] from Djedda, freighted for Suez, but which had lost the season. One of them I engaged to carry me across the Red Sea; and bidding Egypt, with its plagues as well as its blessings,—its mud and misery, its locusts and lizards, as well as its perfumed rice and purple dates, its golden grapes and azure nileh,[3]—a reluctant adieu, with heavy heart embarked.

The vessel was wretched, and the passage stormy; but after expecting to founder on every coral reef in our way, we at last providentially ran safe into Djedda harbour. On stepping, after so many perils by land and by water, on the Arab shore, I could not help exclaiming: "My native land has renounced me; the country of my adoption has cast me off: be thou, O strange soil, the wanderer's less fickle friend!"

I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear in many places: but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom, or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the scourge, that at last the Schaichs and other regular ministers of worship,—supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption,—no longer themselves ventured to implore offended Heaven, and henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the interceding voices of tender infants; in hopes that, though callous to the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence still might listen to the supplications of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes, what it denied to the agonising cry of beings hardened in sin. Led by the Imams to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to Heaven their pure hands and feeble voices; and while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, they alone were heard to lisp from their slender summits en-

treaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even they continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches already in the pangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony: and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Masr, thousands of infantine voices went forth the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below with half extinguished voices jointly answered, "so be it!"

The humble request God in his mercy granted. The plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns, and villages, and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with

their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the two fold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay.

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS near the Holy City, and had all my time at my disposal. Could it be better employed than in seizing so favourable an opportunity of acquiring the title and the prerogatives of a hadjee?[1] I therefore determined to perform, in its utmost strictness, the pilgrimage imposed on all true believers; and no sooner had set foot on shore at Djedda, than I immediately proceeded on to Mekkah, where I achieved in solitude my first round of devotions at the Kaaba.[2] It is true that, as on this globe at least the holiest places are not always the most agreeable, I again returned as fast back to Djedda; but it was only to wait until the Coorban bayram[3] should bring together at Mekkah the whole assemblage of caravans and pilgrims; when I purposed to revisit the ruby of Paradise, and to join the great body of hadjees, in the more solemn rites performed at that period under its shadow.

Even in the busier seaport of Djedda itself, it must be owned, my pursuits scarce soared above the amusements of a paltry coffee-house, where I went

every morning to smoke my pipe, drink my cup of kishr, and play my game of chess with a famous hand from Surat; always hoping to return my adversary's infallible checkmate. These harmless pastimes were varied by a turn on the quay to see the unlading of goods and monsters from the Red Sea; and by the monotonous tales of a poor Schaich of the neighbourhood, who, for my paras, procured me, if not any very delightful waking visions, at least some very sound naps.

An accidental rencontre with an inhabitant of Djedda, Sidi Malek, for whom I had recovered at Cairo some property, purloined by Hassan's people on their visit to his city, promised me a little change of scene. Our first meeting was in the street. "I knew," exclaimed Malek on seeing me, "that this would be a day of rejoicing! The word Allah, heard the first thing in the morning, never fails to bring good fortune! I shall not however think mine complete until you leave your okkal, and take up your abode under my roof." So easy a mode of making my friend happy I could not in conscience decline. I collected my things, and followed Malek to his habitation.

My acceptance of the Sidi's hospitalities, however, soon turned out a greater burthen than I had suspected. According to Derwish, the star gazer at

Constantinople, whom I left meditating how to undermine the aqueduct, it was only the most distinguished among the heavenly bodies that troubled themselves about the fate of man: but in the opinion of Malek, every stone, beast, and plant on the surface of the earth, presumed to meddle with our destiny. Nothing animated or inanimate could be named which exerted not over our being a mysterious influence. From every occurrence, however trivial, some omen might be extracted, if one only knew the way; and that way my friend Malek was determined to find out, cost what it might. Not that, in the course of his research, he ever dreamt of looking for such connections between cause and effect, as must arise from the intrinsic nature of things, and the palpable relationships between divers objects of the creation: Such a course would have been derogatory to the dignity of his pursuit. His science only admitted what was totally out of the course of nature, and beyond the reach of human understanding. The occult virtues which Malek sought in objects, were always precisely those which common sense would never have hit upon. Every secret agency was to have in it a something savouring of a prodigy, which chance alone could disclose. Accordingly, the less foundation there appeared for a peculiar belief, the more pertinaciously Malek clung to it; and while he looked upon men of real science—

astronomers, physicians, and mathematicians,—as paltry geniuses who could not penetrate beyond the surface of things, he considered astrologers, jugglers and mountebanks, as the only men of real and sublime talents. To Aristotle and Galen he would proably have given but an indifferent reception, but the most errant fortune-teller might under his roof call for whatever he pleased. His house was a sort of asylum for all decayed mountebanks. One party, out of gratitude for his kindness, recommended another: and though in other respects rather a strict Mohammedan, Sidi Malek immediately made a favourite of every dirty Jew, Gentile, or Christian, who had the least pretensions to occult knowledge. The impostor ever found a hearty welcome while he condescended to accept of the Sidi's hospitalities, and never was dismissed without a handsome viaticum. "Because weak man happens to err in one particular, can he be right in no other?" Malek used to ask; and on the strength of this truth, he believed every lie that was uttered.

While merely theoretical, these opinions might have been entertaining enough, but reduced into practice, they rendered Malek's society very irksome. His own conversation was incoherent, mysterious, and often unintelligible; and he took it much amiss when his friends wished to converse on

what they understood. On the least appearance of incredulity with respect to his favorite tenets, his passion knew no bounds. Always on the watch for every chance word or gesture that might be construed into a prognostic, either good or bad, he was constantly floating between idle hopes and silly fears, and conceived the strangest predilections or the most unfounded antipathies. My nose unfortunately had a curve which promised uncommon capabilities for the occult sciences, if but properly cultivated, and Malek determined they should not lie fallow for want of any pains which he could bestow.

The Sidi's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Djedda, and who seldom condescended to visit from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I suffered myself to be conducted to this personage, the odour of whose fame, I was told, extended all the world over. It might be so:—and certain it is that I was nearly suffocated on entering his den. To say the truth, however, this sanctuary smelt more of things below, than of the stars above; but I had promised to introduce myself, and accordingly groped my way till I reached the inmost recesses of the unsavory abode.

There I found the wizzard seated in state on an

old clothes-chest. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet. On every part of the wall glittered potent charms and formidable spells. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder, and hair of unborn Dives,[5] heart of maiden vipers, liver of the bird Roc,[6] fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind Simoom,[7] were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizzard's own form and features so little was discernible, that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up all the space between his cloak and his turban. These spectacles were in constant motion, like a weather-cock, from left to right and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer Jay expanded his table of nativities.

Opposite the master shone with a reflected light his apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on a low stool. This youth, with his little pair of round sparkling eyes immoveably fixed on his principal, sat watching all his gestures, and never stirred from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles, which

for want of the support of a nose, came off every moment. After each of these evolutions he immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immoveable attitude until the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been preconcerted.

Fearful of disturbing the influence of some planet, or confusing the calculations of some nativity, I myself remained a while silent and motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; but finding that I might stay there till doomsday, if I waited for an invitation to advance, I at last grew impatient, marched up to the wizzard, put my mouth to his ear, and roared out as loud as I could: "I suppose I am addressing the learned Schaich-Aly."

Upon this, the astrologer gave a start, like one suddenly roused from some profound meditation, turned his head slowly round, as if it moved by clockwork, and after first leisurely surveying me several times from head to foot, and again from foot to head, at last said in a snuffling but emphatic tone, drawling every word in order to make what was not short in itself longer still: "If you mean the celebrated Schaich Abou Salech, Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Djeddawee el Schafei, Schaich of

the flowery mosque, and the cream of the astrologers of the age, who holds familiar converse with the stars, and to whom the moon herself imparts all her secrets; I am he!"

"And if you should happen to want the best beloved of the pupils of this luminary of the world, the young bud of the science of which he is the full blown pride, the nascent dawn of his meridian splendor," added from his pedestal the little marmoset—"I am he!"

"Hail," answered I, "to the full blown pride of astrology, and hail to its nascent bud! May they be pleased to inform me what I am, whence I come, whither I am going, and whether or not I may hope to recover what I have lately lost?"

"Young man," replied the wizzard, "you lump together a heap of questions, each of which, singly, would take a twelvemonth to answer at length. Besides, it is not in my own person I inform people of such things. You cannot be ignorant that the voice of prophecy has ceased with the holy one of Mekkah. I am but the humble interpreter of the stars. It is true that my vast knowledge of these celestial oracles enables me to understand their language as clearly as my mother tongue; and that is what enables me to know to a tittle all that was, and is, and is to be.

I therefore may forthwith, if you please, ascertain from the chance opening of the holy book, in what way the Heavenly bodies choose to be interrogated."

I agreed. The Doctor performed his ablutions, and the dawn of his meridian splendor shook the dust off his gown. Thus cleansed, at least externally, he mumbled a prayer or two, and then with great solemnity opened the Koran.

"Child," said he, after having inspected the page, "the admirable, and important chapter on which Providence has willed the eye of its servant to fall, treats of the balance Wézn.[9] This proves in the clearest manner—but, ere I proceed further, what do you mean to pay me?"

"Two piastres," was my answer; thinking this a handsome remuneration. Not so the wizzard: the most grievous of insults could not have put him into a greater rage. "Two piastres!" exclaimed he; "why, in the quietest of times, and when a man's fortune might almost be told him blindfold, this would scarce have been an aspre each adventure; and now that the world is all turned topsy turvy, that men do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels; now that women wage war, Kings turn philosophers, and high priests stroll about the country; now that the Grand

Lama of Tibet takes a turn to Pekin, and the Pope of Rome travels post to Vienna—to offer such a fee! insolent, absurd, preposterous!"

I let the astrologer's passion cool a little first, and then resumed the negotiation. After a good deal of altercation it ended in Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el-Schafeï undertaking to reveal my destiny in two days, for the important sum of one sequin.

At the appointed time I returned, but found not Schaich Aly, as before, in solitary meditation. He stood surrounded by a whole line of customers; and one he was abusing with such intemperance, as seemed to terrify all the rest, and make them apprehend their own fortunes would fare the worse for the incident. "Wretch!" he cried; "to apply to me for charms to rid your house of vermin, as if I was in league with vipers and with scorpions! Go to the wandering Santons that ply in the cross ways, and presume not again to appear in the presence of one whom the very skies treat with reverence."

The frightened peasant retired, and the remainder received the devout and wonderful sentences, which only required being kept carefully sealed up, to procure the bearer every species of bliss.

The levee thus dispatched, the wizzard turned to me. "I have completed your business," cried

he, handing me a dirty scrawl. "But it has been with incredible toil. I cannot conceive what you have done to the stars. At the bare mention of your name they all began to laugh. It has cost me a whole night's labor to bring them to their senses. Instead of one sequin, I ought to have a dozen."

"Not one single aspre," replied I, glancing over the paper, and throwing it in the wizzard' face. "The beginning informs me that I shall certainly die young, provided I do not grow old, and cannot fail to marry, unless I die single; and as to the end, it has no meaning at all!"

"It has a great deal of meaning," replied the now unfuriated star-gazer; "for it means that you certainly will be hanged."

"It then also means," replied I, "that I need not pay a farthing; for, if I am not hanged, you have written a parcel of lies, undeserving of a fee; and, if I am equally to swing, whether I pay or not, I may as well save my money, and give you a drubbing into the bargain." So saying I laid on; and the young bud of science, who tried to protect his master, came in for his share of my bounty. All intercourse with the constellations now being at an end, I walked, off, threatened alternately with the justice of the stars, and with that of the Cadee.

I thought it best to tell Malek at once how I

had behaved to his astrologer. He began to think less favorably of my docility, and our friendship somewhat cooled. Fortunately the season of the festivals was at hand, and I returned to Mekkah, to witness the arrival of the pilgrims.

At Cairo I had viewed the departure of the caravan from the Birket-el-hadj,[10] as a species of public rejoicing. The whole of the night which preceded the raising of the tents, the camp, resplendant with the light of millions of lamps, and re-echoing with the sound of thousands of musical instruments, seemed the special abode of mirth and pleasure; and the ensuing morning the pilgrims, fresh, gay, full of ardor, and prancing along the road, looked like a procession of the elect, going to take possession of Paradise.

Alas, how different was the appearance of this same caravan, after a long and fatiguing march across the desert, on its arrival at Mekkah! Wan, pale, worn out with fatigue and thirst, incrusted with a thick coat of dust and perspiration, they who composed it seemed scarce able to crawl to the place of their destination. The end of their journey looked like that of their earthly existence; or rather, one might have fancied their bodies already smitten by the spirit of the desert, and their ghosts come disembodied to accomplish their vow.

Among the arrivals were some of my Egyptian friends; but their sufferings had so altered them, that they were obliged to syllable their names, ere I could bring their persons to my recollection. One had almost lost his eyesight, another scarce preserved a remnant of his before slender intellect, and a third was, in consequence of constant alarms, become subject to such spasmodic movements, that he believed himself obliged to hold his head fast by the ears, lest it should turn round like a top on his body!

The holy house of Mekkah offers nearly the same difference from that of Loretto, which the Mussulman character does from that of the Franks. Every body knows the Santa Casa to be a whirligig sort of thing, which in its roving disposition, changed its abode half a dozen times before it could finally settle. The Kaaba, on the contrary, is a steady demure sort of a house, which, from the day the angels placed it where it stands, never manifested the least inclination to move. Accordingly, even Mohammed dared not meddle with its well established reputation. It firmly stood its ground in spite of his reform, and to this day remains the chief object of the worship of his followers.

Seven times I walked round the holy pile in full

procession, and seven times kissed the black stone, which the Angel Gabriel brought from Paradise, (I did not enquire why) to figure in its south-west corner. I next went to the valley of Menah to renounce Satan and his works, by flinging a pebble over my left shoulder; nor did I fail to fill a pitcher with the brackish water of the well Zem-Zem, to quench the thirst of the soul. But what I prized beyond all other things were the parings of the besom that had swept the tabernacle, which I purchased from the Sherce of Mekkah,[11] to cleanse the impurities of the heart, and which, if mine were not all wiped away, failed of doing its duty.

My spiritual concerns thus attended to, I turned to my temporal affairs, and made an exchange of some of the property which I brought from Egypt, for other and more suitable articles; for be it known, that the festivals of the holy house end in a fair, held in the innumerable tents that encircle it like a girdle, and which brings together merchants and goods from the most opposite extremities of the old hemisphere—very properly making even the worship of Mammon contribute to support the temple of the Lord.

From Mekkah I proceeded with the whole body of the pilgrims to Medinah, a place somewhat less

holy but infinitely more agreeable. There (still intent on deeds of holiness) I bargained for a little bit of the fringe which had adorned the Prophet's tomb; but found the unconscionable vender ask a price I scarce would have given for Mohammed's own two front teeth, kept in the holy treasury at Constantinople. Fringeless, therefore, I went on to Damascus, with the principal division of the caravan, headed by the celebrated miscreant Djezzar,[12] Pasha of Acre.

No extraordinary events that year signalised the homeward journey of the Hadj:[13] for I reckon not as such the hundreds of camels that died every day of fatigue on the road, to the great annoyance of the Schaich of Sardieh who furnished them, and to the great delight of his loyal subjects, who cut them up and ate them; and still less do I reckon as such the thousands of pilgrims that gave up the ghost from the same cause, to the annoyance I fear of no one but themselves; and to the unspeakable satisfaction of the conducting Pasha, to whom their property devolves.

For my own part, as I observed mortality to be, some how, rifest among the richest pilgrims, and was still possessed of some valuable luggage myself, I continued during the whole of the journey par-

ticularly careful of my health. I ate no made dishes, knowing them to be heating; and abstained from brewed beverage, as apt to attack the bowels: but preferred the simplest fare, however coarse, and drank plain water, though ever so muddy. By means of this regimen I escaped, thank God! —all the bad effects of the journey. A more difficult task than that of avoiding the consequence of the climate, was in my opinion that of eluding the overpowering attentions of the Bosniac guard[14] of the Emir Hadj. These gentlemen were paid for protecting the property of the pilgrims, and it is but doing them justice to say, they could scarcely have acted otherwise than they did, if it had been their own. A Deli-bash[15] of the Pasha's in particular, used to shew such solicitude about my equipage, that not one article of it would have escaped his vigilance, or been suffered to remain out of his box, had I not, early in the business, bethought myself of recommending to him, as more worthy his attention, the luggage of a wealthy Turkish merchant, which, infinitely heavier, assuredly much more required being lightened.

The only one of my companions whom I trusted was a Cypriote. Like myself a Greek by birth, he had like me embraced Islamism from choice: but with this difference, that love had been my motive, revenge his. He had turned Moham-

medan for the sole purpose of being qualified to return to another Mohammedan, without breach of etiquette, the favor of a drubbing. No sooner was he admitted into the bosom of Islamism, than he ran to discharge the debt; and paid it with such ample interest, that his creditor was never heard to utter a single syllable of complaint. To do penance for this petulance, as he said; or rather, to withdraw from the scene of this achievement, as I believe, he undertook the pilgrimage. From Cyprus he embarked for Jaffa, from Jaffa crossed over to Suez, and at Suez took shipping with a flotilla of Hadjees bound for Djedda. "Huddled together so thick"—said he—"that we found not room to lie down, in boats so rotten that we expected to split on every coral reef, on which our ignorant sailors chose to run, I never expected to reach land again; and I do not know whether I owe my being saved from a watery grave to Mohammed or to the Virgin; as, for fear of a mistake, I addressed my prayers to both. This however I do know, that, having once got upon terra firma again, I mean—please God! —never more to trust myself on the water. I have conceived such a horror of that element, that Mohammedan, and, what is more, Hadjee as I now am, I can scarce prevail upon myself to drink a drop of any thing but wine."

My friend Mahmood, however, was destined

more justly to appreciate the comforts of travelling on dry land, when a three weeks journey across the sands of Arabia had killed off with fatigue and heat about a fourth of our caravan. Almost become transparent with loss of flesh, he now swore he would rather a thousand times be swallowed up at once by a wave, than be mummified by inches.

On entering the Pashâlik of Damascus, the scene changed completely. Each league, as we advanced, now brought some improvement in our condition. First came to meet us the supply of fresh provisions from Trabloos; next the convoy from Palestine; and when, soon after, we entered the fertile plains of Hauran, I felt as if ushered at once from the burning bowels of hell, into the flowery fields of Elysium. Indeed, on first beholding from a small eminence, after a month's wearisome march through sands almost red hot, the glassy pool of Mardin, encircled by its verdant banks, such was the fit of hydro—not phobia—but mania, which came upon me, that had I been within reach of the lovely puddle, I would have plunged into it headlong,—dress, armour and all!

The privations of a pilgrimage are not necessary to render Damascus a true Paradise. Groves of orange and apricot and plum trees inbosom its walls, limpid fountains sparkle in all its habitations; and so much did its beauties, animate and inanimate,

its exquisite confectionary, and its cool sherbets delight my eye and palate, that I purposed making it my abode, until I should hear further of the High Admiral's motions. Purified by my pilgrimage, I thought I could afford to run up a new score of little peccadilloes; and though in the course of three weeks I saw the forty thousand Hadjees with whom I had entered Damascus again disappear almost to a man, I still continued without the smallest intention of stirring, until I found that I had reckoned without my host—I mean without Djezzar, the eternal Pasha.

One Friday morning, after my devotions, just as I stepped out of the mosque, my eye happened to be caught by one of those celestial beings, found in large cities, who anticipating the office of the Houris of Paradise, have no objection to cast a ray of bliss on the existence of mortal man. Unfortunately, my eagerness to pursue the rapid motion of the flitting form of brightness, made me overlook some nearer but less attractive objects, which stood in my way. Foremost among these happened to be a little man, who, walking up the steps of the mosque, just as I rushed down, was so much below my line of sight, directed straight forward, that only perceived his proximity by the violence with which I came in contact with his person, and occasioned his downfall. I should

more properly have said, his fear of a downfall; since I had the address to catch him in my arms, and to twirl him round like a top, so as to break the force of the shock, and only to lay him neatly down on his seat upon the steps, without having received the smallest injury.

Great as was my hurry, I felt unable to proceed, until I had looked round, as one always does, to see whom I thus had disposed of in the least disagreeable manner I could help. I found it to be a personage dressed after the Turkish fashion indeed, but evident, in the very Christian like manner in which his Mohammedan apparel was huddled on, a Frank in disguise. In short, I had run foul of an inquisitive traveller, come to have a sly peep at a mosque, noted in the empire for being kept peculiarly sacred from the intrusion of infidels; and who certainly expected not his curiosity to meet with so providential a punishment.

I always piqued myself upon my good breeding, especially to strangers; and I felt particularly anxious to display it to one who might report of me in Franguestan. For which reason I turned back, and laying hold of the short person of the traveller in the readiest way for righting it—namely, by the ample folds of his nether man,—I lifted him up like an oil jar, and so set him on end again; at the same

time reversing his position for the benefit of his curiosity, and turning his face towards the entrance of the mosque which he was come to view.

I do not know by what strange bias in his mind, to be pushed down should have appeared to him a misfortune to be born with, while to be set on his legs again was taken for an indignity, which called for every expression of the most outrageous resentment. Perhaps it was from the superiority of size and strength it implied on my part. But so it was; and instead of thanks for an act of which my hurry still increased the merit, I got nothing for my pains but abuse, the more galling, since the courtesy which caused it had made me lose sight of the object of my pursuit. It is true that in his passion, my traveller resorted for his epithets to the German tongue; but I had learnt with my friends at Pera, the fundamental words of that language, and perfectly understood every term of commendation he was pleased to bestow. I therefore ran back, and, in order to undo what I had obtained so little gratitude for doing, again gently laid him down upon his seat as before, in the very place from which I had raised him; at the same time begging his pardon for my presumption in having lent my unwelcome assistance to rectify his position. A fat friar of the Latin hospice tole-

rated at Damascus, who accompanied the stranger through the city as Cicerone, but had prudently kept aloof while his guest made the attempt on the mosque, saw from a distance the last operation, and not knowing the cause, took it into his head that I was ill-treating his friend; upon which he ran to his rescue.

Padre Giacomo happened—from some private cause or other, connected by the Damascenes with the magic art—to be in great estimation with the Pasha; and thence had the confidence to abuse me in his turn, not like the traveller, in an outlandish language, but in good Arabic, intelligible to every bystander. This materially altered the case. To be thus, in the midst of Damascus, and in the hearing of a numerous audience, publickly insulted, and that by a Capuchin, was not to be borne. "See," cried I therefore to the mob, "what it is to have an old woman for a Sultan, who grants firmans[16] to Christian dogs," (my politeness had by this time given way a little) "to come and spy disguised in our own dress the nakedness of our land! But glory be to the Prophet, and down with the Yaoors!"

"Yes, down with the Yaoors; and let us go and drown them," answered the ready mob.

This proposal even exceeded my wishes. But once I had saved a Jew from a watery grave, and I

thought I might have equal success with a brace of Christians. "No, no," cried I therefore; "the Arabs would think that inhospitable. Let us only disable these infidels from passing themselves off for Mussulmen, by stripping them of their mustachios and their beard. They will look as ridiculous again when shaved, as they would do merely drowned." So thought the mob. My friends consequently were taken to the nearest barber, seated, lathered, shaved, and dismissed.

But the bristles of the Capuchin's beard were fated to become thorns in my side. The Pasha took up the affair. He could neither bear to be without his friend the friar, nor to see him in his presence with a beardless chin. I very soon got hints of the unwholesomeness of the Damascus air; and of all physicians I wished least for Djezzar to be let blood by. Having picked up a good number of the country sword-blades, remarkable for their fine temper, I resolved to convert my steel into gold in the capital. There also I should be more in the way of watching the Grand Admiral's motions; and I doubted not that an ex-Kiachef, hostile to Ibrahim and Mourad, would easily obtain rank in the Sultan's army. I therefore packed up my little property, and the very evening after the warning slept at Sälieh.

The next morning I proceeded with a caravan to

Trabloos, and there embarked for Stambool on board a vessel from Alexandria. The cargo consists of black slaves. The richest article was a little negro, who had been furnished with his passport for the harem by an old Coobd in the Saïd, purveyor to my patron Suleiman. Though the only one of twenty who had escaped alive, poor little blackie looked very unhappy. To console him, I used to prognosticate his becoming some day Kislar-Aga; when he would have all the beauties of the Seraglio under his command! "Alas!" answered he, "of what use will it be to me?" "Of what use?" I replied, "Why to whip them, to be sure; and so to vent your spleen!"

CHAPTER VII.

A CERTAIN number of years had now elapsed since I left Mavroyeni; and changes more potent than even those which time effects had taken place in my circumstances, since that period. I was not only from a boy become a man, but from a Greek a Mohammedan, and from a person of no note whatever, an individual who had filled no inconsiderable character in the world's drama. I had acted a part both in negotiation and in warfare. I no longer either thought myself an inferior to the Drogueman of the Arsenal, or stood in need of his protection. It was doubtless for the latter reason that, when arrived at Constantinople, I no longer felt any hesitation to call at his door. Little acquainted however with the revolutions which might have happened in a place so fertile in storms as the Fanar, I thought it prudent, ere I ventured upon my visit, to collect some information respecting my old patron, lest, seeking his abode too abruptly, I should be conducted to a burying ground or a dungeon.

"Friend," answered the old messmate to whom I addressed my inquiries; "Mavroyeni is no longer to be found at the Arsenal."

"I understand," replied I; and motioned with my hand, as if to say: "he is shortened by the part above the neck."

"Not yet," resumed my informer, "but in a fair way of being so. He is at present Hospodar of Valachia."

"Hospodar of Valachia!" exclaimed I, starting back at least three paces. "What! Nicholas Mavroyeni,—a mere man of the Islands, a rank taooshan!—has he then at last been able to wriggle himself into the fairest of the two Greek provinces; and that, in the very teeth of every Ipsilandi, Morosi, Callimacqui and Souzzo whom the Fanar could muster to oppose his invasion?"

"He has;" rejoined Notara. "After having been, during fifteen years and upwards, regularly threatened every day at the Terzhaneh, by the Grand Admiral, with being kicked out of office, he has only left the place of Drogueman of the fleet, to step into the very highest situation which a Greek can attain in the Turkish empire; and that, without any stipulation for the purchase of the principality, without any compromise as to the length of his tenure, without any restriction or engagement

as to the persons he was to promote. Fettered by no clause or limitation whatsoever, he has distanced all his rivals, and swept away the whole stake single-handed."

I begged my friend to inform me how this miracle had been accomplished.

"You must remember," replied he, "that Russia never acted with more hostility towards Turkey than after the peace. But the Muscovites were governed by a man in petticoats, and we, ruled by old women in turbans. Haleel-Hamid Visier, and after him Shaheen-Aly Visier, seemed determined to abide every insult of the northern virago. At last however the interview between Joseph and Catherine opened the Sultan's eyes. Abd-ool-Hameed felt that his sacrifices would not preserve peace, and must diminish the chance of a successful war. He dismissed the pacific Shaheen, and looked about for a more enterprising and warlike Visier. The only one in the whole Empire that could be found to suit his views, was Youssoof, the water-carrier of Smirna, the Caleondgee of the fleet, the counsellor and right hand of the Capitan-Pasha, the defender of the Boghaz against the Russians, the Moohasseel of the Morea, and finally, the supreme Visier of the Otthoman empire.

Youssoof in his turn felt the necessity of con-

fiding the government of a province so important and so much exposed as Valachia, to none but a man of resolution and bravery. Such an one was not to be found among the merchant-princes of the Fanar. But such an one he knew his old comrade in the service of the Capitan-Pasha, Mavroyeni, to be. He therefore proposed him. In vain did all the Fanariotes for once cordially unite to prevent his nomination. In vain did they put forward their tool, Petracki, the seraff of the mint. This zealous agent might spend more money to prevent an election to a principality, than ever had been wasted to obtain one: it availed nothing! Mavroyeni was invested; and when, in the act of receiving at the hands of the supreme Visier the marks of his dignity, he begged as the single favor which was wanting to complete his bliss, the head of the seraff, that boon also was granted. On going out of the audience chamber,—by way of a delicate attention—Petracki's bleeding head was made to roll at his feet.

"Mavroyeni is now gone in the fulness of his glory to take possession of his principality. Perhaps, however, what he regarded as the last testimonial of his elevation may prove the first step to his downfall. It is secretly whispered that the late Sultan Mustapha had confided several millions of

piastres to Petracki for the use of his son Selim, during the reign of Abd-ool-hameed his brother. This deposit is necessarily involved in the general fate of the seraff's confiscated property. But Selim some day must come to the throne, and he will not fail to remember the loss he sustained through Mavroyeni."

On hearing all this, my first impulse was to pay the patron of my youth a visit in his principality: but my second thoughts presented my stake in Egypt, as the one most worth following up. However, the Capitan-Pasha being as yet far from ready for his expedition, I determined, in the meantime, to indulge in the supreme pleasure of the Italians; the *far niente*.

At Chio, an intimacy had long subsisted between my father and another Greek merchant, by name Mavrocordato. His extraction was honorable: friends traced his pedigree to a younger branch of the Imperial Palaeologi: history allowed him the later and more certain honor of being related to Princes of Valachia; the first of whom, invested by the Porte, bore the same name. He was a man of most respectable character: nay, while burthened with so numerous a family, that the most rigorous parsimony could only ensure to each of its members a very moderate provision, he even enjoyed the repu-

tation of being particularly liberal, and seemed contented, so the expenses of the twelvemonth did not exceed the comings in of the year. But, strange to tell! no sooner had he, through a fatal contagion, lost all his children save one, in whom consequently was to centre his whole inheritance, than a total revolution took place in his conduct. The possibility of leaving this only heir extremely opulent now for the first time seizing hold of his imagination, gave it a new bias, and bred a desire for riches, before unfelt. He who, while in moderate circumstances, had been generous to a proverb, now all at once when he saw his hoard accumulate, became saving, retrenched many of the innocent luxuries in which he formerly indulged, and began to toil for the acquirement of superfluous wealth, with a devotion often before sharply censured in others by himself, while only possessed of a sufficiency. Still, however, he was at no time suspected of encreasing his gains by dishonorable means, nor could he be accused of sordid avarice. He might be said to live below his income, but he ranked not among those embecile misers who, during their life-time, starve the very heir whom they destine at their death to revel in their riches. No expense was spared for the education of Spiridion; and even for the pleasures of this beloved son,

Mavroyeni would often exceed his own notions of discretion.

The intimacy between Mavrocordato and my father had produced a habitual intercourse between Spiridion and myself. It could not be called friendship, it was scarce even entitled to the appellation of companionship: for there existed between us a difference of two years—a prodigious one at our age, —and sufficient to make me look upon the son of Mavrocordato as by no means fit to join in my sports. Our connection might be described as composed of protectorship on my part, and of deference on that of Spiridion. I led him in my train, spoke to him in a tone of authority, and gave myself the airs of his tutor. The fag of the party when I associated with boys of my own standing, my protegé was only allowed to contribute to my pastimes, when I found myself destitute of other resource. But flattered by being admitted in any form under my auspices to the diversions of his older playmates, Spiridion asked not for more, contemplated me with sentiments of veneration, felt honored by my commands, and executed all my high behests with a zeal and promptitude amounting to perfect devotion. To employ in my concerns any other boy but him was on my part a sign of displeasure, and to himself a

subject of mortification. It was he who, whenever we went on a marauding expedition, was sent forward as a scout to explore the ground; who, when we stripped an orchard, kept watch until we had secured the booty; and who, whatever exploit we engaged in, generally paid the penalty, while we carried off the fruits. But the sufferings he earned in our service he ever bore most manfully, and his firmness in submitting to any punishment rather than betray our confidence, was truly heroic. In return, I always sustained my part as his protector; defended him against every other boy, allowed none of my comrades to assume over him the least authority, and would have made any one who, in my presence, had presumed to correct him, long remember the castigation which would have followed such an offence.

Still, however, spite of the public countenance with which I honored Mavrocordato's son, the father would not have grieved to have seen us less together. For a time he kept us as much asunder as his own frequent intercourse with my own sire would permit: but an event took place, which, in the midst of all Mavrocordato's attempts to dissolve us, rivetted our friendship more closely than ever.

I had headed a large troop of my companions in a swimming party, when one of the lesser boys,

spying some way off a small boat upon the beach, set it afloat, leaped in with Spiridion, and rowed out to a considerable distance. Suddenly there arose a violent squall. The truants grew frightened, they lost their presence of mind, mismanaged the boat, and overset it. Much fatigued with a good hour's splashing in the water, I had just finished putting on my clothes, when an universal shout of terror made me raise my eyes, and see the two children struggling with the waves!

Spiridion's companion was a tolerable swimmer, and rapidly approached the beach. No one felt the least alarm for him: but Spiridion himself, who had laid hold of an oar for support, seemed on the point of sinking. Already encumbered with my clothes, I called out to my still naked companions to jump in and save my charge. "Who dares?" was all the answer I got.

Dressed as I was, I now myself plunged into the sea, swam to Spiridion, and succeeded in throwing to him one end of my sash, while I held the other fast between my teeth. Supporting the child in this way, I tried to regain the beach. It was still a good way off, when some of my comrades seeing me appear faint and overwhelmed with my load, at last took courage, and threw themselves into the water to swim to my assistance. But I had got too far unassisted to

accept of their tardy succour, and resolved to achieve the task alone, or perish in the attempt. Collecting all my remaining strength, I pushed away my officious playmates, and invoking my protecting Saints, strained every still obedient nerve for a final exertion. It exceeded my powers: held back by the weight of Spiridion, I felt myself sinking. In this situation, was I by a perseverance which could do my friend no good, to share his untimely end? or by abandoning him, at least to save my own life?—Reason, I suppose, would have said: "Save yourself."

Luckily, the dilemma never struck me. I had resigned myself to death, when an enormous billow, which only seemed advancing to swallow us up, flung me upon a shoal just hidden by the waves, of which I had no knowledge. I found means with one arm to cling to the rock, while with the other I grasped my poor Spiro. Thus we remained above water, until a boat, which just before had put off to meet me, reached the reef, took us in, and brought us on shore.

Mavrocordato happened to walk with my father on the quay when the accident took place. Apprized of his son's danger, he had arrived in sight half frantic with terror, just as, floundering on the waves, I threw out my sash to Spiridion. He had gone through all the agonies of every subsequent crisis,

until he saw us safely landed on the beach. Immediately he ran, or rather flew to the spot, and even before he noticed his child, clasped me convulsively in his arms, as the saviour both of the son and the father.

These expressions died away on my ear. Exhausted with fatigue, I had fainted, and lay half an hour like one completely dead, ere I recovered. But on being brought to myself again, I still found Mavrocordato busy by my side, ministering to my relief, while poor Spirro was drenching my cold features with his tears.

As soon as his father saw me able to understand him, he resumed his boundless thanks, only interrupting them to lay on his son a most positive injunction, never to treat me otherwise than as a brother; and in the face of all around, and of Heaven itself, he took a solemn engagement, strengthened by every most sacred oath, henceforth to consider me as his second child. "Happen what may, Anastasius," he cried, sobbing with emotion, "rest secure that I shall never abandon you;" and indeed, from that day, Mavrocordato seemed to have no second object of solicitude, (his son always remaining the first) except to palliate my frequent offences. Many a time he redeemed my sins with the sums he would have denied to the gratification of his own fancies; and, had he been at home when the ripening effects of my impru-

dent conduct made me become a voluntary exile, I might not perhaps have fled as I did from my natural parent and from my adoptive father.

Since my abandonment of home I had lost sight of Mavrocordato and his son. When I wanted assistance most at Constantinople, and might have derived the greatest benefit from the performance of their promise, Mavrocordato happened to be gone on business to Trieste or to Vienna, I did not know which; and just before I went to Chio, he had entirely quitted that island—a theatre too confined for his extending concerns—and had come to settle at Stambool.

In a capital of that description the love of riches soon begets the love of sway. Mavrocordato, who before only wished to leave his son distinguished for wealth, now aspired at beholding him eminent in rank and dignity. In short, he aimed at nothing less than seeing him some day Bey of Valachia or Moldavia; and all his endeavours now tended to forming the requisite connections at the Fanar. Unfortunately he had not the lungs which ambition requires. Accustomed to inhale the pure mountain air of Chio, he found the confined atmosphere of the capital ill agree with his health. Accordingly, while he only retained at Constantinople a small recess for business, he bought in the country, close to the beautiful village of Kandilly, the villa of

a proscribed Visier for his residence. It was there that, in one of my excursions, chance again threw me in his way.

There were two things in this rencontre which surprised me, and to many will appear incredible: The first was that Mavrocordato had not toiled like a galley-slave for his son, while a boy, only to fall out with him, when grown a man; the other, that he did not consider, because nine or ten years had elapsed since I saved that son's life, the natural term of a father's gratitude as wholly expired: nor did he even think that all the promises made to a Christian must fall away on his becoming a Mohammedan. When indeed Mavrocordato learnt that, for reasons good or bad, I had changed my religion, he looked a little dismayed, but soon recovering: "the will of God," he cried, "be done!" and invited me not the less as cordially to his mansion as if I could publicly have pledged him in the wine of his own growing. Perhaps a person who, in my situation, could raise himself to rank, and had found means to save money, might not to a mind of Mavrocordato's prudent cast, after all, appear wholly destitute of some laudable ingredients in his disposition. At least my host received me as if he had thought so; and the very same day wrote to my father, to acquaint him with his rencontre, his pleasure, and his grief.

Many letters between Stambool and Chio, I suspect, are intercepted by the Tritons and the Nereids, curious to know what passes above water; but Mavrocordato's epistle was left by these submarine gossips to take its course. There even came to it as speedy an answer as the diligence of man could indite, or the breath of a favorably disposed servant of Eolus waft to its destination. My host was conjured in it, by every tie of ancient friendship, and every motive of religion, to spare no pains in recalling a stray sheep into the way of salvation. A postscript, about as long again as the letter, stated that, should my abjuration of my errors compel me to quit the Turkish dominions, I should find my wants provided for in whatever nearest part of Christendom I might make my abode. These assurances moved me to tears. "Blessed be my aged parent!" cried I. "When permitted by those that surround him, he still feels anxious for the welfare of his Anastasius!" "And so do your brothers," answered old Mavrocordato. "They had rather even that you should return to your faith than to your island. So they write."—At this speech a dark cloud again overcast the transient sunshine of my heart.

As to Mavrocordato, he enquired not into the motives, he only considered the merits of the re-

quest. At all times he had been religiously inclined: but he had extended the sphere of his devotion, since he had contracted that of his liberality. He gave more to God as he gave less to man; no doubt expecting the stake in Heaven to bear the higher interest. The arduous and delicate commission entrusted to his prudence, he undertook, not as a mere act of duty toward a friend, but as an effectual means of working his own eternal bliss. Had he been offered the nursing of a Visier's estate, instead of the rekindling of a taooshan's extinguished faith, he could not have engaged with more zeal in the business. I believe he would have paid me to become once more a Christian, had I been in want of money: but finding that all I stood in need of was good advice, he determined not to spare it, and only considered how he might best administer the bitter potion, and ensure the most frequent opportunities for such salutary exhortations as all my ingenuity might not enable me to escape. Cunningly therefore he bethought himself of making his solicitude for my temporal concerns the means of advancing his spiritual aim; and actually offered to manage my property for me to the best advantage, free of commission and other charges. The thing was worth accepting. I left my casket in Mavrocordato's custody, empowered

him to sell its contents to the greatest profit, and to lend out my money at the highest interest ; and even yielded, after some little demur, to his pressing invitation to accept of a permanent apartment under his roof.

Still he at first only ventured upon the performance of the task, to which all this was preparatory, with a very tender hand. He feared to excite my impatience of control, or my jealousy of independance, and carefully abstained from all that might savour of the tone of a pedagogue, or the authority of a parent. My well bred host contented himself with throwing out, when opportunities offered, such delicate hints and such round about insinuations as left it easy, at my pleasure either to avoid their hitting, to take off their point, or to let their whole weight fall upon me unnoticed.

At last however Mavrocordato began to find out that this over cautious mode of proceeding did not advance his purpose. Accordingly he resolved upon a more open and undisguised mode of attack. He now on all occasions enlarged upon the reprehensibleness of my conduct, and the danger of my evil courses; constantly represented me as standing on the very brink of perdition, and never met me, at home or abroad, without significantly shaking his head, uttering a deep groan, and inflicting

upon me so vehement a lecture, that, whatever he might say, I could never think myself obliged to him for it. This new method therefore succeeded still worse than the former. Instead of not minding my host, I now carefully avoided his company. Though still nominally an inmate in his house at Kandilly, I was oftener to be found at the furthest end of Constantinople: and always out in the morning before he came from his office, and seldom returned at night, ere he retired to bed, it was but on very extraordinary occasions that I indulged him with the sight of his very discreet guest.

A third plan of operations was then resorted to. In the idea that the son, from less disparity of age, and greater means of watching my behaviour, might succeed in the scheme in which his father failed, Mavrocordato now committed the whole labour of my conversion to Spiridion. This, undoubtedly, evinced a thorough confidence in the steadiness of the youth. Spotless purity itself, unless composed of very hard and impenetrable stuff, might, in the office of cleansing the stains of a mind full of foulness, be supposed to incur some risk of not remaining wholly unsullied!

Independant even of the danger to which the purpose of the father exposed the son, perhaps the son was the person most unfit to forward the design

of the father. I do not mean on the score of insufficient interest in my welfare. Far from it!—In the exuberance of life's early spring, the holy ties of friendship strike root too deeply in the soul, and entwine themselves too closely round every fibre of the heart, to be enfeebled, or broken, by later separations or storms. The intimacies of that happy epoch, as they precede, also survive all the more interested connections of a maturer age; and Spiridion's early devotion to the companion of his childhood had not only kindled up anew, but again glowed in his breast with all its former ardour. Spite of my manifold failings, he loved me at Constantinople as he had done at Chio: only the greater scope of his understanding directed not his wishes for my weal to the same point to which tended exclusively the views of his father. If he more than emulated Mavrocordato in his solicitude to see me renounce my old sins, he was far from feeling equal anxiety for my abjuring my new worship.

Spiridion had received from nature an expansive mind. It had resisted all the contracting powers of a narrow education. In vain might its views be obstructed by the opaque blinds of ignorance, its flights impeded by the leaden trammels of prejudice: it could see through the one, and soar above the other. As greater efforts were made to hem in on all

sides his powerful faculties, they seemed only to derive superior strength from their concentration, and to break with greater force through their insufficient barriers. While with all his canvass spread to the breeze of the passing hour the father sailed down the muddy tide of the Fanar, the son would retire to his closet; there to imbibe long draughts of wisdom at the pure spring of philosophy: and as, where literary discourse was despised or was prohibited, he perused not books merely to quote sentences, he had more leisure to ruminate upon the matter, and to digest the contents of his volumes. Hence his understanding rose far above his age and country: for in those days modern Greece had not yet attained that miraculous emancipation from the bondage of error and superstition, of which, I understand, the P—'s and the C—'s of the present more enlightened period boast in their recent publications: and in the thick darkness which surrounded him, Spiridion was almost the only person I could have named, who attached more importance to morality than to dogma, and who insisted more upon inward principle than outward practices.

His behaviour and his exhortations to me wore the stamp of this peculiar frame of mind. He did not indeed say in explicit terms: "Those articles of faith, those forms of worship, which affect not the

heart, and influence not the conduct, are of little importance. It is those principles, those actions only, on which depends our own happiness and that of our fellow creatures, which we should consider as indispensible. He did not tell me: "Provided you fulfil those moral duties which the Koran requires as well as the Gospel; provided you conduct yourself as a righteous Moslemin, rather than that you should scandalize the world by running backward and forward between the Cross and the Kaaba, sometimes bowing to the one, and sometimes to the other, remain what you have made yourself, and still hope to enter heaven, but with a different passport, and at a different gate.—" The deference he bore his father prevented a direct speech of this sort: but, in our conversations he faintly, and only as an irksome task, urged an ostentatious abjuration, which might materially injure my interests without much benefiting my conduct, and only rid the mosque of a bad Moslemin, to throw a worse Christian back upon the church; while, on the contrary, he ceased not to depict with all the powers of eloquence and rhetoric the beauty of moral rectitude, the wisdom of goodness, and the necessity of virtue, even to sublunary happiness: and spoke of the charm which dignity of mind and manners throws over life, with such warmth and delight, as if he wished me to adopt them from taste rather than

from cold conviction; and to consider that I was making a sacrifice to happiness, not in adopting but in resisting the pleasures which these good qualities conferred. Whether from my disposition really offering some particles of what he fancied he saw in it, or from viewing its shades through the favourable medium of his partiality, he often would say he observed in me a singular and romantic turn of mind, capable of becoming as enthusiastic in the cause of virtue, as it had been unrestrained in the career of vice. He believed that the same energy and boldness which, while wasted in fostering my evil passions, had made me seek distinction in all that was profligate and base, when employed to resist their sway, might render me pre-eminent in all that was exalted and noble; and he therefore felt for the triumph of enlisting in the cause of moral excellence, one so capable of shining among its mightiest champions, all the eagerness of an unbounded devotee to its charms. It is true, the prodigious change in me from the extreme of ill to the extreme of good, Spiridion rightly considered as attainable only through immense efforts; and he regarded the victory over my thus far ungovernable temper, the triumph over my hitherto exclusively cherished vices, as an achievement no less arduous than it was desirable; but that very circumstance, by rendering the success as glorious

to the conqueror as it was beneficial to the conquered, added a new stimulus to my friend's yearnings in my behalf. It made him feel a pride on his own account, as he felt an interest on mine, in the accomplishment of the task he had set himself. For he too was of an ambitious mind, and more desirous of success as success was more difficult. The zeal which from the first he felt in his undertaking, still grew as he advanced in his labours; as the very obstacles he met with, forced him to devote his time, his attention and his powers more exclusively to his favorite purpose; as, by keeping his mind more stedfastly fixed upon, more thoroughly absorbed in this single object, he weaned it more entirely from all other pursuits; as in short, by the pains already bestowed, he felt more committed not to cast them away in a pusillanimous dereliction of his plan, ere he reaped fruits worthy of his perseverance; and he toiled and toiled until at last all his other views and occupations yielded to that of my sole amendment; until he devoted to my reformation alone all the faculties of his understanding, and all the energies of his heart; until he no longer seemed placed by Providence on this globe for any other purpose but that of making me a worthy member of society; and until—almost working himself up in his honest enthusiasm, into a belief that he had been appointed

by the Almighty as my guardian angel—he held himself responsible to his Creator and to his conscience for my conduct, and bound by the very gifts he possessed, to devote his whole existence to the purpose of making mine a blessing. To see me wise, to see me happy, and that, through his exertions; nay, to sacrifice, if necessary, his own repose and felicity on this globe to mine, became the only bliss Spiridion aspired to on this earth! Indeed, so fully had he identified his fate with mine, or rather, so entirely had he reduced himself to the rank of a mere instrument of my salvation, —not indeed by mere faith or even devout practices, but by an entire reformation of my conduct,—that, had the irrevocable decrees of fate destined one of us only to be accepted among the host of Heaven, I verily believe he would, with all his ardor for excellence, have submitted to stoop to the bitter fruits of sin, in order that Anastasius might not be the one discarded from the realms of bliss eternal!

CHAPTER VIII.

With a temper such as mine, Spiridion was perhaps, in spite of all his zeal—and I may add, all his abilities—one of the persons worst calculated in some respects, not only to succeed in the more contracted purpose of his father, but even in his own more extended and more liberal design: not only to obtain of me a public and ostentatious return to Christianity, but even a more private though more sincere relinquishment of the failings reprobated alike by every creed: for up to the moment when my young friend undertook my reformation, what was I, in point of mental developement?—A being of mere instinct; one over whom the cravings of the sense still exerted unlimited sway; who only yet obeyed the impulse of the moment, who had hitherto never learnt to listen to the voice of reason, or even to weigh the dictates of prudence; who, matured in body, and excelling most others in corporeal vigor, was yet in mind a mere child, and

like all children still acknowledged no influence save that of superior physical powers; could be awed into the performance of what was right and proper by no means but those of superior bodily strength; must still as it were have the requisite submission to the rules of order and society rendered a habit by compulsion, ere it could become an effect of deliberate choice; and, from the very circumstance of possessing with the imbecility of childhood, more than the ordinary powers of mature manhood, must also find more than the ordinary powers of man to cope with, before I could be subdued and brought to a sense of duty. I might indeed, like other children, in some degree be allured to good by the imitative bias implanted from the earliest period of our existence in our natures, but like all children, I was only disposed to make those the models of my conduct, who had begun by making themselves the masters of my imagination, and to take counsel where I felt a previous deference for the person of the counsellor.

Nor was this all: not only did I feel little inclination to obey or to imitate those less rich in personal endowments than myself, but I even hated the mere society of whoever submitted to the shackles of civilisation more meekly than I did myself. Like those rude tenants of the forest,

themselves not yet lured into subjection by civilized man, I shunned every fellow-creature already entrapped in his snares. I only loved to herd with beings wild, indocile, and unbridled like myself; and if, gregarious though not sociable, I kept not so entirely aloof from other individuals of my species as only to prowl through the wilds of nature in solitary majesty, and never to stoop to companionship except for the purpose of assuaging some craving of the sense, I could at any rate only bear to shew myself linked by choice to such a set of companions as, ever like myself prone to deride every symptom of order and to despise as imbecile tameness every sign of respect for decency, were not less anxiously avoided by the sober and steady part of the community than the untamed lion or the unbroken colt. Call it effrontery, or call it bashfulness—temerity or cowardice—I only felt at ease, only thought myself safe as it were from the infection of contented slavery, with men who bade defiance to every precept of morality, and to every injunction of the law; and the more an individual shewed himself broken into a ready compliance with all the requisites of social institutions, and fearful to outstep the received manners and customs of his neighbours, the more I dreaded and avoided him on that very score as a dangerous

person, a confederate in the great plot against my natural rights and liberties, and a rancorous though secret enemy, who only coaxed and caressed, in order to betray me to his associates, and to throw with more certainty the fatal noose round my neck.

Add to this that, still wholly averse from the most distant thoughts of quitting Islamism, still elate with all the pride of the turban, I shrunk from the idea of appearing guided in any degree by one not like myself of the privileged cast, and would sooner have seemed to take lesson or example from a Turkish beggar than from a Greek archon.

Now, of the qualifications thus required in my ghostly director, who possessed fewer, and on the contrary, of the attributes which disqualified for that office, who had more than my friend Spiridion? Even in point of person he wanted some of the conditions most conducive to success in the task which he had undertaken. His figure was elegantly moulded indeed; but, far from possessing the size and strength requisite to support insolence in their possessor and to curb it in others, he was rather under sized, and only appeared by my side like the willow by the side of the cedar. Again: his features were in as perfect symmetry as Grecian blood could make them; but his countenance, un-

armed with that look of boldness and daring which represses the brazen stare of audacity and defiance, habitually only expressed gentleness, nay even timidity,: and if bursts of indignation or of rapture would sometimes change its mildness into something so lofty and commanding as to awe any mind not yet wholly impenetrable, still could the purely intellectual ray which shot from it make little impression where—as in most of my associates—all was mere unmixed matter. His manners too were elegant and refined: but the more they breathed that elevation and dignity calculated to charm a well educated circle, the less they partook of that coarse and vulgar *dash* necessary to please men of blunted feelings and a vitiated taste. Reserved instead of forward, he never had a chance of making the force of reason silence the force of lungs; and, too proud to be conceited, he was at best only praised for discreet and becoming humility by people who, apt themselves greatly to presume upon nothing, could not believe him entitled to extraordinary distinction, who himself announced so few pretensions to notice.

The sombre livery of Christianity too, so far from offering me any temptation to abjure my more splendidly attired Mohammedan faith, rendered my friend a dark spot—almost a positive blemish—

in the brilliant circle in which I moved; so that while I, who knew his intrinsic worth, only the more feared his watchful eye, and felt restrained by his presence, others, emboldened by his modest exterior, made him the object of liberties painful to us both. Hence, though I could not but venerate Spiridion's character, I felt somewhat averse to his company, and so far from meeting his advances, I discouraged his assiduity. Sometimes, when he pressed me to make him my associate and my confident, I used only to answer jestingly, and say: "how can I possibly live with you or introduce you to those I live with, who have not one idea in common with them; whose very language seems a different idiom, as unintelligible to them as theirs is to you; who stare at every unguarded expression, shrink from every spirited proposal, and groan at every bolder frolic: who stay at the door where others walk in, remain sober while others revel in festivity, keep watch where others slumber, and have the folly to be wise where others have the wisdom to court folly?" At other times I spoke more seriously, and warned the youth in sober earnest against wasting his valuable gifts in the fruitless attempt to reform one, by long habit too deeply sunk in sin to leave a chance of amendment. "How can you, Spiridion," would I ask, "with your excellent understanding, expect any

good from a wretch so thoroughly broken into every species of evil, so suppled by long practice into every form of vice, so loose in all his mental hinges, so dislocated in all his moral joints, that all his inclinations turn with equal facility toward wrong as toward right? The very transendancy of your merit,—my all good, all perfect friend!—leaves you a far less chance of inoculating me with the smallest particle of righteous feeling, than might have befallen a person of inferior worth, less proudly soaring above my own level, and whom I could have met half way. You and I are too far asunder in the scale of beings, ever to come in contact together, either in this world or the next." And hereupon, in order to prove my assertion by illustrations taken from facts, and to enjoy Spiridion's surprise and horror, I would commence the braggadocio of vice, and give my friend such details of my iniquity as made him raise meekly to heaven his dark expressive eyes; until, unable any longer to bear the revolting tale, he would start up, run to me, put his hand on my lips, and supplicate me to spare at least him, if not myself.

It was not long, however, before even Spiridion felt that nothing was so inimical to the success of his scheme as his too forbidding fastidiousness. He therefore tried to shake off his prudery, at least

in appearance, to conquer his too evident disgust at the tone and manner of my habitual associates, and to bring himself down more nearly to their level. In short, he gave up his refined pursuits and his regular habits, for the honor of holding in my esteem the same rank with a set of blustering profligates. Upon the sublime principles of seducing me to virtue, he became the patient witness of all my vices. He followed me to those temples were Aphrodite wears no veil, in order to preach to me decency; and more than once in the orgies he assisted at, he narrowly escaped being the reeling victim to his own fervor for opening my eyes to the loathsomeness of intoxication.

Even this effected not the wished-for purpose. Libertinism, as well as refinement, requires its apprenticeship. It is not the attainment of a single day, and sits as aukwardly on the wearer as fastidiousness, where it flows not from the heart. In my train, Spiridion never could catch the spirit of the place, or the tone of the company. His best attempts at extravagance only looked like demureness run mad; and if his endeavours to do as others did, and to set my gayer friends at their ease, had any effect at all, it was only that of making them, while he was by, look as stiff and constrained as himself. The moment his name was announced,

every countenance fell, and every lip was sealed up. Adieu from that moment to all that lightness of heart, all that flow of spirits, without which vice itself, only pursued with the dulness of a task, loses its seductive gloss, and for want of a brilliant exterior to dazzle the eye, shews all its inward foulness. Instead of rendering my associates pleased with him, Spiridion only contrived to put them out of conceit with themselves. The genuine sons of mirth and revelry dreaded the intrusion of this false brother. Abashed at the mere sight of one to whose manners they were strangers, and to whose behaviour they had no clue, they insensibly in his company—without themselvest knowing why—lost all their assurance, and felt their air of boldness and defiance, degenerate into a subdued and humble manner. Not but that they strove to resist the novel influence. Fearful lest in his presence thy should appear to have lost their wonted tone, they even talked louder than usual, were wittier, made more jests, ironically wished me joy of my new friend, and complained of his repartee, as too much for their dullness: but aside and by stealth, they frowned at me for having brought an extinguisher among their jovial troop; and I myself wished from the bottom of my heart that Spiridion had remained a complete saint, rather than have become half a sinner; for no purpose but to spoil all the sport of genuine honest rakes!

But be a man ever so sturdy in his resistance to the voice of reason, still, if fated day after day to witness in another the most unabating solicitude for his reformation, the most untiring efforts to seduce him to virtue, and these endeavours proceeding, not from interested motives, nor even from a wish to display superiority, but solely from so ardent a desire to procure a beloved object's lasting welfare, that the monitor would even with pleasure sacrifice his own happiness to that of his friend: if above all he beholds this anxiety for his advantage shew itself, not in intrusive advice, irksome reproof, and acrimonious censure, but only in the keenest watchfulness, the gentlest persuasion, the most exulting looks at each instance of success, and the most evident dejection at every failure in the benevolent attempt; he must have in his composition materials still harder and more compact than mine, to remain wholly unpenetrated by so deep a devotion and so flattering a testimonial, lurking under reproof itself; never to catch himself wishing it cost him less to repay with some improvement such constant pains for his sake, and not to feel for such vast sacrifices, however ineffectual, at least a return of something more than cold gratitude.

It is true, no person wont to combine cause and effect, could expect that in a vortex of unceasing

dissipation, hurried on without intermission to excesses of every description, my heart, volatile by nature, and by constant friction somewhat blunted in its feelings, should return with equal intensity Spiridion's affection. My regard necessarily must have intermittences, display fits and starts, and be interrupted by intervals of forgetfulness, nay of coolness. In the pursuit of pleasure I would shun the sight of the young Greek, in the intoxiction of enjoyment I would neglect his society, in the phrenzy of passion I would hide myself from his view as from that of an unwelcome monitor; but still did his daily converse here and there drop a seed of tenderness and compunction in my bosom, often unheeded at first, and which only expanded after he had left me, and after the constraint of his presence had ceased to obstruct a more general survey of his noble conduct,—like the corn which can only begin to germinate, when screened from the rays of that sun the primitive source of its life and its growth. In the midst of the raillery at Spiridion's expence with which I tried to keep up my unconcern, I conceived for him a real and deep rooted attachment; and, though we rarely associated together in my hours of joy, the moment I felt the least grief or disappointment—the instant the faithlessness of a mistress, the treachery of a com-

panion, or the superciliousness of a grandee cast the least cloud over my happiness,—I would leave all my ephemeral friends, and run to pour my feelings and my sorrows into the bosom of their sole real and permanent depositary. From his lips alone I expected the balm of consolation; and though long and distant were my flights, still would I ever ultimately return to Spiridion's arms, as the stork, from the furthermost regions of the globe, returns to her unchanging wonted nest.

My growing regard for Spiridion, and my admiration of his worth, awoke in my breast the first cry of conscience, and the first risings of shame. In the presence of my friend I would sometimes repress the rashness of my temper, and regret the violence of my passions. I blushed for the vices in which I had formerly exulted. For the first time in my life I took pains to excuse my errors, and laid down plans for rooting out my ill-propensities. I went so far as actually to meditate a general reform; nor did I at any time put off the execution to a very distant period. If I carried not immediately my good intentions into effect, if inveterate habit frequently made me relapse into my evil doings, still did I no longer find in the commission that zest, that unalloyed pleasure which they used to afford me. I felt the bitterness of

remorse follow the sweets of indulgence. So great was the revolution in my sentiments, that it often made me contemplate with envy the calm dignity of Spiridion's life and occupations, which before I had treated with contempt. Looking over him, when he would hurry the completion of some noble work, or lay by the pursuit of some interesting study, in compliance with my eagerness for some low or trivial pastime, I often could not help repining at the difference of our disposition. "Ah," said I, "Spiridion! Why was it not my fate to be brought up like you!—In me, too, nature had implanted many a rich and varied germ. Cultivation might have made them expand into all that was useful and beautiful. Fragrant blossoms might have been grafted on my stock full of vigor and sap, luxurious fruits might have adorned my branches: but, alas! I was born in a desert, I grew up remote from the sun-shine of civilization, and I put forth only wild and fruitless boughs, distorted by ceaseless storms, and casting wide around them a drear and deadly shade!"

Nor was this all! Whenever Spiridion parted from me to go into the presence of his God, to prostrate himself before his Maker, and to listen with devout attention to the loud hymns sung in praise of his Saviour; whenever, in conjunction with all his assembled countrymen he addressed, through

the mediation of holy ministers, his supplications to Heaven in the language and with the forms left him by his forefathers, and which once had been mine; whenever, in his doubts and perplexities, he derived comfort from performing the awful signs of his creed, and attending the sacred rites of his ancient religion, I panted to follow him to the place of my old worship, to kneel down by his side before the holy doors[1] of the sanctuary, and to join in his ardent and heartfelt devotions at the altar of Christ! I repined at the solace he was receiving, and of which I had deprived myself; regretted that change which only permitted me an open, a public, and a solemn approach to my Creator and my Judge in a strange house, under a spurious garb, and in a language not my own; loathed the Moslemin rites which, converting every act of devotion I panted to perform into a solemn mummery, bereft my appeal of its earnestness, my prayers of their unction, and my worship of its sanctity; and secretly vowed,—should I not be able immediately to re-enter the pale of church I had abandoned,—at least some day before my death to compel the holy gates to open to my supplications, and again to admit within the dread precincts now closed against the renegade, my sighs of shame, of contrition and of penitence!

Thus did the gentle timidity of Spiridion end by

making a deep impression on my obdurate heart, and resemble the frequent falling drop, which by slow degrees hollows out the hardest stone. That empire over my will, which the young Greek never would have obtained had he attempted to assume the least authority, he, by an almost unreserved submission to my own caprice, now for many an hour held undisputed.

It is however true, that the utmost actual amendment in my ways still remained prodigiously short of the quantity requisite to form a particularly valuable member of society. The effect of Spiridion's exhortations rarely went beyond good resolutions. Seldom did they ripen into actual realities; at least of such a nature as to claim peculiar praise. The occasions on which I expressed the strongest determination to become a new being, were often those on which I relapsed into some old sin with more impetuosity than ever. The very contrition however which followed the misdeed, was already, in one who before gloried in evil, a great step towards good; and the power in Spiridion to produce that feeling, the sign of a vast hold obtained over my wayward soul.

How great however was the toil, how constant the watching of my friend, to retain that feeble sway over my furious passions, which he had with

such labour acquired. What unceasing terror he felt lest my perverse instinct should again recover its noxious preponderance over my still weak and giddy reason. How he trembled for fear of seeing me, like a young tiger half tamed, at the faintest scent of blood or glimpse of the forest, resume all my sanguinary yearnings and all my roving inclinations, break my fetters, recover my ferocity, and forfeit all the fruits of my tedious education.

And but too often still were all his sinister forebodings on the point of being realised! But too often still would I sigh at the remembrance of those days, when no monitor from within checked the freedom of my will and actions; when, if the voice of pleasure called, or the spur of instinct urged, no second thought, no extraneous consideration held me back; when above all no subsequent reflection, no dread of reproof embittered the image of the joys I had snatched from the fleeting wing of time, and had made my own beyond recalling. Often still would I say to myself—"because a little Greek, who is neither my relation nor my master, happens to owe to me his life, is he entitled to rob me of my liberty; or because his mind is by nature's own ordination so well regulated as without effort or sacrifice to pursue a steady course, must my soul, which that same nature has been pleased

to render fiery, impetuous, turbulent, and without rule or measure in its motions, be, through dint of the utmost violence, forced into the same even pace?" Often, from feelings of contrition for my offences, I relapsed into feelings of indignation at the shackles imposed upon my will: I railed at Spiridion for thwarting my inclinations, and at myself, for submitting to his yoke. The influence he had gained over my mind only appeared to me an usurpation, and the restraint he put upon my passions a tyranny. The fear I felt of his reproaches, and the care I took to avoid his displeasure, no longer seemed to me aught but a wanton surrender of my rightful independance, a disgraceful prostration of my freedom, which made me weep with anguish, or rather with rage. "Is it I, is it Anastasius," I exclaimed, "who suffers the silly and minute formalities of society, like the small but numerous threads and meshes of a net, to confine every limb, and to impede every motion? Is it I who have lost all free agency, and like a puppet can only obey the pleasure of another?" And at these mortifying thoughts, shame burned in my cheek, and anger sat quivering on my lips.

I then resolved to tear asunder my slight yet heavy trammels, to assert my freedom, and afresh roam at liberty; but the passions long restrained,

only broke loose with more resistless fury. The act, intended to manifest my recovered liberty, was always some extravagance, far exceeding the most outrageous of my former follies.

My friend, on these occasions, seemed lost in despair. Breathless, except when now and then a deep sigh forced its way from the inmost of his soul,—like the slow bubble, which rises from the very bottom of the seemingly motionless pool,—he hung his head in gloomy silence; while, proud of my feat, and like the steed turned loose in the meadow, I snorted, shook my mane, and looked round with fierce and taunting eye; until, after a certain time, the effervescence of my blood again subsiding, I returned to a sense of my folly, felt contrition for my excesses, and blushed at my bravado. Then again I execrated my ungovernable temper, beat in anguish my throbbing breast, convulsively grasped my friend's retiring hand, and, by confessing how little I deserved it, in the end obtained his forgiveness. Spiridion, who, the moment before, had renounced all hopes of my reform, now again began with fresh ardor to toil at his chimera.

The father's less pertinacious dream meanwhile had subsided. Spiridion still might expect some day to bring me to the path of virtue, Mavrocordato

clearly saw that he was not the person destined to lead me back into that of the Greek church. He almost began to think it possible that, instead of his son's reclaiming me to Christianity, I might end by seducing his son to Mohammedanism. At any rate, he now deemed the free admittance of a personage of my description into the interior of his family, as equally injurious to the moral character of that son, and to the commercial credit of his house. He first endeavoured to intimate this new opinion to me by a studied coolness and reserve, totally different from his former warmth of manner. Unluckily, as I never had courted his favor, I heeded not the change, nor considered the caprice of the sire, as a reason for withdrawing my countenance from the unoffending son. Mavrocordato therefore was at last obliged to be more explicit.

I had one evening made myself rather conspicuous at Kandilly. The next morning, as I was sitting with Spiridion, in walked his father, who had staid from his office on purpose. He enquired very civilly after my health, hoped I had not caught cold, and then apprized me in terms polite but peremptory, that his occupations no longer permitted him to manage my property, nor his views to cultivate my society; returned me the remains of my deposit, which my frequent draughts had greatly

reduced, presented me with an exquisitely penned abstract of my account, which he begged me to cast up at my leisure; recommended me to look out for a lodging more convenient for my purposes, and to drop an intimacy with his son, of use to neither; and taking his leave, wished me all manner of happiness.

However politely Mavrocordato's compliment might be turned as to the form, I could not help thinking it very rude as to the matter. His behaviour seemed to me both unfair and unhandsome. In fact, was I the one that had made the first advances to this purse-proud merchant? or had he, on the contrary, first sought of me a renewal of intimacy?—He might have left me alone if he had chosen. I asked not of him any attention; I expected not any civility: I should have been perfectly contented if the accidental meeting had ended, as it had begun, in the market-place. But to invite me to his house, to press upon me his hospitalities, to admit of no denial to his solicitations! and all this only in order that he might end the farce by turning me out of doors, which I hardly ever vouchsafed to enter: and that without the least preparation or warning!—It was what I could not brook, and what I promised myself some day to resent. Meantime, I determined not to trespass another instant on the forbearance

of one so anxious to recall his bounty, and spite of all Spiridion's entreaties that I should at least stay the night, and all his endeavours to convince me that his father could not mean things as I understood them, I walked out. Nor did I, until launched into the very middle of the street, stop to consider how I was to dispose of my person and my casket. Then indeed I felt a little at a loss, and could have liked to walk in again. But this my pride forbad.

I had not ruminated half a minute before I wondered how I could have felt any embarrasment at all. Within a stone's throw of Mavrocordato lived the fittest person to succeed him as depositary of my fortune: namely his most rancorous enemy,—an Armenian, and a cashier, who hated him with all the cordiality of one whose commercial schemes had been less successful than his own. There was no species of mischief which the envious Aïdin had not attempted to do his more fortunate or more skilful neighbour. First, he had endeavoured to ruin him by representing his wealth as a mere fabrication. Unable to succeed this way, he took the contrary method, and laid snares no longer against his credit, but against his life, by accusing him of having doubled his fortune through means of the treasure of a beheaded Visier, found concealed in his garden. But he was fated to be foiled alike in the most opposite

attempts. For when, in order to circumstantiate his evidence, he shewed the officers of the fisc the place in the Greek's garden, where from his window he had with his own eyes seen him dig out the ponderous chests filled with gold and jewels, something more ponderous was found still unremoved; namely, such an immense and continuous stratum of solid rock, as without being great mineralogists, the very satellites of the hazné judged to have lain there undisturbed since the flood.

Now, the personage who had been at all these pains to stamp himself a rogue, I sagaciously selected for the depositary of my money. As to my person, I felt little at a loss how to dispose of it.

CHAPTER IX.

My worldly affairs thus prudently arranged, I attended to my spiritual concerns; and, to compensate for not eating caviar during the Greek Lent, properly fasted during the Turkish Ramadan. Every one knows how trying that month is to the temper of the good Mohammedan. As long as the sun lingers above the horizon, he dares not refresh himself with the least morsel of food, the least drop of liquor, or even the least whiff of tobacco. His whole occupation consists in counting his beads, and in contemplating the slow moving hand of his timepiece, until the moment when the luminary of the world is pleased to release him from his abstinence, by withdrawing its irksome orb from his sight. Sufficiently disagreeable as it might appear for every purpose of salvation, when it falls in winter, the month of the Ramadan seems absolutely invented for the destruction of the Moslemin species, when the precession of the lunar

months brings it round to the longest and hottest days of summer. It is then that the Christian, rising from a plenteous meal, if he has common prudence, avoids all intercourse whatever with the fasting Turk, whose devout stomach, void of all but sourness and bile, grumbles loudly over each chance-medley of the sort as over malice prepense, rises in anger at the supposed insult, and vents its acrimony in bitter invectives.

Sometimes a demure Moslemin may be seen looking anxiously round on all sides, to ascertain that he is not watched. The moment he thinks himself unobserved, he turns the corner of some of the Christian streets of Pera or Galata, and ascends the infidel hill. Led on as it were by mere listlessness from one turn to another, the gentleman still advances, until perverse chance brings him just opposite a confectioner's or a pastry-cook's shop. From sheer absence of mind he indeed steps in, but he buys nothing. Allah forbid! He only from pure curiosity examines the various eatables laid out on the counter. He handles, he weighs them, he asks their names, their price, and their ingredients. What is this? what do you call that? Where does that other come from? Thus discoursing to while away time, he by little and little reaches the inner extremity of the shop; and find-

ing himself at the entrance of the recess, in which by mere accident happens to have been set out—as if in readiness for some expected visitor—a choice collation of all than can recruit an exhausted stomach, he enters it from mere thoughtlessness, and without the least intention. Without the least intention also the pastry cook, the moment he sees his friend slunk into the dainty closet, turns upon him the key of the door, and slips it into his pocket. Perhaps he even goes out on a message, and half an hour or so elapses ere he remembers his unaccountable act of forgetfulness. He however at last recollects his prisoner, who all the while would have made a furious outcry, but has abstained, lest he should unjustly be suspected of having gone in for the purpose of tasting the forbidden fruit. The Greek unlocks the door with every expression of apology and regret; the Turk walks out in high dudgeon, severely rebukes the vender of cakes, and returns home weaker with inanition than ever. But when the pastry-cook looks into his recess, to put things in order, he finds, by a wonderful piece of magic, the pies condensed into piastres, and the sugar plums transformed into sequins.

I suppose my new banker suspected me of some times dealing in this unlawful sorcery, and wished to destroy the transmutations in their very source.

He disappeared with my casket. On the twentieth day of the Ramadan I found myself with a tremendous appetite, five sequins in my pocket, and not a farthing elsewhere.

Ever since my final exit from Mavrocordato's house, Spiridion had kept completely aloof from me, and I had not once seen my till then inseparable friend. That he was a dutiful son, I knew; that he would not openly fly in the face of his father's commands, I had expected; but I was not prepared to find that where his friend was concerned, he would conform to his parent's orders with such scrupulous punctuality. It mortified me; and as prompt as ever to value things only when forbidden, I now began to long for the youth's company: "After all, how preferable," thought I, "was his society to any other. What information he possessed, what knowledge he imparted! How full of resource was his mind, and of variety his conversation! How different from the empty rattle of men whose ideas never moved out of a single narrow circle, and whose efforts at jocoseness absolutely sickened with repetition. How many more acute observations on life at large he used to make, who only seemed to view its storms and whirlwinds from a narrow estuary deep inland, than those who sailed down its fullest tide. The very reflection of

his own excellence cast a lustre upon those who associated with him. They felt greater self-esteem from being in his company;"—and I could not forgive myself for so wantonly forfeiting what was so valuable in itself, and so willingly bestowed!

Yet, if even prior to the loss of all I possessed I had felt too proud to seek one who shunned me, it may well be supposed that since that event I should more than ever spurn all attempts at renewing the intercourse. However great my distress might be, I would rather have thrown myself upon the generosity of an absolute stranger, than upon the kindness of a friend who forgot me. Two days however had scarce elapsed since the retreat of the Armenian, when, as I lay despondingly on my couch, who should I see standing beside me, like a cheering vision, but my still true Spiridion! The disappearance of the banker had soon been published, and amply commented upon, in the commercial world. My friend knew my little property to be in his hands. He had immediately enquired into my circumstances; and apprised of my ruin, had come to my relief.

His pecuniary offers he found me unwilling to accept. "Your friendship, Spiridion," cried I, "is dearer to me than ever; but away with your purse! It offends my eyes. I love you too well to become your debtor."

"Selim;" replied the son of Mavrocordato, "if what affection bestows demands a return of gratitude, believe me, it is too late to escape the irksome burthen. You are already too deeply in my debt for all the anxiety you have cost me. In the scale in which your reformation has outweighed all consideration of my own repose, in which your welfare has preponderated over all my interests and schemes in life, a handful of paltry gold is but a speck of dust devoid of weight!"

I felt the truth of this speech, bade my foolish pride be silent, and accepted the money. "This gift," exclaimed I, clasping the purse with both hands, and placing it next my heart, "will enable me to prove that your friendship has not been thrown away; that the seeds you toiled to sow, though slow to rise, have sprung up at last: their fruits will soon appear. Henceforth, Spiridion, I tear from my bosom every root of evil; henceforth I renounce all the pleasures of vice; henceforth I become a new man, thy boast, thy credit, and thy glory!"

These words, the first of the sort my friend had ever heard me utter, sounded in his ears like music from heaven. Tears of emotion started from his eyes, he embraced me with convulsive rapture. What more could he wish for? His long sought triumph was complete; and like men on the morrow of a victory which terminates a toilsome

war, we had only to sit down and discuss at leisure the new plan of life, suitable to my new resolutions. Upon this we enlarged as upon a delightful dream soon to be realised, until, fearing to stay longer, Spiridion at last rose to tear himself away from me.

Evening was stealing on, and darkness beginning to let loose all the hounds of hell that shunned the light of day. It was scarce safe for Spiridion to return home without some escort. "Stay, Spirro," said I; "this once let me be permitted to accompany you. Even your father, just now, I am sure, would wish to know me by your side."—Spiridion consented.

Our way lay by a coffee-house, the favorite resort of those against whom other doors were shut. On the threshold stood lounging a boy—the son of a Capidgee[2] of the Porte,—with whom I had already before once or twice had a tift. Achmet was his name, insolence his profession. His behaviour had made him the pest of the whole neighbourhood. As soon as he spied us: "What," cried he; "the old inseparables again risen from the dead! See how the hound lugs the hog by the ears!" At these insulting words I felt the blood rush in my face; rage convulsed my whole body: I grasped my handjar; but at the same instant the remembrance of my recent promise to my friend flashed across

my mind; and, smothering my indignation, I silently hurried on.

Spiridion, who had turned pale with anticipation of the consequences of so grievous an insult, observed the struggle in my bosom: "Anastasius," said he, "I see all, and I thank you. But suffer me to pursue my way alone. In the land where my ancestors held the sceptre, I am become thy reproach."

"What, Spiridion," replied I "when you come to save me, I, leave you in danger! I, leave you exposed to the insult of the bigot, and the blows of the ruffian? Never!" And spite of my friend's entreaties, I continued by his side until his own door opened to afford him safety. I then pressed his hand, bade him farewell, and went back.

The lateness of the hour quickened my pace. In the most lonely part of the road I overtook Achmet, likewise on his way home, and passed by the swaggering coxcomb.

His sagacity had construed into fear my preceding endurance. Accordingly, his insolence only encreased. "Coward," exclaimed he, "you run too fast for me to take the pains of pursuing you. But I depute this messenger to give you my errand;" and on my looking round to see what he meant, I felt a huge stone graze my ear. But for the motion of

turning round my head, it must have broken my jaw.

Human patience could endure no longer. I faced the ruffian. Each lifted his hand, but my dagger went first to the heart. My antagonist fell without a groan. I paused a while,—but he had ceased to breathe! Raising the lifeless body, I threw it over a wall into an adjoining cemetery, and walked off.

No mortal had beheld the conflict: but the prior provocation had had all Kandilly for a witness. What the darkness of the night awhile concealed, the dawn of the next day could not fail to bring to light: and to no one but me would the deed be imputed. Achmet indeed was abhorred, but his parents were respected. Having therefore much to apprehend from the law, and little means to purchase justice, I determined not to try which would carry the day.

Still, however, before I abandoned for ever the abode and the vicinity of my friend, I determined to see him once more. By another way, I ran back to his house. For the first time since his door had been shut against me, I knocked. He recognised my hand. It was the rap I used to give when, coming in late from my evening rambles, I feared to disturb his father. He himself opened to me.

"Spiridion," said I, "but an hour ago, I pledged

all I could pledge to make you witness in me an entire reform. Alas, it is no longer time! I only return so soon to bid you adieu for ever. Forget me; forget a wretch whom his ill fate pursues; and thank heaven you thus are rid of one on whom misfortune has set its mark!"

I then told him what had happened; mentioned where I meant to go; and imploring the Almighty to shower on my tender, my last, my only friend, his choicest blessings, once more pressed to my arms the companion of my childhood, and broke away.

But little time was requisite to deliver over the few articles I left behind me, into the care of my hostess, to saddle my horse, and to ride to Iskiudar.[3] There I crossed the channel, entered Constantinople just at the dawn of day, and traversing its long and still empty streets from end to end, went out again at the gate of Andrinople, across field and common gained the western road, and about the middle of the day, reached the town of Rodosto.

In this out of the way place, I thought myself safe, at least for a few hours; and feeling much fatigued, went to a kind of coffee-house, asked for a private room, and lay down on the floor to take a little rest. I had scarce began to doze, when I was suddenly roused by a loud knocking; and by a sort of

rumour, immediately ensuing, of which I seemed the object.

I listened, though without getting up, and for some time could only confusedly make out enquiries on one side, and answers on the other. At last one sentence distinctly struck my ear, uttered by some one of the party within. "He is up stairs and alone." It sufficed for my information. Nothing could be more evident than that my exploit had been discovered and my footsteps traced. The only thing now left for me to do, was to sell my devoted life as dear as possible. Already was the posse hurrying up stairs, and approaching my door. I drew my yatagan, and cried out with all my might: "Whoever enters, dies!" But such was the noise outside, that my threat remained unheard.—At least it was not heeded. The door burst open: In rushed my pursuer, and down fell my sword—upon my own Spiridion!

The sight of my friend had not been able entirely to stop my uplifted arm; but it broke the force of the blow. The weapon fell innocuous: and Spiridion, at first quite breathless, and unable to utter a syllable, by degrees recovered his breath, sat down and spoke as follows.

"You are surprised, Anastasius, to see me again: but listen. When last night after your departure

I lay down to sleep, I thought I had entirely conquered my first impulse to follow you. I thought that among the opposite duties contending in my breast, those which I owed my father had a superior claim; and thought so the more as my wishes leaned the other way. In vain, however, I closed my eyes! My mind found no rest, and a feeling of inexpressible anguish invaded my body. While I lay, oppressed by an insufferable weight, but unable to stir and throw it off, my door gently opened, and without the least noise, a form glided in which approached my bed side. It was that of my mother: —of her whom I loved, and lost the first!"

"My son," it said, looking sternly in my face, "Vows of gratitude are recorded by angels, and only demons blot them out. He who at this moment, breaking the solemn silence of the night, with his horses heavy hoof shakes the ground over my head, saved thy life at the risk of his own, in days that seem forgotten. For having saved it a second time, a second time his own is threatened. In return for these deeds of love, my son, thy very father once made thee promise to regard him as a brother, and for ever to stand by him, both in good and adverse fortune,—and thou wouldest now leave thy brother to wander through the world, a lonely, unprotected, friendless outcast!"

"Here the dread shade ceased to speak. But much as I tried to answer, I had not the power. My jaw was of stone, and my tongue cleaved to my mouth. The vision disappeared. A loud clap like thunder shook to dust my imaginary fetters. I started up, and obeyed!"

Spiridion said no more. I looked at him in astonishment. "Is it you," I cried, "my friend!—till now so inaccessible to every form of superstition,—who mistake the dream of an agitated mind, or the night mare of a suffering frame for the directing voice of Heaven? Ah! ere you give way to such delusions, reflect but one moment on what may be the consequence. Consider who you are, what destinies await you. Think that on you depends the happiness of an affectionate parent, and the preservation of a noble family; that for you are reserved the respect of dependants, the wealth of relations, and the honors of the world: think that I, on the contrary, am a wretch, ruined in fortune and in fame, long ago rejected by his friends and family, now renounced by his fellow citizens, and proscribed by the laws of his country; then say to yourself that between us no further society can subsist, no common interests can be maintained; that far from offering to follow my fate, it is your business to fly from my society as from a pestilence, and to avoid the contagion of my

breath, which must at last involve all that remain within its reach. I myself could not allow you to barter your advantages against my wretchedness; could not permit the sufferings of my friend to encrease the sins already on my head! I myself must implore you to remember your now grieving father, and to forget for ever, the lost, the miserable Anastasius."

"Cruel friend!" replied Spiridion, "talk not to me of the world! Was I ever elate with its blandishments, or solicitous for its distinctions? My father indeed, ... but who more earnestly than he ever urged my prior duty to my God? Who oftener dwelt upon the paramount sacredness of the engagements contracted with heaven? Let then the vision I beheld have been real, or have arisen only within the compass of my heated brain; still has it spoken what I must accomplish; still dare I not desert my brother. Since then heaven wills you to go, I must not stay behind. Under Hassan's banners my friend purposes afresh in Egypt to pursue the path of fame. Well!—with him I may go; with him I too may run the race of glory! We shall fight side by side. Perhaps I may some day save your life, as you once saved mine. Perhaps, vouchsafed the bliss to shed my blood for my friend, I may die on his bosom the death of the brave! Or, if Provi-

dence should guard us both, should permit both to live,—triumphant with thee, I shall with thee return; and with thine lay my laurels at my exulting father's feet! Does not Mavrocordato himself—prizing his son's elevation beyond that son's existence—destine me to those high offices, whose approach is over daggers, and whose end is the bowstring? Thus already inured to danger ere I enter my career, already armed with martial renown ere I encounter my rivals, I shall with greater confidence commence the struggle, and with greater vigour contend for the prize, sought by a father's ambition under a son's borrowed name!"

"No, Spiridion," answered I, "it shall not be! In accompanying me, thou goest not to renown; thou goest only to disgrace, perhaps to perdition. Thou assumest the appearance of my accomplice. Thou coverest with dishonor a thus far spotless name. Thanks to my conduct, I am alone in the world; I belong to no one else; I am a twig torn from its stem, that strikes no root, and bears no blossom. My existence goes for nothing in the sum of earthly things! My lonely fate involves no other destiny! The weed of my sterile existence any one may pluck up, may tear, may cast upon a dunghill,—and no loss be felt, no regret expressed, no cognisance taken of the deed, no tear, save by

thee, shed over my remains, nor any flower, save by thee, planted on my lonely grave! Of what importance is it where I may wander, or what may become of me? But thou, to plunge headlong from the summit of earthly blessings into the abyss in which already I lie prostrate; thou, to cover thy fair name with the foulness of mine .... No, no, it cannot, it shall not be!"

Here the young Greek's tone and manner at once entirely changed. "Anastasius," cried he with a rage so concentrated it almost looked like calmness: "you may spurn me from your side, you may proceed without me. But mark the consequence. I return to Constantinople, I go before the judge, and in the face of the whole public I proclaim myself what I am,—the murderer of Achmet!"

It now was evident that emotion and fatigue, acting on a susceptible frame, and a mind always exalted, had produced in Spiridion that degree of excitement which rendered further opposition dangerous. I thought it best for the present to give way; bowed, and submitted.

On my first arrival at Rodosto, I had desired my horse might be sold for me, and a boat hired to continue my journey. In their excessive zeal for my service the good people of the house had parted

with my steed for half his value, and had taken a boat at double the usual fare: but it was not a time to mind minute miscalculations. The boatmen were waiting, I stepped in, and Spiridion followed. Before the sun had set, the wind, in conjunction with the current, carried us out of the Boghaz into the open sea.

Just as we launched into the wide bason of the Archipelago, the sun's brilliant disk was majestically dropping behind the distant crags of Athos, whose gigantic and insulated mass, alone dimly beheld soaring above the silver wave, looked like the huge spirit of the deep, emerged from its dark caverns to survey his domain. With the last departing rays of the orb of day also died away the breeze, leaving the liquid plain as smooth as a mirror.

The monotonous sound of the oar, falling upon the waters in slow and steady cadence, now remained the only sound which broke the universal silence, and insensibly its solemn and regular return disposed me to ruminate on my portion of life already wound off.

"How whimsical a thing," thought I, "is man's destiny! How variously seem contrasted its most proximate vicissitudes, and yet how intimately are linked its furthest incidents: by how many anterior minute and hidden agencies is often irresis-

tibly produced the last and sole ostensible cause of the weightiest events! How entirely is the will that seems spontaneously to urge us on, an unavoidable offspring of circumstances wholly independant of that will, since prior to the very existence of the being whom it sways! A fair form arises in Damascus; and this form, flitting through the distant streets, and just caught by my eye as it vanishes away—this form, never before or since beheld—makes me throw down a Frank on the steps of the mosque, crop a friar's beard in a barber's shop, seek refuge from a Syrian Pasha's wrath in Constantinople's vortex, incur in protecting an old friend the insolence of a stranger, rid the world of a ruffian for threatning my own life, and again abandon Stambool to fly .... God only yet knows to what remote part of this ill conditioned globe!"

"How fearfully above all blood begets blood! Had I not many years before slain a Greek under the walls of the capital, I should not have spilt Mamluke blood under the battlements of Cairo, nor by a recoil as distant as the first impulse, again have shed Turkish blood in Constantinople's suburbs."

"But stay; in this filiation of slaughter was I entirely passive? Had my own temper no share

in the sanguinary parentage? Did not the untowardness of my own disposition give fertility to otherwise barren circumstances? If at one time I durst have owned a friend, at another could have pardoned an enemy, at a third have held in the contempt he deserved a silly coxcomb, had not the treble generation of murders been stifled in the birth, the causes that brought them forth remained childless, and the black offspring never darkened the earth with its shade?"

"True indeed! But that if; that indispensable condition of the more favorable alternative,—what prevented its growing into a reality? What mixed up with my temper those fiery, those combustible ingredients, always ready to explode, to drive away every suggestion of reason, and to raise my hand ere my mind could check the blow? Was it myself? —certainly not!"

"For if, on my outset in life the option had been offered me, how gladly would I have received, instead of a bias to evil and its bitter fruits, an inclination to good and its beneficial consequences! It was the examples I beheld, the lessons I was taught, nay the very elements which I inherited from my parents, that fraught me with my preponderating proneness to evil. It was that part of my

being for which I have as little reason to blame my own will, as others have a right to thank their own volition, who, from a happier organisation, derive the superior advantage of judgment, temperance, and coolness: for while the inclination of the brute, like the pillar placed upon the solid earth, can only be moved by a force most intense and most palpable, the propensities of man, resembling the pendulum poised in air, often yield irresistibly to an influence seemingly the most gentle,—to the slightest breath of wind! and if man fancies himself the free agent he is not; if man regards many of his actions as wholly spontaneous, which are the last inevitable effects of a long series of prior hidden causes; if man overlooks the vast machinery founded on the first progress of time, and extending to the furthest limits of space, by which, independant of his will, all we behold, unto that very will, is produced; if man consents to a gratuitous responsibility from which he exempts the brute, and might exempt himself, —it is precisely because his intellectual organisation, from being so much finer than that even of the highest brute, is often compelled to volition and its consequences by agencies so much more complex and minute and distant and yet connected, that

from that very circumstance, it is often impossible to trace them to any particular anterior source, and to recognise them in any particular later effect;—or, in other words: man only thinks himself more peculiarly gifted with liberty than other animals, because he is the more equal, and general, and unresisting slave to a greater number of more subtle and uncontrollable surrounding tyrants, physical and moral. Unpossessed of the smallest component particle of body or of intellect, of will or of knowledge, of sensation or of thought, which—if its Maker be really the sole creator, mover, and upholder of all things created—is not an emanation, a part of that very Maker; incapable of conceiving the most transient desire, and performing the most trifling action, which—if there be a single first cause of all secondary causes or effects whatsoever—does not proceed from the express will of that single first cause; unable to name any species of temptation whatsoever, which—if all things originate in one single source—flows not in reality from that single first source, as much as the strength to resist, or the weakness that yields,—vain-glorious man, however curiously the impressions he receives from external objects may, in that strange piece of mechanism his brain, successively assume the various forms of sensation, thought, and will, is not the less, from his first to his last breath, as entirely

a mere passive instrument in the hands of Providence, as the insentient plant, or the unorganised mineral; and, so far from deserving to have his bickerings with his brother mites on this grain of sand, magnified into an insurrection of giants against heaven, seems to me as fully entitled to credit for obedience to the Almighty in doing what is blamed, as in effecting what is praised; would be guilty of as flagrant an act of rebellion in declining the task of evil, as that of good, set down for him; and leaves heaven itself as exclusively accountable for the mischiefs of the moral world, as for those of the mere physical creation,—for the destruction effected by conquerors and statesmen, as for the havock produced by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, famine and pestilence. To eat and to be eaten by each other, is the lot which Providence itself has assigned to all the sentient inhabitants of this unhappy globe!*

At this period of my reasoning, a new light burst upon me. All at once the great Author of all, so far from appearing, in his capacity of the sole primary cause of evil, as less bountiful to man, than if he had only been the artificer of good, seemed to acquire

* Poor pitiable wretch! Thy life is the apt comment on thy principles; and fully shews to what they inevitably lead. *Editor.*

in my eyes, on that very account, a double claim to our gratitude. It struck me that, if the Omnipotent ordainer of the universe, — who could have willed his work equally perfect throughout,—had yet left for a time error and its bitter fruits mixed with knowledge and with bliss, this ordination might in reality lead to ultimate joys more intense, than if all had been unmixed happiness from the very beginning. "Who indeed," thought I, "dared, on mature consideration, to doubt,—without calling in question both Almighty wisdom and goodness,—that, if on this transient stage of mere trial and probation, God mingled weakness with strength, and darkness with light, so far from its being for the cruel purpose of throwing temptations into man's way, in order that he might punish him for yielding to their voice, and find reasons for only saving half mankind, where the whole might have been blessed, it was in reality only with the benevolent design of teaching all his creatures, through dint of a few fleeting injuries and sufferings, the eternal difference between evil and good, ignorance and knowledge, imperfection and endless, unchanging, perfection; and thereby enabling all, in their higher future state, to enjoy more completely, through the means of unceasing comparison, its good without evil, and its bliss without alloy."

On further reflection, however, I could not help finding, even in this sagacious scheme—liberal as it was—a something at which, I thought, a man in my predicament might still be dissatisfied. It still seemed to me that those ill-fated wretches, whose misfortune it was to have been selected, even before their very birth, and wholly without their consent and foreknowledge, for the purpose of serving, through the mischiefs they were doomed to perform, and the miseries they were destined to suffer, as examples to the rest of mankind, might have reason to complain of partiality in the decrees of Providence, at least during its present provisional dispensations;—unless indeed, as seemed fair, those unfortunate evil doers in this world, were to be made amends for their sublunary hardships, by an additional share of rewards and of glory in the next: but, as that was still a doubtful point; and as, consequently, while I felt quite sure of being numbered here below among those pitiable victims, forced to perform all manner of mischief for the general benefit, I possessed not yet the smallest certainty of an adequate compensation hereafter, I began by degrees to repine at my lot, to murmur at the mortifying part I was made to perform, and to lose what little patience my irksome task had thus far left me. In short, I determined no longer to forfeit the certain for the un-

certain; but immediately to throw off my compulsory character, and—whatever punishment I might incur for my disobedience,—forthwith to become a very pattern of virtue, in spite of heaven itself!

But alas! I found there is no contending with the powers above; I soon discovered that the scheme which I was meditating is more easily planned than executed. Spiridion, whom till that moment I had looked upon as my good demon,—as the angel appointed to guard me from evil,—was in reality the spirit destined to scare me from good. Perceiving the strong labour in my mind, he lost his usual caution, and, in the mistaken idea of availing himself of the propitious moment, commenced so dark a picture of my vices, ere my virtuous resolves were well matured, that my self-love—that infernal and ever watchful sprite—suddenly felt alarmed, flapped its raven wings, and took the field. At once the current of the salutary reflections, spontaneously sprung up in my breast, became totally stopped by the fear lest my companion might think me subdued by a sense of my forlorn situation. Angrily interrupting his lecture: "I agreed," cried I, "to the society of a friend, not to the admonitions of a preceptor. It is unfair to get me into a small boat

out at sea; in order to pursue me with lectures from which I cannot escape!"

This sally, though it made Spiridion smile, still left me ruffled; and a little after, when my friend, after spreading out our little provision, looked for a knife, I offered him my handjar, still crimsoned with Achmet's blood. He said nothing, and only turned away his head. But as he leaned over the sides of the boat, I saw big tears drop into the waves. Night, meanwhile, had stolen on, and our little silent skiff, filled with mourning, and encompassed by darkness, looked like the barge which carries to the regions of wailing the souls of the damned.

The hours of darkness passed without further discourse, but early in the morning Spiridion, thinking me more calm, ventured on what he called another appeal to my reason. The very word deprived me of what little I had left. "Appeal to my affections," exclaimed I: "bid me do one thing or leave another for the love I bear you, but talk not to me of reason. I hold the cursed gift in abhorrence. It is the source of all our errors, the mother of all our mischiefs. The brute, who has only instinct to guide him, is sure to act right: but human beings, with their miserable reason, are always acting wrong, and acting wrong

through the persuasions of that reason itself. For, if they are liable to evil passions of which brutes have no conception; if they experience avarice, and ambition, and pride—those feelings most fertile in crimes and in havock among the human species,—to what do they owe this unfortunate distinction, but to the impulse of a reasoning faculty which happens to mistake its way? And if they have been able to accomplish mischief beyond what brutes could have imagined; if they have succeeded, for instance, to double on this globe, through such inventions as printing, cookery, and gunpowder, the three evils of infidelity, disease, and premature dissolution, what again have they to thank for the advantage but their inestimable reason? It is no doubt in mercy to the human species, that of all its baneful faculties, that of reason, on which it prides itself most, should have been made to develope the last, and to slumber the oftenest."

"I suppose, then," said Spiridion, "it is only for fear of appearing too reasonable, that you, who do not think yourself accountable to heaven, and, indeed, are not over nice how you act by your neighbour, yet make your neighbour pay so dearly for any injury he may attempt to do you?"

"Listen," replied I. "As to the duties between man and man; if my life or happiness depend upon

the bread, or money; or jewel which happen without my consent to be in my neighbour's hands, assuredly I do not see why I should so far prefer his interests to my own, as to leave them there, if I can do better for myself. Upon the same principle I defend against my neighbours what I already have gotten; and, as I ward off impending injuries, so I retaliate injuries received, to prevent a repetition; but in all this I feel no ill humour towards my neighbour, allow him a complete reciprocity of rights against myself, and, though I should even occasionally find it necessary to kill, in order to settle whose right shall prevail, I presume not to blame, and think myself not entitled to punish."

"Indeed!" cried Spiridion archly; "and when would you, pray, first think chastisement lawful?"

"As soon," answered I, "as by an express, or even tacit, but acknowledged agreement between certain individuals, each had ceded to the rest his natural indefinite right over their persons and properties, in return for other definite concessions, at once more restricted and more advantageous; and had voluntarily submitted to certain penalties on infringing this agreement."

"Well said!" exclaimed my friend, "You have described the social compact,—the source of every law, the cement of every state; and, since you not

only have acknowledged its sacredness, but subscribed to its terms, by claiming its support both as subject and as ruler, what more have you to do, but henceforth to abide, while this empire subsists, by all its stipulations?"

Here I rubbed my eyes. "Am I alive," cried I, "and awake; and do I hear a Greek, and under the yoke of the Turks, talk of a social compact,—of an agreement intended for mutual benefit, support and protection,—as of a thing actually subsisting; as of a thing that should regulate his conduct to his masters? Ah! had I only discovered the faintest trace of any such agreement between Christianity and Islamism, and had I found, in those for whose security it was framed, the least disposition to enforce its terms, and to resist its infraction, who would have been more proud than myself of remaining a Greek, of standing by my oppressed countrymen, and of maintaining the glorious struggle to the last drop of my blood! But it was because in these realms the contract, if ever it existed, had been perverted,—or rather—had been torn, rent asunder, cast away! because my countrymen,—as if fascinated by the despot's crooked cypher,—had themselves preferred implicit submission to the restoration of an obliterated text; and because, not content with themselves going

quietly to slaughter, when I claimed their defence, they only bade mé do likewise, that, no longer either benefited or bound by the broken engagement, I left the community from which I in vain expected support, for that from which I hoped for effectual protection,—until, equally disgusted with the brutal stupidity of the rulers, as with the servile apathy of the ruled, and seeing in every system, whether of conquered or of conquerors, equal disorganisation and ruin, I at last resolved to resume my rights of nature, and the primeval state of warfare against all worth attacking!"

Here Spiridon looked, or pretended to look, as if he thought he might be among those entitled to this distinction, and would now gladly have rid me of his company if he could. *That* being impossible, he vouchsafed to answer me. "Men," he cried, "so violently enamoured of their natural liberty, or rather license, should at once remove themselves from the pale of civil society; nor disturb those who are satisfied with what *they* disapprove."

"Spiridon," I replied, "that is easily said but is it as easily done? Far as that society has spread its insidious snares, has it so much as left a single small spot on earth, where those yet unborn who should dislike its partial regulations, may find

room to retire to the enjoyment of their birth-right? Or if there be any such asylum remaining in the wilds of Tartary or the wastes of America, has not society, at any rate, so monopolized all the means of disentangling oneself from its mazes, as to render the gaining these blissful abodes next to impossible? Must we not possess land-caravans, or vessels, licenses and passports, even to fly to the loneliness of the desert, together with a strength of body and of mind, of which the social institutions take care to deprive us, ere we suspect their dangerous power? They cut our claws, they clip our wings, and then they cry out with a smile of derision: "poor pinioned eagle, fly if thou list!" The man who is not wealthy can only escape from society through the gates of death. Nor does he every where, I am told, dare to approach even these boldly and honestly. He must, in some countries, smuggle himself out of the world by stealth, and embark for his journey under false colours, lest his body be made accountable for the roving disposition of his soul!"

In this sort of conversation did we while away our time in the boat. I knew that some of my arguments could not bear minute scrutiny; but I

felt less solicitous to seek the shortest road to truth, as it must abridge our discussions, and leave us to all the irksomeness of a passage, which grew more tedious in proportion as our sentiments became less discordant.

CHAPTER X.

After a coasting voyage of three or four days, some ominous appearances in the sky made us veer about, and enter that most beautiful of harbours Port Caloné, on the island of Mitylene, where the olive tree, growing almost out of the sea, again dips its pendant boughs in the briny tide which laves its knotty roots. "Had it not been written," exclaimed I, as we stepped ashore, "that this brain of mine should be stewing under a huge turban, instead of freely venting its superfluous heat from under a slight skull cap, what a fine opportunity there would now be, midway as we are between the three hundred rich friars of Nea-Moni, and the three thousand poor friars of Agios-Oros, to turn thrifty myself, and exchange the thoughtless prodigality of the sinner, who stakes eternal happiness against a few years of jollity, for the calculating conduct of the saint, who inflicts upon himself just enough of privation and torture in this life, to purchase a perpetuity

of bliss hereafter?—or again, had it been written that you should wear the turban as well as myself, how profitably we might spend our time in this boat slashing our arms and legs; in order to mix our blood, and ever after to be bound to each other both in body and soul, and sure of a companion in hell as in heaven. But I wrap my brains in muslin, and you in sheep-skin; and so our souls must—whether they choose or not—after they quit this frame, go miles asunder; and while they remain in these paltry bodies, we have nothing to do—since we cannot pass our lives rowing through the Archipelago,—but to consider how we may dispose of our persons to the best advantage, or at least where we may convey them with the least inconvenience."

"All this," said Spiridon, "I suppose you are already fully determined upon, in your own mind."

"I am;" was my reply;—"but still I want your advice. You must know that in my humble opinion this eternal Capitan-Pasha, whom I am for ever talking of and waiting for, may be longer going to his new harvest-field, than my poor old father to his last home; and therefore, as we are approaching my native island, and the attraction begins to operate, I should like, wind and weather serving, with so many sins on my head and so many enemies at my heels, to crave my sire's last forgive-

ness and blessing. It would lighten my burthen, and strengthen my soul, which sickens and wants such a cordial."

My motives for visiting the *fior di levante* silenced all Spiridon's objections to going where he himself still had so many connections. We agreed to cross the mountains which separated us from the town of Mitylene, and there to hire a swifter vessel for the remainder of our journey. Like Orestes, I was to wander about from place to place, trying to expiate my guilt, while Spiridon—my Pylades, had nothing to do but to watch me, in case I went mad.

Arrived on the quay of Mitylene's gay city, the first figure that struck me was a person, like myself going to embark, of whom I thought I had some recollection. On closer examination I found him to be a gentleman from my native town; upon which I accosted him, and enquired the news of Chio. Eight or nine years had altered my features considerably more than his, of which the already long fixed wrinkles had only acquired a little more depth and sharpness. He therefore answered me as a stranger. His account was not the less minute; but throughout the whole narrative not a syllable was mentioned of the only thing I cared about, namely, my own family, which somehow I had expected would have figured foremost. At last,

losing all patience: "And Dimitri Sotiri," said I, "what may he be doing at this time?".

"You come from distant parts, sir," answered the gentleman, smiling agreeably; "otherwise you would know that signor Sotiri has been dead this fortnight. I myself attended the funeral, and a noble one it was;—more sweetmeats consumed than at half a dozen weddings! But you turn pale, sir! Is any thing the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," cried I,—trying to contain myself "but a little giddiness to which I am subject;"—and laying hold of a post for my support:—"who," resumed I, "carried the body?"

"His two sons of course."

"There was a third."

"Aye, so there was;—and, though absent in person, present enough in name. Sotiri talked of no one else during his illness!"

"What was it he said?"

"Why, faith! that is what no body can tell. Constantine and his brother maintained it was all raving."

"Has that third brother been heard of?"

"Troth! people talk differently. Some say he is a great man,—a Bey of Egypt; others, a positive beggar at Constantinople. An acquaintance of mine, a man who seldom speaks any thing but the

truth, swears he met him the other day in one of the streets of Galata, all in rags, and absolutely begging charity. My friend was going to give it in the shape of good advice, but the spark said that was not what he wanted, and turned away. As to his brothers, they report all that is bad of him. Their father never could silence their tongues; and though it is likely enough that all they say is true, yet every body cries shame to hear people talk in that way of their own blood. It is what should be left to strangers. With the mischief they have made, it may be as much as his life is worth, for Signor Anastasius, or Selim, as they call him, to shew his face among us. The Turks fingers itch to throw the first stone at him, as much as those of the Christians; although they say he is a Hadjee, and has been to Mekkah. But none need fear his trying to come to Chio. I'll lay my life on it he is dead long ago!"

"No," exclaimed I, as if suddenly awaking from a deep trance, and grasping the affrighted talker by the wrist; "he is not! and since you are going to Chio, and may be glad to carry a piece of news—tell them, Anastasius still lives; tell them they soon shall see him; and tell them he comes to resent his wrongs, and to claim his rightful property!"

Spiridion, alarmed at this sally, interrupted the conversation. Taking the Chiote by the left hand, while I still held him tight by the other, he pointed to his boatmen, who were making signs of impatience at his delay. Nothing he wished for so much himself as to be gone. Disentangling his hands hastily from our grasp, he gave us an aukward half strangled salutation, and sped to his barge.

As soon as he was out of hearing: "Is this," said Spiridion, shaking his head: "the way in which a son should mourn for his father?"

I could only stammer out: "my brothers, my brothers!"—Spiridion let the first emotion pass; and when he saw me more composed spoke as follows.

"I see, Anastasius, you still meditate some outrage; of what nature I know not, nor wish to hear. But of this I think it right to apprise you: if, impressed with a sense of all the forbearance you stand in need of yourself, you shew equal lenity to your kindred; if, forgetting every injury, you only appear among them to speak words of peace; if, above all, you renounce every advantage bestowed by the partial laws of Islamism, you have my friendship for ever: I bind my fate to yours, until the hour of death. But if, on the contrary, you

only return to your country to insult the ashes of your father, to devour the little substance of your brothers, and to justify the disgrace stamped in your birthplace on your name, I stay here, I leave you to run your race of shame alone, and I abandon for ever all solicitude about your welfare!"

"Spiridion;" answered I, "you know that coyetousness is not the vice of my heart. But do you blame just resentment; do you wish calumny to remain unpunished?"

"And are you then so irreproachable;" asked the son of Mavrocordato, "as to leave so much room for injustice in the accounts concerning you, and to render every unfavourable representation of your proceedings an unbearable calumny?—But be that as it may; promise to do what I ask, or be content to see me withdraw on the spot from the pain of witnessing your future errors, and the disgrace of sharing in your yet unborn crimes."

"I will not," replied I, "bind myself by a promise. I should appear to have taken the engagement, unmindful of its weight, and only to fulfil reluctantly an irksome task, because I had unguardedly pledged my word to perform it. I wish at least to acquire all the merit of acting right, by retaining the power of acting wrong. Only go with me as far as Chio. When there, if I should

behave ill, it will then still be not too late to leave me."

The look and manner with which I declined my friend's request, inspired him with confidence. "Then once more go we on!" cried he:—"but beware!"

I now strewed ashes on my turban, took the gloss off my glittering vest, and put on the signs of mourning. After this we engaged another boat, and in a short time reached our destination.

There was no necessity in Chio to announce my arrival. On my very first landing I found every minor topic eclipsed by the more important subject of my speedy coming. Already had my brothers found means to stir up the whole town against me. Already was every inhabitant up in arms, to prevent the renegade from reducing his nearest kindred to beggary. So loud was the cry of defiance, that, on stepping ashore, I found it expedient to go straight to the Mekkiemé. Safe in the hall of justice, I had my brothers summoned.

Spiridion did not know what to think of my proceeding. Questioned by his anxious looks, I made him signs to be silent: but though he unclosed not his lips, it was easy to see his heart trembled between hope and fear.

For my part, without giving the least hint of

my intentions, without noticing the crowd collected to survey my person and to watch my behaviour, without satisfying the curiosity or correcting the errors of the bystanders, who aloud, at my very elbow, imparted to each other their surmises, I stood haughty, unmoved and silent, waiting the appearance of my worthy pair of brothers.

At last they made their entrance; and never certainly did men take less trouble to conceal the ill-humour they felt at seeing an unexpected relation. Without addressing me even in the words of anger, they went and took their station on one side of the hall, while I stood on the opposite side. There, —pale, sullen, dejected, and now and then casting upon me a lowering look of mingled rage and despair,—they awaited, without uttering a word, the legal injunction they expected, to surrender the paternal estate.

I own that for some time I enjoyed their dismay. It was the only pleasure they could afford me. Having indulged in it till the zest evaporated, I at last broke the long protracted silence. "My brothers," said I, "you are aware of my claims upon you; and you likewise are conscious of your conduct to me. In your own minds, therefore, you dare not cherish the smallest particle of hope, that I should surrender in your favor any portion of my right. Yet

what you dare not expect, I of my own accord perform. I here publickly relinquish my privilege. Take each your third of the paternal property: and only leave me that portion which would have belonged to me as a Christian, and which I can but ill spare. That done, mourn for your sins, and repent of your injustice."

To describe the effect these words produced on the audience would be impossible. Those who before considered me as a devil incarnate, now of course regarded me as an angel from heaven. The hall resounded with loud applause. Nothing was heard but praises of my generosity; and my brothers themselves, stunned by so unexpected a turn in their situation, were reluctantly forced to join in the general cry. They thanked me, but in such a way as made it doubtful whether they more rejoiced at recovering their property, or regretted retracting their abuse. I took no notice of their coolness, but went straight to our house. My progress looked like a triumphal march: all that had witnessed my behaviour at the Mekkiemé, and all whom we met on the way, joined the procession. Having reached the steps of the mansion, I turned round and saluted the company. In its turn, the assembly honored me with fresh cheers intermixed with a few observations on my brothers, which at least shewed they were not overlooked.

expressed my unmixed gratitude, and retired to a private chamber, where I was glad to sit down and rest myself.

While every one else had been loud in praise of my conduct, the son of Mavrocordato alone had not uttered a syllable. As soon as we were by ourselves, he threw his arms round my neck, and attempted to speak: but in vain! His emotion was too great for utterance. He could only gaze on me with overflowing eyes. To see his Anastasius, who thus far had caused him nothing but anguish, had afforded him no employment but to conceal his errors, all at once become the theme of universal admiration; to find his friendship thus justified, his perseverance thus rewarded,—what a moment for his feelings! Even while speechless for want of breath, his exulting look seemed to say, "Well, my friend, are you now sorry that you followed my advice?"

If, however, Spiridion's first thoughts were for his friend, his second were for his father. Till that moment, a more urgent subject of anxiety had occupied his mind. This being set at rest, he took up the other. "Ah, my tender parent," exclaimed he, "why cannot you witness my success, or rather your own! For I act in your name, I but accomplish your vows. Alas! while I triumph, you still re-

main in anguish. Yet shall you not suffer longer than a grateful son can help."

Hereupon, he proposed to go out and enquire for the means of sending a letter. Already he had dispatched a few lines from Rodosto to make his father easy respecting his disappearance. On my agreeing to the thing we went forth. As we crossed the esplanade of the castle, I perceived a dark cloud gather on my friend's brow. His eyes seemed to dart out of his head, and to remain rivetted on the quay. I turned mine the same way, but saw nothing to account for Spiridion's perturbation. At last, changing color, and pressing my arm: we are traced," he cried, "see Marco coming towards us!" This person was his father's steward—an old and confidential servant. "Let us go," rejoined he, "and meet him. I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed."

Marco saw his young master advancing. He hobbled on to meet him, and with a respectful salutation, presented a letter which he took out of his bosom.

Spiridion, with a trembling hand, broke the seal and read: then paused, ruminated, and read all over again. At last, trying to speak with more composure than he felt; "your instructions, Marco," said he, "were to trace me, to follow me, and

to hand me this letter. Your commission is performed. I have in great measure answered my father by anticipation from Rodosto: what remains, I shall go and complete. I now am able to convey the welcome information that the adopted brother whom he committed to my care, is become worthy of his kindness, and, like me, only wants his prayers and his blessings."

"Sir," answered Marco, in a firm but respectful tone: "My instuctions went further than you state. I am bearer of letters to the despots[3], and the proëstis of our different islands. They import that I am to see you safe home. But even had I not received express orders to that purpose, could I find the courage to reappear before your worthy parent, unaccompanied by the son he grieves for? Ah, sir, were you to see him!—already his life hangs upon a thread. Seeing me return alone would certainly break his heart!"

"Hark ye, Marco," replied Spiridion, pacing backward and forward in an agitation which almost bordered upon phrenzy: "My father gave me a charge which he cannot at will recall. It was witnessed by heaven, and was recorded by angels! In conformity with his solemn commands, and in compliance ith my sacred promise, I have toiled at my task. God knows I have not spared myself. But on the eve of completion, I cannot, must not, give

up my work unfinished. On my head would lie, to the end of time, the sins of a brother unreclaimed. If therefore you urge me no further, but quietly return to Kandilly, I pledge my honor, nay, if you wish it, I take a solemn oath, that all on my part shall end to my father's satisfaction. If you refuse me, the soul I stand pledged for shall not be lost alone; two shall plunge together into ruin everlasting. I run to the first mosque, and, whatever be the consequence—may it fall upon your head!"

"Sir," replied Marco, "I grieve at this issue of my commission; but the will of God be done! Many years have I lived under your kind roof, many an hour have I had you in my arms, as an infant, as a child, as a boy. From the day on which you first lisped the feelings of your affectionate heart, to that on which you left your home, never have I known your promise fail. The word of Spiridion always was that of truth! I therefore submit. I return alone: yet may I hope you will deign to let me carry to your father a few lines of comfort from your own beloved hands."

Spiridion, in running home to comply with the request, only performed what he already had promised. I, meanwhile, remained alone with Marco, and availed myself of the opportunity to question him respecting the reports of Kandilly. They were more satisfactory than I could have hoped.

When, on the morning after my departure, the son of the Capidgee was found, already taking his last sleep in the proper place, the public cemetery, no one suspected me of being the public benefactor who had introduced him to the silent, sedate sort of company, in which he for the first time spent the night, inasmuch as he was notorious for his outrageous conduct, and, at the time I met him, had several other quarrels on his hands, much more public than the one for which he suffered: but every body agreed that whoever had taken the trouble of ridding the neighbourhood of the nuisance, rather deserved thanks than blame. As to my disappearance, a sufficient cause for it was charitably found in the very natural wish of a needy adventurer to fleece a wealthy heir.

These particulars left me an opening to return to Constantinople, whenever I liked. I ran to relate them to Spiridion, ere he concluded his letter; and they relieved his mind completely. He pledged himself soon to bring back to his father two sons instead of one; and on this assurance old Marco took his leave. I proceeded to settle with my brothers respecting the succession.

Had I quietly stepped into an undisputed property, and found nothing to do but to mourn to my heart's content for the loss of a parent, I would have fulfilled with the utmost punctuality all the

observances of grief. Sadness really possessed my soul, and I had constantly before my eyes my poor father, in his illness wishing to see his Anastasius, to forgive him, and to die in his arms; and perhaps in his last moments, and when I would have gone to the world's end for his blessing, pierced to the heart by exaggerated accounts of my unfeeling and incorrigible profligacy. But if mere business accords but ill with sorrow, nothing is so sure to drive melancholy away altogether as strife and bickerings; and my brothers were much too considerate not to afford me every distraction of this sort which they could think of. Theirs was a malice which no kindness of mine could assuage; and the moment my formal renunciation of their portions made them conceive all cause either for hope or fear on my score at an end, their ill-concealed hatred again broke out in all its pristine virulence. They not only cavilled about every most trifling article of the property, they even attempted to deprive my conduct of all its little merit, by roundly asserting that I had only acted from pusillanimity, and sacrificed a part to make sure of the remainder. Constantine was the leader in every altercation. Eustathius, more indolent, contented himself with giving his unlimited approbation to whatever his brother (and that meant Constantine alone) thought proper to do.

Thus were all the ancient wounds afresh torn open and made to fester. Spiridion tried in vain to interpose. 'He only got for his trouble taunts from his antagonists, and reproaches from me. "Why had he meddled at all? Why had he made it a point with me to behave kindly to unnatural brothers, whose injustice, but for his interference, would have met with its deserts."

And yet, notwithstanding my murmurings, did I to a certain degree restrain myself; not from any real moderation, but from the wish that my assumed forbearance might encourage my adversaries to so extreme a pitch of ill conduct, as to render their provocations evident to all the world, and to justify any step prompted by my legitimate resentment. Nor did this period seem far distant. Whether from an idea that they had daunted me by their haughty tone, or from an absolute intoxication of brutality, they by degrees cast away all pretensions to decency. The more I forced myself to appear calm and composed, the more they encreased in the grossness of their insults.

All wondered at my patience; all beheld me with admiration. When my brothers allowed themselves every license of language—almost every latitude of gesture—all stared to see me content myself with turning up my eyes to heaven like a

saint cast among savages. Even those least acquainted with the irascible temper I had to restrain, cited me on this occasion as a perfect model of meekness and forbearance. He only who with unwearied vigilance watched each change of my countenance, and could penetrate each emotion of my heart, was not to be deceived. One day, when Constantine even exceeded his usual insolence, and I, my customary forbearance, I caught him expressing by an almost imperceptible shake of the head, his distrust of my tranquillity. His suspicions were spoken too intelligibly for me to pass over. "What do you fear," cried I, as soon as my brothers were out of hearing? "Do you not see me laugh at their meanness?" "Ah!" replied Spiridion, fetching a deep sigh: "you may laugh with your lips; but laughter reaches not your eyes, and fell resentment rankles in your heart."

My friend was right. Suppressed anger had already curdled my blood, and clogged the whole circulation of my humours. Ere yet he had done speaking a sudden shivering rushed through my frame, my teeth began to chatter, and my limbs to shake. In an instant all my strength seemed to forsake me.

Since my sojourn at Chio, I had resumed my old travelling custom of carrying my pistols duly loaded in my belt. Many in Turkey always wear

them thus when out of the capital. As they now impeded my breathing, I took them out, and laid them on the sofa. Scarce was I disencumbered of my weapons when my knees began to tremble; a dark curtain seemed to drop over my eyes,—and I fell senseless on the couch.

I continued some time bereft of all perception. On its return I found myself stretched out at full length where I had fallen, with all the accompaniments of one duly convicted of a decided and lasting illness. A regular physician of the place was feeling my pulse, and going to pronounce on my case; and as my first return to my senses was marked by a fierce struggle with my Esculapius, I was at once judged to be in a violent delirium, and in imminent danger. Sentence was pronounced accordingly, and every internal medicine, and every external application prescribed, which could torture the human body and stomach. All the bystanders conceived me in the agonies of death, and civilly expressed their regret, at the short stay I made among them.

To myself these politenesses seemed premature. The sudden transitions from heat to cold, the suppressed perspiration, the fatigue of body and the anxiety of mind during the journey, were quite sufficient in my own opinion, to bring on a strong

paroxysm of fever, without death being the necessary consequence. I however deemed it expedient to assent to all the doctor said, in order that he might say no more. It afforded Spiridion an excuse for turning out the company, and procuring me a little quiet. He alone stayed to nurse me.

"What a pity," muttered I to myself, when I thought no one heard me, "that that last dose of the English powders of mine, should have been wasted in Egypt on that traitor my father-in-law!" Spiridion lost not a syllable of the soliloquy. "There are foreign vessels in the harbour," he cried. "Possibly they may have some;" and he immediately ran out to enquire.

Meanwhile my brothers had received from the departed visitors the agreeable intelligence of my being at the last gasp. They hastened up to me eager with curiosity and hope; and finding my door ajar and unguarded, slipped in with the least possible noise. I however had discerned their steps on the stairs, and immediately—before they entered the room—assumed the appearance of one in the act of resigning his last breath. Constantine was the first to approach. On tip toe he came to my bedside in order to ascertain whether his joy was founded, ere he gave it full scope. With that laudable view he examined me most minutely from

head to foot, raised and let fall my arms and legs, moved his hand before my eyes, put his ear to my mouth, first addressed me in a low whisper, then audibly, then shouting with all his might, as if he suspected I might be playing him a trick.

Most manfully did I stand the whole ordeal. Nothing could make me wince or move a muscle; and my affectionate brother at last acquired the grateful conviction, that if not quite dead yet, I had at least already lost all perception, and could not fail soon to depart for ever. He no longer delayed conveying the agreeable intelligence to the discreet Eustathius, who, the hindmost on all other occasions, on this also had not ventured beyond the door, and there stood, in breathless expectation, waiting the result of the scrutiny; and perhaps also watching the condition of the outposts.

"Stathi;" said Constantine, with a sort of subdued exultation; "there is some warmth still about him,—but depend upon it he cannot last!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the wary Stathi, shaking his head, "worse than he, I fear, have recovered!" and he fetched a deep sigh at the thought!

"True," answered Constantine; "and as we are alone, and have every presumption in our favor, why not make sure work, and crush the snake at

once!" And so saying, he laid his hands on my throat, and attempted to strangle me.

This was doing things in a grand style! Not stopping at half measures. I conceived for my brother a veneration, unfelt before, almost thought it a pity to interrupt him in his spirited proceeding, and would have let the farce go on, could I, at its conclusion, have revived at my own pleasure. *That* not being the case, I was reluctantly forced to notice the intended favor, and weak as I felt, to defend myself as well as I could, against my two stout assailants; for Stathi too had now advanced to lend a hand; and it was evident that having once begun, they would not, if they any way could help it, leave their work unfinished.

My fire arms lay concealed, but within reach. With one hand I seized Constantine's wrist, and with the other a pistol: "Ah brother! ah fiend!" I cried, —and fired.

Never yet had I missed my aim, even when I held not my prey in my grasp. But at my first sign of life Constantine had started, and, content to leave his jubbee in my possession, had disengaged his person. My hand, besides, trembled with the effects of the fever,—perhaps even with some instinctive sense of the dire office it was performing,

and—the miscreant only received the ball in his shoulder.

Uttering a dreadful yell, he made a spring at the door, and darted out. Ere I could find my other pistol, Eustathius too had made good his retreat. Both were out of sight in an instant, but not out of hearing. My ears bore witness to Stathi's tumbling down stairs, with such violence and outcry, as to make me entertain hopes that neither of them had entirely escaped the merited retribution.

As soon as, after a few dying murmurs, all was again hushed in silence,—"now," thought I, "for the tête-àtête with Spiridion! According to custom, he will lay the whole blame on me. He will deem my good brothers intentions all very wise and proper; will see much sound reason in them, and will not be content, I suppose, until I go to them with a halter round my neck, beg pardon for my impatience in stopping their proceedings, and humbly supplicate them to put their design into execution!"

Meanwhile, the report of the pistols had a second time collected the whole neighbourhood round my door. But, if pronounced delirious before, I now was supposed to be under the influence of a phrenzy so outrageous, that no one durst step across my threshold. The curious contented themselves with forming a blockade outside the room, each holding

himself in readiness to fall back, and to shove his neighbour in his place, should I make an unexpected sally.

This state of things continued until Spiridion's return. His expedition had been unsuccessful. When he appeared, so many officious friends sprung forward to tell him what had happened in his absence, that it would have been utterly impossible for him to understand a single word of the matter, supposing even that the relaters themselves had known the truth. But my brothers, to whom they were indebted for all their information, had, in their hurry, dropped the trifling circumstance of their attempt upon my life, in which the affair began. Despairing, therefore, to make any thing of the confused and contradictory accounts with which he was stunned, Spiridion at last pushed aside the crowd, and, to the utter astonishment of all,—entered my room undaunted and alone!

He found me seated on the sofa, with my face in my hands, and my elbows on my knees, overwhelmed more with disappointment than with shame, and incapable either of raising my eyes or of unclosing my lips. Thus I remained, wholly unmindful of his entrance, until, after some time contemplating me in silent earnestness, he at last took a seat beside me, and spoke.

"Selim," said he, "am I to believe these people? are you really out of your mind; or rather, as I apprehend, perfectly in your senses?"

"In my perfect senses," answered I, "with all the composure of which I was master. My hand was raised to punish demons. This time they have escaped!—But what is not yet, may be!"

"Never, never," cried he, "while I have life.—Rather than that you should hurt your brothers, my breast shall interpose."

"Then through your breast," I exclaimed, "must I strike them."

Spiridion here rose. "Anastasius," said he, calmly, "I feel but little wish to live: not however at thy hands must I receive my death blow! My bosom may be pierced by thy speech, but let it remain sacred from thy sword. The world must not have it to say that thou couldest plunge thy dagger into the heart of thy friend. The crime would be as idle as it would appear heinous. If my presence be a burthen to thee, say but the word, and I go."

"I never desired you to stay," cried I in a sullen tone.

"Very well," rejoined Spiridion. "You speak plain. Yet, ere I act accordingly, once more, and for the last time, I appeal from Anastasius blinded by passion to Anastasius restored to reason. In an

hour hence I return and repeat the same question. If the answer be the same,—then farewell, and for ever!"

At these words Spiridion went out, and tranquillized the gentlemen drawn up in the passage with respect to my situation. On my friend's assurances they all rushed in, and teased me with so many questions, and with so much advice, that they almost made me lose the little wits I had left. Their annoyance still lasted, when, at the expiration of the hour, Spiridion returned. Without seeking it, he had gained so universal a sway by his dignified demeanour, that at his desire all retired. The room being cleared of strangers, he took me by the hand, and finding that the symptoms of bodily disorder had subsided, he looked sternly in my face, and spoke thus.

"This, Anastasius, is at last the moment which must decide my resolution. The solemn vow is irrevocably spoken; and according to what you now answer, I may stay, or I must leave you for ever. Do you swear by all that is holy to renounce your impious revenge, or do you prefer to be released from my society?—If the last, utter not, I beseech you, the ungracious word. Only withdraw your hand."

Undoubtedly this would have been the moment

for thoroughly explaining the business with my brothers, of which my friend knew but half, and of which that half more than doubled my guilt. Not aware that my own life had been attempted first, and ignorant that I acted in my own defence, Spiridion considered my illness as a pretence, or, at any rate, my firing as a premeditated scheme. It would have been easy to remove his error:—had not my bare word sufficed, Constantine's torn garment would have born witness to the struggle. But after my solemn promise at Mitylene, I considered the bare suspicion as so injurious to my honor, that my offended pride forbade my undeceiving my friend or clearing my character. I pulled away my hand, and Spiridion walked out.—Yet God knows I did not wish to lose him!

As soon as he had left me, I paced up and down the room with a hurried step. After a few turns I went out to fetch breath on the quay. An hour's air and exercise changed the current of my ideas. I felt regret for my obstinacy, and fear of its consequences. With the utmost speed I ran home, and up to Spiridion's chamber.

He was closing his portmanteau. The things about the floor had disappeared. All looked empty orderly, and desolate.

"What means this," cried I, affecting more surprise than I felt.

"Only," replied Spirdion, "that what I said, I do."

"Ah my friend, my real brother," exclaimed I, "do you then, in sad earnest, purpose to leave me? Cursed be my tongue, which uttered what my heart had no share in; and cursed be my hand, which confirmed the untruths of my tongue!"

"Anastasius," now said Spiridion, seating himself upon his little bundle, "fancy not your last words and actions to have been the sole and primary cause of a long formed and long resisted resolution. Its origin dates far higher. The unkind speeches and gestures of this day only gave the final impulse!

"From children we were brothers in love. When you rescued me from death, the day that all our companions stood palsied by fear, gratitude only rivetted affection's prior links; and duty, I hoped, had rendered them indissoluble, when my father himself named you his second son!" "Many years his commands of fraternal kindness to his Spiridion's preserver remained without fruit. You yourself best know how. Yet was the deep-rooted attachment of childhood never replaced by more recent friendships; and when I again beheld you at Constantinople, my feelings for my Anastasius still preserved all their freshness unfaded. Evil inclinations of no ordinary magnitude, indeed,

I saw mixed with your better qualities; but I thought that, if freed from their alloy, your virtue too would eclipse ordinary virtue; and I imagined an unbounded devotion might enable me to become the instrument of so noble a reformation. I undertook the task. I resolved to save from perdition your soul, as you had saved my body; and I prayed the Almighty to bless the undertaking. Some return on myself also, some selfish feelings perhaps were mixed with my wishes for your welfare. I could not help fancying that, regenerated through me, you would become my support and my consolation in the irksome race I am destined to run; that in your turn, you might assist me in the struggles and dangers that strew the rugged path, through which I am destined to journey. In short, I hoped that, each blessed in the other, we should toil through life together, and that when shone forth our last day, which ever was summoned first should only die in the other's loved arms. Great as were the pains you took to expose my presumption and to dispel my foolish dream, long did my soul firmly cling to its fond chimera; long did my heart hug it as a thing too precious to part with!"

"But there are lights that even strike the blind. Reluctantly though irresistibly I have at last been

forced to see that no arguments, no persuasion, no labour of mine have power to control the passions which enslave you; and that however I may strive, I still must leave you ungovernable, and you still must leave me wretched as before. Much as I tried to avert my eyes from the fatal truth, I have at last yielded to the painful conviction that, sooner or later, we still must end in separating for ever; and that, by trying to put off the evil day by struggling for a short and transient respite, I can only at last drink the cup with greater bitterness. I therefore submit to the decrees of Heaven: I bow to the will of Providence in flying from thee, as I erst hoped to fulfil it by following thy footsteps. In sadness I go; but I go, and for ever! Far from thee I henceforth shall live; and far from thee it will be my fate to die! Yet, Selim, thou art young still. What the anxious warnings of friendship could not perform, the leaden hand of time may achieve. It may allay the ferment of thy passions, clear away the impurities of thy heart, and,—though I shall not witness the blissful change,—still make thee great and virtuous. This happy consummation God in his goodness grant!"

"Ah, Spiridion," cried I, clasping my friend in my arms: "You cannot, you shall not leave me thus!" But he, fearing his own weakness, in

order to render a relapse impossible: "On my head be God's eternal curse, be that of my aged father!" he exclaimed, "if I do not immediately return to my paternal roof!"

I now felt all remonstrance to be fruitless. "You are right," replied I. "The game could not go on between us. The stakes were not even. Loaded with the gifts of Providence, and accountable to your fellow creatures for their use, you may not squander your ample means on a barren soil, nor seek ruin with a reprobate whom you cannot save. Yet, if once Anastasius did possess your love, and still returns all your affection; if that wretch, that reprobate, in the midst of all his errors, never ceased to reverence your virtues; if his spirit, undaunted by all else, stooped to you, and worshipped you alone,—Oh Spiridion, listen! At present that, bereft of all hope, indeed weaned of all wish to hear a sentence repealed on which depends your peace, he for ever renounces the happiness of your society, nay, urges you himself to fly his baneful presence, at least grant this only last request; grant what he, who never yet humbled himself before mortal man, implores of you on his bended knee: tell him—lay this unction to his sickening soul to know—that you do not hold him in utter detestation! that on leaving him to return no more, you at least feel a pang; and

when,—all earthly things gone by like unsubstantial shadows—comes the day of your reward in heaven for the good deeds done on this earth; when, before the throne of Mercy, arrayed in all your worth, you receive your well-earned meed of ineffable joy, cast back one look of pity on the wretch who, overwhelmed by the weight of his guilt, sinks while you rise to glory. Speak for him to your Maker one poor word of intercession: and beg he may not fall so low in the abyss of wretchedness, but that from an immeasurable distance he still may behold, and be consoled by your bliss!"

"If at any time, here or hereafter," cried Spiridion, "I forget you, may heaven forsake me!" —and bending down his head, he wept aloud.

After some time he rose up, and wiping away his tears: "I have made you," said he, "a promise to hold good for eternity; now make one in your turn to last only a short space of time."

"Any you please," I answered.

"What a temptation that!" rejoined my friend. —"But I shall not abuse your confidence. I shall not ask what you cannot perform. It was only a trifling favor I wanted for mutual mitigation of pain. Take this watch," he added, giving me the one he wore; "and count just twenty minutes ere you stir from this spot."—Saying which, he took

up his parcel, and walked to the door. I tried to remonstrate and to stop him; but gently pushing me aside: "you have promised," he cried, and instantly disappeared.

I ran after my friend as far as my pledged honor would permit,—to the threshold of my room, and there called him back with loud and repeated cries: but in vain! Spell-bound by my promise, I stood motionless on the utmost verge of my apartment, with ears stretched out to catch each fleeting sound, and eyes rivetted on the hands of my watch. At first I perceived some commotion, some distant bustle in the house, some running backward and forward; but very soon all these noises sunk away in a dreary and lasting silence. Yet were there several long minutes wanting of the point marked on the inexorable dial for my release. Each of these appeared an entire age, composed of many lesser periods of endless duration; and all the time I kept my eyes straining on the figures, as if my bare look could quicken by its motion the impulse of the hands. At last they approached the goal, glided over the last second, and attained the long wished-for term!—I now dart forward like an arrow: I run, I leap, I fly; first, through the house, from room to room; next, on finding all deserted within, out into the street, and lastly to the quay.

There I perceive nothing but an indifferent and gaping crowd, which my eyes in vain interrogate, and which gives me no satisfactory answer. Wherever I look, no Spiridion appears!

Fearfully I at last cast my eye on the wave; and after an anxious search among the shipping in the road, spy, already far away, a small caïck, which, with stress of sails and oars, seems steering towards Tchesmé. A young man, I was told, for whom the caïck lay waiting, had been seen to step in, with his face wrapped in his shawl; and immediately the boat was pushed off, and cleft the billows with such speed, as already to appear little more than a mere speck.

The young man was Spiridion,—and my first impulse, to go after him. I called for another barge; but while it was preparing, soberer thoughts drove away my first design.

Why in fact follow a friend determined to fly from me!—Was not his purpose irrevocably fixed? Went he not back to his father and his home? Was he not right in doing so? Did not the happiness of his life depend upon this measure; was I to impede his progress, or to increase his parting pangs, and that from a mere selfish feeling? For what now could he gain, by aught that I could say or do?

Immediately I gave up the short-lived project,

and having paid for the trouble I occasioned, walked away, and sought on the beach a more retired spot, in which to vent my sorrows. Distracted by so many opposite feelings that I scarce seemed to feel at all, I threw myself on the ground, and moistened with my tears the sand on which I lay. "All now," cried I, "to me is at an end; my abode is become a desert, my life a scene of solitude, my very existence a blot in the creation!"—and hereupon I struck my breast, until, exhausted by my grief, I grew somewhat more quiet, and began my song of sorrow.

In the midst of my melancholy ditty I remembered that, together with his watch, Spiridion had slipped into my hands a pocket-book, which, not knowing what to do with, I had thrust into my bosom. I now pulled out the toy. It might contain some farewell token; some last and sacred behest.

A few words had indeed been written on one of the leaves, but had been rubbed out again. The only uncancelled manuscript I could find, and to which the case seemed intended as a vehicle, was a loose slip of paper, an order to the bearer—but to what amount I know not: for without looking at the figures, I tore the draft to pieces, and scattered the useless fragments in the wind. No sooner

however had I done so, than I regretted my precipitation. The sum was nothing! I never meant to claim it; but the last signature of my friend in my behalf,—what to me could be equally precious? As of many other things, however, I felt its value when too late! Already had the surf washed away the last remnant of the paper.

I now pressed to my lips the empty book. "Last remembrance," exclaimed I, "of a friend for ever lost, be thou my sole unceasing companion. Lie ever next my heart. Continue its ægis against all evil passions. Preserve me henceforth, not from grief, but from sin!"

This said, I started up, and left the lonely spot: but as I returned among the bustling throng, my sadness increased. Why did I any longer tarry in my native land? How could I face my countrymen, abandoned as I was by my friend? "Ah," cried I, "since I have him no more to guide and to support me, let me fly from Chio, as from the place of my shame. Let me seek refuge in Egypt, at Algiers, in France,—or wherever else men acquire fame by destroying each other! There let me in the din of arms forget friendship's silenced voice; there pass my days in strife, there conquer, or there die!"

Conformably to this resolution I determined not to stay for the completion of the settlement with

which had commenced my worst misfortune, but left my full powers with a friend, or in other words, sold my birth-right to a schemer, for an immediate sum. The same act rid me of my troubles, and began those of my brothers: a circumstance which they probably only learnt after my departure, as, in consequence of their ill-fated attempt, both kept their beds;—not entirely from choice, however,—Constantine having got a broken arm in the conflict, and Eustathius a dislocated hip. These were the only incidents which gave me any comfort.

As for me, I took my passage to Cyprus, where I thought I might join the Turkish fleet in its way to Egypt; and in the act of embarking, called down upon my head the utmost wrath of heaven, if ever I set foot in my native land again.

Spiridion, by the way of Smyrna, speedily reached his home, and his father's longing arms. Whether from fatigue or from mere disappointment, he fell into a state of langour, which long threatened a fatal termination. But time and corporeal debility at last blunted the sting of mental suffering. Insensibly health returned, and with health, a calm hilarity. The youth then resumed, never more to abandon it, the steady regular mode of life which only for my sake had been interrupted. In good time he married a young lady of noble blood and

distinguished beauty, and became the happy father of a lovely family.

Mavrocordato, as observed before, had destined his son to run the perilous race of ambition; and, had he never known the fear of losing that darling son, would with difficulty have been diverted from his purpose. But while Spiridion's fate hung suspended between life and death, his father too strongly felt the blessing of his existence, and the value of his happiness, any longer to stake them against perilous honors, difficult to attain, and hollow when possessed. His desires became sobered, and his views less aspiring: he determined to prefer the certainty of his sons bliss, to the probable misery of his grandeur; and vowed, so heaven but left him his child, never more to abuse a father's authority, by goading him on to dangerous distinctions. Thence, indeed, Mavrocordato obtained not, like the Giccas, the Callimackis and others, the advantage of boasting that their nearest of kin had been bowstringed on a throne; but this misfortune he bore with becoming resignation. As to Spiridion, content to move in the sphere of a wealthy merchant, he employed his daily growing riches in diffusing around him happiness and prosperity. His life resembled the course of a majestic stream, whose deep but tranquil waters, winding their

ample way through fertile plains and flowery meads, as they advance still receive from new rills fresh increase, while at each step also they bestow more profusely all the fruits of industry, and all the blessings of plenty.

Far different was the similitude borne by my roving life. Seeking my fortune in strife, not in harmony; making havock, not culture, the means of my support; and engaged, not in the steady pursuit of a regular profession, but in a wild wandering flight from one career to another; sometimes prosperous, and oftener unfortunate; now in unavailing plenty, and now again in pinching want, I at best resembled the blustering mountain torrent, which, only acquiring might and substance during the war of the elements, as soon as they cease their strife, again subsides in a mean rill; in times of serenity shews no trace of its existence, save in the havock of darker days brought to light; and so far from in its fulness diffusing more benefits than in its penury, only effects greater mischief as it receives ampler supplies. While still near its source in the upper regions of the globe, this illfavored offspring of the clouds, hurried over fell and precipice, only offers a succession of fierce struggles, furious falls and impracticable shallows; when further advanced in

its impetuous career, and rushing with tremendous roar into the fertile plain below, it seems indeed determined to make itself amends for the restraint which it experienced;—it disregards all rights, destroys all property, and levelling fence and boundary, annihilates crops, habitations and life: but throughout the whole of its wild uncertain progress, from where it first bubbles up near the sky, to where it finally plunges into the vast abyss of the deep, it equally remains a curse to the regions it pervades!

CHAPTER XI.

THE paroxysm of fever which seized me at Chio, had, in the hurry of the strange and rapidly succeeding events which it gave rise to, been entirely forgotten. I was therefore surprised when, on board the ship, I experienced a second attack more violent than the first; and was still more mortified when I found that, so far from being allowed to drop the acquaintance, I had thenceforth to consider the unwelcome intruder as my regular guest. His visits were repeated with most irksome punctuality, every third day, during the whole of the passage; and this passage seemed to have no end.

Oh! how long appeared those sleepless nights, in which I felt no change of motion in the ship, but what was caused by its rolling from side to side, or pitching from end to end; in which every object suspended round my narrow birth—my clothes, my lamp, my person, and the very shadow they cast on the wainscot—never ceased rocking

from right to left, and from left to right; obeying an impulse as resistless as it was monotonous, and which found its equally monotonous response in the periodical creaking of the hulk, straining of the mast, swaying of the yards, and flapping of the sails and tackle. How slowly approached those mornings which were neither announced by the crowing of the cock, nor hailed by the twittering of the swallow, and whose dead and universal silence was only broken by our own harsh discord, added to that of the howling winds, and roaring waves! How often I anxiously looked out at my narrow loop-hole, to see whether the stars had yet lost their trembling radiance, and whether the horizon yet reddened with the approaching dawn! My mind suffered with my body; and during those tedious hours, the depression of disease made me survey with deep contrition the errors of days past, and form sincere resolution for my future life. They lasted with unremitting continuance—until health and strength returned.

This happened at Cyprus. That island which gives agues to so many, cured my tertian completely; or perhaps transferred it to some other luckless wight, opportunely in the way to catch it as it left me. I was, however, only just convalescent, and had

scarce left my bed, when, from the heights above Larneca, Hassan's armament was described five or six leagues out at sea, in full sail for Egypt. That fleet, which I had so long expected, now cleft the wave almost under my eyes, without my being able to join it.

Fortunately I had another string to my bow.—But ere I proceed to tell by which way I returned to the land of the Mamlukes, I must premise a few words concerning what happened there after my departure.

I have already mentioned, I think, that in Aly-Bey's time, an alliance had been proposed between Petersburg and Cairo. This project the Autocratrix of all the Russias failed not to resume as soon as she saw Ibrahim and Mourad in firm possession of the supreme authority. Her wish was to obtain from the Beys the port of Alexandria; an object of the greatest importance to her future maritime operations against the Turks. In return, she offered to afford these turbulent leaders every assistance in their design of shaking off the yoke of the Sultan; and the Russian Consul-general at Alexandria, Thonus by name, was entrusted with the negociation. He had the facility of corresponding with the rulers of Cairo through the medium of a Russian subject, become a renegade, a Mamluke, and a Bey, under the appellation of Khassim: but he had in opposition

to him the Consuls of the other European powers in Egypt, who, whether friendly to the Porte or not, were all alike hostile to the plan of giving up to the Russians so important a harbour as Alexandria. Thonus undertook to defeat their opposition by the simple expedient of removing their persons. A petty quarrel had arisen between Mourad and the Consuls respecting some trifling repairs to the Latin hospice at Alexandria. This spark the crafty Livonian contrived to fan into so furious a blaze, that the Consuls no longer thought themselves safe on land, and determined to take refuge at sea. Their intention was to embark in a body for Constantinople. Meantime Ibrahim, alarmed at the consequences of the dispute, sent them an express, to efface by his concessions the sins of his colleague; and already were the Consuls on board, and in the act of weighing anchor, when the exulting Thonus had the mortification to see them return on shore, and resume their situations.

Ibrahim's conciliatory measures, however, came too late to prevent the interference of the Porte. On the first blush of the business, the Consuls, apprehensive of violence on the part of the Beys, had dispatched an express to lay their violation of the Imperial hatti-sherif before the Sultan; and Abd-ool-Hameed had determined to resent the insult offered

by the rulers of Egypt to the strangers under his special protection, in an exemplary manner. Had it suited the convenience of the Porte to remain at peace with its vassals, the representatives of all the potentates of Europe, flogged round Mourad's hall, would have obtained no other redress than an exhortation to mutual forgiveness of injuries; but the Divan wished to humble the rebellious Beys, and it would hear of no atonement on their part. Anxious as the Consuls again became, when rid of their personal apprehensions, to prevent a rupture most injurious to their interests, they wrote to assure the ministers that they had been in too great a hurry to take fright, that they had entirely forgiven every injury committed, and that they wished for nothing but the restoration of peace and harmony.—They wrote in vain! Hassan Capitan-Pasha, who in his diversified expeditions had never yet had an opportunity of exploring the fertile plains of Egypt, expected them to afford so plentiful a harvest, if not of laurels, at least of piastres, that he could not suffer the affair to be patched up; and under Abd-ool-Hameed, the wishes of this favourite were law. The Divan, in answer to the pacific protestations of the Consuls, only observed that they were much too lenient, and must have satisfaction in spite of themselves; and thereupon proclaimed the Beys outlaws; and ordered an arma-

ment to be fitted out against them. A shew of negociation, however, was kept up, which had to a certain degree succeeded in lulling asleep the apprehensions of the Mamlukes, when, on the sixth of July 1786, the squadron which I had beheld with longing eyes from the coast of Cyprus, appeared before Alexandria.

The keys of that port had been kept for Hassan by his Reala-Bey,[1] Hammamdgee-Ogloo, who commanded the Grand Signor's caravellas, stationed before Alexandria, Rosetta and Damiat, to collect the duties on the outgoing vessels. Hassan's force consisted of six ships of the line, four frigates, and some gun boats, and forty or fifty kirlangitsches and other small craft, capable of going up the river to Cairo, commanded by a Turk of Stanchio, called Tchelebi-Zadè. These vessels carried six hundred chosen Arnaoots from the interior of Epirus, as brave as well armed, and about five thousand raw recruits, from every corner of the Archipelago, possessed of neither arms, courage, nor discipline. To this small force the Grand-Admiral added at Alexandria about three thousand Maugarbees, or Barbaresques, very lightly equipped. Of cavalry, the species of troops most wanted against the Mamlukes, Hassan's armament was entirely destitute; but the Asiatic Pashas of Oorfa, of Haleb, of Trabloos and

others, had been ordered to bring with all expedition from their respective goverments more horse than were wanted to Belbeïs, there to wait the Grand Admiral's further orders.

No soqner was Hassan Pasha disembarked in Egypt, than hastening by land to Rosetta, where his boats joined him, he sent orders to the Asiatics to advance from Belbeïs to the point of the Delta.

This measure, however, experienced some difficulty, in as much as the Pasha of Oorfa was not arrived yet at the place of rendezvous, and all the others had, immediately after Hassan's departure from Constantinople, been countermanded entirely. The ministers were in daily expectation of a war in the North, and felt unwilling towaste all their resources in the South.

Hassan, thus disappointed, resolved to compensate for want of numbers, by celerity of movements, and began to ascend the Nile on the last day of July. The land troops marched along the banks of the river, while the flotilla advanced abreast with their foremost ranks on the stream.

When the intelligence of the Capitan-Pasha's operations reached Cairo, the greatest unanimity took place among the Beys as to their sense of danger, but the greatest diversity of opinions as to the mode of repelling it. Ibrahim was for submission, Mourad for resistance; and no medium being hit

upon between these two extremes, the former retired into the Saïd to avoid the imputation of rebellion, while the latter marched into Lower Egypt to oppose force by force.

The fourth day of August witnessed the meeting of the two armies near Mentoobes. Mourad with his well-mounted Mamlukes, all mail without, and all ardour within, felt secure of an easy victory over the Grand-Admiral's ill equipped foot soldiers. He had neither taken into his account the artillery they were flanked by on the stream, nor the swamps through which he must march, to attack them on its banks. Received, on his first onset, with a tremendous discharge of cannon from the boats, his troops were immediately thrown into confusion. Even the safety of flight was denied them. Sinking with the weight of their accoutrements up to their horses bellies into the rice grounds that formed the field of battle, they became motionless, and were slaughtered at pleasure by Hassan's naked infantry, which might have walked on the wind. The few Mamlukes that escaped, immediately fell back upon Cairo; but finding the gates of the citadel shut against them by the Sultan's Visier, they only traversed the city, and joined Ibrahim in Upper Egypt.

Hassan entered without further opposition the

defenceless capital, and received the homage of the country. He took up his abode in Ibrahim's palace at Kasr-el-aïni, and conferred on the long exiled Ismaïl, come from the Saïd to meet him, his long vacated office of Schaich-el-belled. Djeddawee's more dubious loyalty was less splendidly rewarded; and Yeyen-Visier, the obsequious tool of every party in power, was dismissed from his place: it was reserved for the Pasha of Oorfa, conductor of the Asiatic troops.

This personage, Abdi by name, had been Pasha of Haleb. Turned out of that city by its janissaries, who relished not his body-guard of Koords and of Turkmen,[2] he had just been consoled for his loss by the government of Oorfa, when he received orders to march with all the force he could collect from Diarbekeer to Egypt. As nothing had been said about provisions, he resolved to trust for his supplies to the plunder of the districts through which he had to pass; and as he only had to traverse Syria from end to end, in its greatest length, he just contrived to spend, for want of subsistence, the whole summer on his march. This afforded me at Cyprus the means of making up for the loss of my conveyance to Egypt on board the fleet on my right, by joining the army advancing on my left. A boat conveyed me from Larneca to

Trabloos; and thence forward I found the track of Abdi's troops too distinctly marked by their devastations to miss the way. I however could only overtake the Pasha near Nabloos in Palestine, where I reached him in the best possible disposition for glory; that is to say—not valuing life a straw. Had I been inclined to fastidiousness, I might have found some fault with the appearance of my competitors for warlike fame. They pursued its career unincumbered by superfluities. The best equipped among the Pasha's troops were his own body-guard of Koordish horse, who, under the denomination of Dellis,[3] only exercised their old trade of banditti, and plundered every friend on their march to the enemy. To this body of about eight-hundred men, was added another of about six hundred Spahees, in very indifferent condition. The infantry was composed of about five-hundred Maugarbees, who looked as if they could be led to victory by nothing but famine. In fact, this ravenous horde only resembled a swarm of locusts, who suddenly appear in a region as if driven by an evil wind, fall on whatever spot offers the most abundant harvest, devour all its crops, and, when they find nothing further to consume, rise again, only to lay waste the fields next in succession. As long as there remained in a place a single article to

take away or to devour, the Pasha thought not of stirring. The complete denudation of all around him, became the signal for departure: but the tents were again pitched in whatever nearest district admitted of the same proceeding. The march was lengthened only when such deserts intervened as offered neither provision nor plunder. Every where, before the approaching army, the inhabitants abandoned their villages, carrying with them all that was portable to the mountains; so that every new region we came to looked as if we had been there already, and left us no means of marking our route but by the destruction of the fixtures; and from the lengthly shape of Syria, and the direction of the march, no district escaped the devastating scourge.

Besides the general claim which my former rank in Egypt gave me to the attention of a commander in the pay of the Porte, I carried particular letters to Abdi from the governor of Larneca. Accordingly, I was promised the reversion of whatever eligible appointment might become vacant, and meanwhile stepped into the place of a captain of Dellis, most fortunately killed the very morning of my arrival, by some peasants in ambush.

On calling over the muster roll of my corps, I found not a single Baïrak[4] possessed of half its

complement of men. Each was a grand skeleton composed of lesser skeletons; and never did troops, at the opening of a campaign, more resemble soldiers returning from the wars. This remark however I kept to myself. As a new comer, I took it for granted that my predecessor knew what he was about (except indeed when he got killed); and resolved not to begin by breaking through established customs. I quietly pocketed the surplus of the pay, and sold the supernumerary rations; and found I was approved of and liked by all my fellow officers. We agreed that Hassan would not give us more fighting than was necessary; and it would be wrong to tempt him to imprudences by too martial an appearance. The only thing I took care of was to be well mounted myself. But the horses and accoutrements which I purchased, having drained me of most of my remaining cash, I was obliged to draw for my other expences on the present holder of my Kiacheflik,—whoever that might be.

At Gaza we made our scanty provisions for the great desert. Very ample ones were left in it for the vultures. Belbeïs saw us arrive at last, not in May indeed, but in September; and from that place of general rendezvous, where not a soul met us, we marched on to Cairo.

It was here that an edifying scene of mutual astonishment took place, in Hassan at the smallness of our force, and in us, at the absolute nothingness of his. In fact, we had never had many more troops, while he had disbanded half the men he brought, to pocket their pay.

Nothing could equal the change of scene which Caïro presented from what I had known it before. I had left it a Mamluke city—I found it a Turkish camp. Every object indicated a change of masters and of regulations. Turkish detachments patroled the streets, Turkish picquets occupied the places; and those porticoes of the Grandees' palaces which formerly witnessed the Mamlukes driving away with their naboods the famished Egyptians, now saw the Osmanlees treat the Mamlukes with scarce more respect. My friend Aly-Tchawoosh, whom I had the pleasure of finding with the Capitan-Pasha—but somewhat impaired in flesh, in spirits, and in brilliancy of appearance—took me to the house where I was billetted. "What," said I, on seeing it; "am I to lodge with my old acquaintance Sidi-Emin, who had such a praiseworthy horror of usury? and when his friends wanted money, thought nothing of obliging them by buying their old slippers at a hundred piastres in ready cash, so they only, in return, bought his

new ones at a thousand, payable in three months! —I shall be glad to shake hands with the worthy man." "Ah!" cried Aly, "you will only shake hands with his ghost. But that you may make sure of. It stalks about all night as if it were mad."

And good reason it had for being disturbed. The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries groaned under their loads of corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choaked up the entrances of his store houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until the corn had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This it at last attained;—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But O horror, O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against

famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven! The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell,—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!

Mavroyeni's former place of Drogueman of the fleet, I had the pleasure to find occupied by his nephew Stephan. This youth's character presented a singularity among Greeks in public situations, wondered at by all, and disapproved of by most,—that of being a perfectly honest man. His enemies rejoiced at it, though his friends still kept hoping that he was not too old to mend. Meanwhile the acquaintance, begun between us in the Morea, ripened at Cairo into a real mutual regard. I say mutual—for though Stephan did not always think well of my conduct, he valued my sincerity.

The strongest proof of attachment, however, which I received in Egypt, was from my quondam Mamlukes, whom I had ceded to Ismaïl at Es-souan, and now found established with the reinstated Schaich-el-belled in the capital. At the time of my flight, they seemed perfectly satisfied with the transfer; and indeed, had they now thought it incumbent upon them to leave the Schaich-el-belled, and to return to their old patron, they must have been great losers by the change. But so excessive became, on seeing me again, their generous wrath at thinking I had given up their services, that they could not even bear to remember that they once had belonged to me.

As to the Capitan-Pasha himself, his memory was more retentive. He not only remembered having seen me in the Morea; he even remembered the proposal he made me after the affair of Tripolezza. When again presented to him: "you would have acted more wisely," said he, "to have embraced the true faith for the sake of a patron, than for the love of a mistress; and perhaps you might have found the service of the Sultan more profitable than that of the Beys. You have lost much time and gained few friends. But you are young still, and what is more, you are brave: if you would not let me lay the foundation of your fortune, I still may

raise the fabric to a desirable height." And so saying, he recommended me to his Kehaya; who grinned a ghastly smile of obedience and of spite.

The government of Egypt being completely organised by the installation of Abdi Pasha in the office of Visier, and all the forces having arrived that could be looked for, Hassan at last began to busy himself about the long talked of expedition to Upper Egypt, in pursuit of the rebels. Resolved not to stir himself from his commodious quarters in the capital, he gave the supreme command to his Kehaya. The troops destined for the expedition were to rendez-vous at Atter-el-nebbi, a place on the Nile, a little above Cairo. As before, the land force was to follow the banks of the river, and to be supported by the flotilla. Tchelebee-Zadé commanded the boats, while Hammamdgee-Ogloo had under his orders the marines. Hassan's favor enabled me to exchange my ragged Koords for a fine body of Arnaoots; and in honor of my new soldiers I furbished up my old Epirote pedigree, and my presumptive descent from Achilles and from *Iskander*. The former indeed they knew little about, but the name of the latter all to a man remembered, and only maintained, in opposition to my doctrine, that he had fought the Doge of Venice;—which, in fact, he had[4]. Including the militia of the country, sup-

plied by the citadel of Cairo, our force might amount to six thousand men; and I could not help thinking Hassan rather over-rated our chance of success, when at parting he recommended to us in a flowery speech, to bring back the days when the Schaich-el-belled held the stirrup to the Aga of the Janissaries, and when the Pasha of the Porte hung up the Beys at pleasure, under the gate of the castle!—a wish at which Ismaïl, now surnamed Kbir, or the Great, Aly-Bey-Defterdar, Mohammed-Bey-Mabdool, Rodoan-Bey the bold, and several other Beys present, I thought, winced a little.

As usual, our army depended for its subsistence on the plunder of the provinces through which we had to pass. This circumstance alone would have retarded our coming up with Mourad; but what still more increased the difficulty of closing with this chief, was his own good management. He had profited by his discomfiture in the Delta. Instead of advancing to give us battle, he, on the contrary, kept constantly retreating before us; now and then just letting his rear appear in sight, to keep up the ardour of the pursuit. All at once we discovered his drift, when at Sioot we found the waters too low to permit the further progress of our flotilla, and thus were obliged to proceed onwards, deprived of the support of our floating battery. With a diminished

strength, we only reached the rebels at Djirdgé, where they had all the advantage of the ground. Their position was admirable. Backed by the walls and garrison of the city, they had in front a long declivity of hard even ground, where their excellent horses and impenetrable coats of mail were as much in their favor as they had been against them in the swamps of the Delta. They rushed upon us like a cataract, and it soon became evident on which side the scale would turn. Our rout began among the Asiatics. The brave Arnaoots alone kept awhile the victory in suspense. Still anxious for the credit of my former corps, I set some Epirotes at the heels of the Dellis, and kept them wedged in between two fires. This concern for other people's honor cost me dear. A pistol-shot struck my hip, which certainly came not from the enemy. It brought me not the less to the ground; and I must have died from loss of blood, or have been trampled under foot, had not one of my trusty Albanians thought me dead already. He judged it a pity that my handsome armour should become the spoil of rebels, and approached to strip me; when, to his great dismay, he found me still alive. For a second or two he seemed to consider whether he should not realize his surmise; but my good stars prevailed. Shrugging up his shoulders, as if to say, it was

not his fault, he took me in his arms, carried me off the field, bound up my wounds, and left me in the care of two of his comrades, themselves disabled from continuing to support a more active part in the engagement.

Meantime our commander, seeing the rout become general, sounded the retreat. Fortunately the enemy had determined only to act on the defensive, in order not to cut off all opening to a reconciliation. Mourad, content with the advantage gained, abstained from pursuing us. Thanks to his moderation, we experienced in our flight no other molestation than that of the Arabs and fellahs, whose crops we had destroyed in our progress. At Sioot we rejoined our flotilla; and thence returned to Cairo in a plight, which even the Mamlukes reinstated by Hassan could view without breaking their hearts. The assistance of a rival is seldom forgiven.

After a certain period Mourad's Arab allies, tired of the protracted war, as usual withdrew from the contest; and Mourad, deprived of half his strength, no longer appeared averse to a negotiation. Of this disposition Hassan availed himself to draw him down to Djizeh, when again he sent his Kehaya in pursuit of the Bey. Cured of my wound, I joined the expedition, and on the eighth of January, 1787,

we crossed the Nile. The flotilla on this occasion was out of the question; the river being at its lowest, and the commander of the Caleondgees dismissed: for Hassan suffered not his officers to rob without his participation.

At the news of our approach, Mourad again fell back; but we came up with him at Sioot, where he was forced to halt, to face about, and to receive us. His position was exactly the reverse of that at Djirdgé. Instead of occupying the top of a long declivity, of which we filled the bottom, his army was drawn out at the bottom of an extended slope, of which we occupied the summit; and instead of having immediately in his rear a high wall to cover his movements, he only had a deep ditch to cut off his retreat. The consequence was, that when we fell upon him as he had done before upon us, with all the impetus of a down hill charge, we almost immediately drove his troops backward into the fosse, where, tumbling head over heels in the mud, they left us no trouble but that of dispatching them at leisure.

Of my old patron, who sided with the rebels, I hitherto have made no mention. The edge of the ravine, down whose slope the Mamlukes were rolling, gave me the first glimpse of his venerable figure. He was curveting mid-way the long

declivity, surrounded by his retinue. The sight roused all my dormant feelings of relationship, and others not less warm; and I became most irresistibly anxious to join my father-in-law, to embrace, nay, to keep him entirely with me! Calling to my best men, I shewed them the Bey, and proposed a bold push for so valuable a prize. They fired at the thoughts, and off we set! I was within ten yards of his person, and already in imagination hugging him most tenderly, when some of his guards, perceiving our drift, gave the alarm. Immediately his whole house closed in upon him, and our purpose miscarried. I retired not, however, empty handed. We had penetrated so far into the Mamluke knot, that I was enabled to seize by the arm and to carry off, what at the time was nearest Suleiman's heart, his Tootoondjee.[5] This young fellow I consigned to some of my servants in the rear, and having seen him safe in their custody, again returned to business.

The chase of a young Mamluke, whose shewy accoutrements caught my eye, had inadvertently drawn me out to some distance from my men, when another Mamluke of more advanced age and greater powers—till then concealed behind a small eminence—suddenly darted forward between us. The contest now lay with the new comer:—and his

agility already rendered the issue more doubtful. But when a third Mamluke of colossal size—a Kiachef of my ancient patron's—found means by a dexterous circuit to join his comrade, my situation seemed desperate. It was plain that a scheme had been concerted to entrap me;—and unable single handed to contend with two such formidable antagonists, whom others still were approaching, I gave myself up for lost, and only resolved to sell my life as dear as possible.

To my inexpressible surprise, just as I rushed forward, as I thought, to certain death, the new comer made signals for a truce, which his comrade immediately obeying, I did the same. I stopped short, still however remaining on my guard, and watching every motion of my enemies, in order to make my escape should an opportunity offer. The Kiachef perceived my apprehensions. "Fear not," he cried: "your life is indeed in our hands; but we seek not your death; we want your prisoner. Restore Suleiman's Tootoondjee, and in return take this handjar studded with diamonds, this order on the Bey's harem at Cairo for two thousand sequins, and this signet of our patron's to corroborate his draft."

All this was vastly better than to be butchered: I accepted the offer. Some of my Arnaoots, who

had perceived my danger, were coming up. I cried to them; as soon as within hearing, to bring back the prisoner. One went on the errand, and the others waited at my signal. The Tootoondjee was delivered over, and the ransom placed in my hands. With this rich spoil, the thing I feared most was to return to my own men. Fortunately, they were full-handed themselves, and I rejoined our troops safe and sound; just in time to see the remnant of the enemy's force, which had escaped the ditch, in full flight towards the Saïd.

Our troops were so exhausted, that we spent the night where we had won the day. The next morning, ere we marched, I walked over the field of battle. Beholding on all sides sturdy limbs locked in death, which but the day before had turned my blows with all the energies of life, lips closed in eternal silence, which had stunned me with their clamour, and eye-balls fixed in sightless glare which, when met by mine, had sent forth flashes of lightning;—unable to avoid treading upon the mangled bodies of some who often had attempted to crush me with their very look, and now could not keep away the already busy vultures, I felt a strange delight! I contemplated with a bitter satisfaction that unavoidable lot of all mankind, that doom of mortality which none can escape, that

precariousness of life hanging alike over king and over beggar, thanks to which, if I could not be sure of a single instant before me, no more was the proudest of my antagonists certain of not being the next moment a clod of clay, a mass of corruption, a feast for worms, a heap of dust; thanks to which, if any rival had over me a temporary advantage, it was, however great, a trifle, a nothing, in the contemplation of the common fate awaiting all with equal certainty, and to all coming too soon; and thanks to which, finally, if I could not reach the very top of fortune's wheel, or for the present carry my head quite as high as some of my more successful opponents, I knew that their's must ultimately lie as low as mine!

"Poor speechless unresisting object!" cried I, lifting up by the ears one whose taunting language of the day before still rung gratingly in mine, "thou art now not only below me, or the meanest of my slaves; thou art worse than the live dog that licked thy hand, or the very worm that crawls to thy corpse as to his meal; he harbours joy, thou feelest not even my abuse and my scorn!"

Though we did not absolutely stay in the agreeable spot which occasioned these reflections, we seemed loth for a time to move beyond its influence. Want of money to pay his troops prevented our

commander from proceeding in good earnest in pursuit of the rebels, until the month of May. We then made a sudden move; but as soon as we came in sight of Mourad's men, they crossed the river and retreated into Nubia. Arrived at the Cataracts, heat, want and disease stopped our further progress. We admired the falls, turned about, and marched back to Cairo.

CHAPTER XII.

By this time Hassan had, through penalties, confiscations and other such processes, reaped all the real fruits he expected from his expedition. He knew the utter impossibility of exterminating a set of men who always kept open a retreat where they were secure of not being pursued; and he now made the approaching rupture between the Porte and Russia a pretence for conveying his armament back to Constantinople. On the twenty-fourth of July, 1787, therefore, he signed a treaty with the rebel Beys, by which he left them in full possession of the country from Barbieh, to the frontiers of Nubia. All below these limits was to be prohibited ground. For the observance of this treaty they consented to give as hostages four of their party; my old friend Ayoob-Bey, Osman-Bey-Tamboordgi, and two other Beys of recent creation, Abderahman and Hussein. They had leave, however, to remain at Cairo, under the eyes of the Visier.

The quartetto soon arrived, and I failed not to

call upon Ayoob. He had strongly reprobated at the time Suleiman's conduct in giving me up, and assured me he wondered not to see a man of my mettle, after such treatment, return to Egypt in so different a character. I was glad in my turn to find an opportunity of doing a chief, who formerly had distinguished me in a most flattering manner, a very signal piece of service. Some expressions, dropped by the Capitan-Pasha, had made me surmise that some foul play was intended to the hostage Beys. I need not say by what means I verified my suspicion; but I forthwith went and apprized Ayoob of his danger. His gratitude for this act led him to offer me a handsome present, which I declined.

Meanwhile Hassan had got every thing in readiness for his departure. He confirmed Abdi-Pasha in his place of Visier, and Ismaïl Bey in his rank as Schaich-el-belled. On his Kehaya, whose name likewise was Ismaïl, he conferred the situation of his wekil, or agent at Cairo. After these and other appointments, he assembled in the citadel a solemn Divan, gave, in a set speech, a pompous detail of the incalculable benefits he had bestowed on Egypt, and terminated the sitting by inviting the four hostage Beys, against the faith of treaties, to follow him to Constantinople. Osman, Abderahman, and Huseïn, taken by surprise, were obliged to accept his

proffered hospitality Ayoob, more on his guard, had taken his precautions, and had given instructions to his Mamlukes. The summons had scarce dropped from Hassan's lips, ere he rushed out, and, assisted by his suite, sought refuge in Ibrahim's harem. Hassan durst not, in defiance of his own solemn promise, drag him from so respected a sanctuary. He was left at Cairo in possession of all his honors.

Those which Hassan offered to my choice, were to remain in the citadel of Cairo, commander of the corps of Arnaoots, or to go back to Constantinople, and obtain promotion in the expected war. Admiring neither the Visier, the Schaich-el-belled, nor the Wekil, and wishing much to try Valachia, and to rejoin Mavroyeni, I accepted the latter. The ransom of Suleiman's Tootoondjee duly paid on presenting his order, the well lined belt of a Mamluke whom I had disrobed at Sioot, and the liquidation of certain old claims at Cairo, which I employed those ready accountants my Arnaoots to settle, had gone a good way towards repairing my shattered finances. The last evening of my stay at Cairo added another figure to the balance of my capital. As I passed through a narrow lane, an ill-looking fellow suddenly stopped me, and drew out a dagger. I started back: but instead of the

point he turned to me the hilt, left the handjar in my hands, and disappeared. The weapon was covered with emeralds, and of considerable value. I had seen it before, on grand occasions, sparkle in Ayoob's girdle.—I never displayed it in mine.

Nothing remarkable occurred on the journey down the Nile. On the 21st of October we weighed anchor from Alexandria. Our voyage was prosperous, our reception at Constantinople indifferent. The mob of the capital, it seems, had promised itself the agreeable spectacle of the heads of the Egyptian Beys stuck on the battlements of the Bab-Humayoom, and cared little to see us only bring back our own. To ourselves, however, this was a source of some satisfaction; and the more, as we brought, besides, wherewithal to fortify our minds against idle clamour.

Even after Spiridion and I had parted for ever, my friend had not dismissed all solicitude in my behalf. Fearing lest the obscurity which hung over Achmet's death might not always succeed in preventing its influence over my fate, should I return to Stambool, he had, during my campaign in Egypt, negotiated with the family of the deceased a legal renunciation of its vindictive rights. At first indeed his proposal greatly shocked the mourning parents. "What! sell the life of a relation,

of a son, for money!—No, never! Were the earth to swallow them up on the spot, they must, they would have blood for blood!—At any rate, they could only compound, with the executioner's axe on the culprit's neck!" By degrees, however, they came round to more reasonable sentiments. The event was nearly forgotten, the loss small, the chance of discovering the offender still less, and the sum offered considerable. With many ifs and buts, they at last signed so formal an act of forgiveness, that I might, if I liked, have added to my other titles that of slayer of Kara Achmet.

I needed not this new proof of kindness, to feel ill at ease until I had embraced my friend. Fearful however of taking him by surprise, perhaps at an unseasonable moment, I sent to enquire whether my visit would be acceptable. I acted wisely. Just then was pending the negotiation with the lady, who soon after bestowed upon him her fair hand. Her parents only objected his former intimacy with a notorious profligate and a renegado. Had I shewn myself at that juncture, and taken advantage of Spiridion's friendship to appear in his company, the match would have been broken off. It was even requisite, I understood, for the advancement of the business, that the coolness arisen between us should be openly expressed. I

complained aloud and in bitter terms of Spiridion's leaving me at Chio; but privately I sent him, as a token of friendship, a fine Arabian, accompanied by a few lines of affection and of thanks. Unavowed proceedings always turn out ill, however well meant! whether the messenger thought the horse would betray the giver, or whether the horse ran away with the messenger, neither they nor the letter reached their destination; and long after, I heard that Spiridion had felt hurt at my seeming neglect.

Returning one day from witnessing with infinite satisfaction to what degree the Franks, who accuse the Greeks of meanness, can humble themselves even in the persons of the representatives of their sovereigns, before the paltriest of the Sultan's officers; and how at their public audiences these pliant envoys of European powers will put up with any indignity from the lowest Turkish rabble, for the sake of maintaining a constant intercourse with a nation which returns their advances with contempt, I happened to meet a face no longer young, which put me in mind of an old vow, not the less sacred from the lowly station of its object. It was that made to the little grocer's wife, who in the days of my first distress had come to my relief with conserve of roses. In her own later career—poor soul

—bitters had succeeded sweets. The new French style of cookery, and the white sauces introduced with the revolutionary principles among the Greeks of fashion, had exploded the spice and comfits, staple ingredients of the darker complexioned dishes, the delight of their forefathers. The grocer consequently was become a bankrupt, had died of grief in the midst of his unsold dainties, and had left his consort to struggle with misfortunes, which required a species of consolation more solid and less sentimental than that which I once administered to a mourning widow in Egypt. I should not have mentioned the visit which I paid for this purpose, and the real pleasure I derived from the relief I was able to afford, but that my friends, justly solicitous about my unsullied fame, might remark that I had at an early period of my history recorded a solemn engagement, and no where had mentioned its fulfilment.

Let us return to matters of more importance. Though from the first instant of his elevation, Youssoof-Visier had been preparing the rupture with Russia, the war broke out without any formal declaration. On the 18th of August, 1787, the Russian Embassador found himself unexpectedly complimented with a lodging at the Sultan's expense in the Seven-Towers,[6] and the Turkish

troops stationed at Ockzakow, made an attack upon the fortress of Kinburn, when the garrison thought itself in profound peace. The fullest success of these petty manœuvres could not have made amends for the imputation of bad faith which they fixed upon the Turks; their failure only added disgrace to discomfiture. They gave the Emperor of Austria a plausible excuse for joining the Russians, and for declaring war against the Porte, on the 9th February, 1788. This event seemed to mark Valachia for the seat of the ensuing campaign. It increased my wish to take a share in its hazards; and I obtained from Hassan-Pasha letters both for Youssoof and for Mavroyeni. Encamped at Daood-Pasha, the supreme Visier had already hoisted the sacred standard of the Prophet, and was collecting round it the grand army of the faithful, for the defence of the Empire at large. I intended to visit the Commander in chief on my way, but aware of my moderate dimensions, and expecting to make a greater figure on the smaller theatre of Valachia, I purposed to tarry only with Mavroyeni.

Neither personage, however, was to be favoured with my company the very first instant on which that happiness could possibly befall them: such unnecessary diligence would have bespoken too great anxiety in their behalf. With my letters in my pocket, I gave

three days more to the dissipation of the capital; and satisfied with having, through dint of unexampled diligence, compassed as much pleasure as so short a period would allow, proceeded without further delay on the less perilous road to open warfare and destruction. My equipage was light. It consisted of what my horse could carry in addition to my person; for, unable to afford a long string of attendants, I thought my safety better ensured by a perfectly unobtrusive appearance, than by a small and insufficient retinue.

Though I had seen camps before, that of the Visier-Azem, with all its want of order, struck me as very magnificent. The central object, the tent of the commander, looked a most imposing mass: but its tenant disappointed me. I had formerly known Youssoof as Hassan's Kehaya. He was then quoted for the erect majesty of his mien, and for the jetty lustre of his ample beard. The personage to whom I was introduced at Daood-Pasha, on the contrary, had the grey hairs of age and the stoop of infirmity. "Heavens!" thought I, "can this be the same man whom I formerly admired; can seven years so pull down the sturdiest human frame? would they make of me so woeful a ruin?"—And it was a relief to my mind when I heard that Youssoof, in order to encrease the gravity of his appearance, used similar

arts for the purpose of looking old and infirm, to those which others employ for that of appearing young and active.

With the other attributes of age, Youssoof seemed to have acquired its garrulity. I thought there never would have been an end to his enquiries after Hassan-Pasha. The Grand-Admiral's health, his looks, his spirits, were each separately made the theme of long and repeated expressions of solicitude: and at each favourable reply, Youssoof blessed Allah for the good news with such studied emphasis, that I judged the Visier's affection for his ancient patron, and the Capitan-Pasha's regard for his overgrown favourite, to have sunk nearly to the same temperature. Base coin is always shewy!

As soon as Youssoof had added his contribution to my letters for Mavroyeni, I proceeded on my journey. The supreme Visier himself was soon to break up his first station, and to halt successively at divers other marked places, in order to give the Zaïms and Timariotes of all the different provinces of Roumili an opportunity of reinforcing his army: and I was unwilling, by unnecessary delay, to encounter on the road more than I could help of the small detachments of true believers, expected soon to obey from all quarters the invitation of Mohammed's vicar, to join his lieutenant's forces.

From Daood-Pasha I met nothing in a questionable shape until I reached Erekli, where appearances became more terrific. On going out at the gate of that city after dusk, and turning the corner of the spacious burying-ground which extends close under its walls, my horse suddenly stopped, and in defiance of all my efforts to urge him on, stood wildly looking towards the tombs, and trembling like a leaf. "So!" thought I, at these symptoms of terror; "the Gouls are abroad; the spirits of the dead hold their revels; the living are unwelcome here!" And in fact, I soon perceived, by the light of the moon, a number of deep and threatening shadows in human form glide along the marble gravestones. The spectres seemed to move hand in hand round the funereal mounds, sometimes separating, then again forming clusters, then totally disappearing under ground. Presently sounds too arose from the hollow earth: a confused murmur pervaded the cemetery; and at last a whole swarm of ghastly figures sprung up close to my horse,—no longer indeed unsubstantial phantoms, but seeming from their emaciated form and pallid hue, the very corpses of the dead, which, with hideous yell formed around me a frightful ring.

No sooner, however, had I had leisure to survey them more minutely, than my apprehensions of the

deceased vanished in my fears of the living; and I no longer thought myself in the company of spectres, but in that of banditti. Accordingly, clapping both stirrups to my horse, I was going to break through, or to ride over this pedestrian circle, as might be most feasible, when I perceived that none of the party were armed, or at least had any weapon more formidable than a stick, or a pair of crutches; that there were as many women and children in the ranks as men; and that more than two thirds of the troop were halt, blind, or paralytic.

There is, gentle reader, a district in the Morea, whose inhabitants are, to a man, beggars by profession. Every year, as soon as they have sown their fields, these industrious members of society abandon their villages until harvest time, and sally forth, on a begging circuit, through the different provinces of Roumili. The elders and chiefs of the community plan the route, divide the provinces, and allot to each detachment its ground. They shorten or prolong their sojourn in the different places they visit, according as the mine of charity is rich, and has been more or less explored. Through wastes where little is to be gleaned large troops travel in close order, but on approaching fruitful districts the swarms again divide and spread. According to his peculiar talent, each individual undertakes the heart-rending tale of

mental woe, or the disgusting display of bodily suffering. "His wife and children died of hunger by the road side, after being burnt out of house and home;"—or, "he has an incurable leprosy in every joint;"—or, "he is actually giving up the ghost for want of a morsel of food!" Old traders grown rich by their indigence, sell out to young beginners; and the children of the society remain in common, so that each female may in turns be provided with a pair of fatherless twins, to be duly pinched to tears, and made lustily to roar out whenever compassionate people are in sight. Unceasing warfare is kept up with interlopers from other quarters, who trespass on the domain of this regularly organised band. Among its members, a dislocated limb, or a disgusting disease, are esteemed peculiar blessings; an hereditary complaint is a sort of an estate, and if conspicuous, and such as to resist the officious remedies of the charitable, confers rank, and may be called a badge of nobility. But even those who have the misfortune to labour under the most incurable state of health and vigour, are dexterous, if not radically to correct this perverseness of nature, at least to remove its untoward external appearance. They excel in the manufacture of counterfeit wounds and mock diseases; and the convulsions of a demoniac are graceful movements to their spontaneous fits.

The troop with which I had the luck to fall in, had destined Erekli for the next day's scene of action. Its worthy members were taking among the tombs a comfortable night's rest, previous to the morning's labours. Already had most of the party sunk into soft slumbers on the pillows of the fresh laid graves, when the tramp of my horse, resounding among the hollow vaults, and reverberated by the sculptured slabs, roused, and made them start up, and surround me as has been seen. Their clamour was only the eleemosinary ditty, which, from long habit, they kept mumbling even in their sleep.

Moved with compassion at the sight of so much sufferings, I determined at once to remove all these accumulated ills, and for this purpose began to lay lustily about me, with my good long ox-hide whip. It would have gladdened a feeling heart to see what a salutary and immediate effect this application had. At the very first flourish, the lame found the use of their legs, the blind recovered their sight, and the deaf and dumb a Stentorian voice. A poor decrepid creature, doubled with age and infirmity, straightening as if by magic, became all at once as nimble as a stag: a man shaped like a dromedary, slipped his hunch without missing it; and a woman, eighteen months at least gone with child, stumbling

over a grave stone, brought to light a truss of straw!

The fright of my friends, however, was not of long duration. By degrees they began to fancy, that, though I was armed and on horseback, and they were unarmed and on foot, yet in the dark, and among heaps of grave-stones, thirty or forty had a chance against one. In this notion they again rallied, and soon sticks and stones whizzed about my ears as thick as hail. I now found I had to deal with a set of ungrateful rogues, who, so far from thanking me for the miraculous cure I had performed, only requited good with evil. I therefore left them to their fate, scampered off, and soon got out of sight, and a very little while after, out of hearing of the vollies of abuse which accompanied the showers of stones.

The crossing of the Balkan, I suppose, would have been a delightful treat to one who preferred the remains of a former worn out world to the good things of the present one, and a petrified oyster or cabbage to fare of easier digestion. For my part, who felt more anxious to know the end of things than their origin, I was very glad when I found Mount Hemus fairly left behind me, and still more so when before me I beheld winding in ample sweeps the wide waters of the

Danube. My raptures still encreased on setting foot, after crossing the turbid stream, in the plains of Valachia.

In order to profit as much as possible by the benefits of Christendom, and to evince the estimation in which I still held its institutions, I purposed sleeping the first night of my entrance within its pale, at a monastery. I had heard of one on the road, where the Caloyers lived well, and could spare a way-faring man a few crumbs from their table, and a corner in their dormitory. On my arrival I found my design forestalled. The convent had been invaded, only an hour before, by a set of Frank travellers, who carried peremptory orders from the provincial government, for their reception at every place on the road.

I say, invaded: for between masters, servants, interpreters, couriers, mikmandars[8] and jenissaries, there were no less I think than twenty or thirty individuals; and for many of the least important among them singly, the place appeared much too small. The very monks had been turned out of their cells to make room for the strangers.

At first I took for granted that so mighty a removal of human bodies from the place of their birth must have an adequate end; and that the

head of the party could be no less than the embassador of some great Christian potentate, come to transact affairs of the utmost importance with the Porte; and resigned myself in consequence to lay my own diminished head where I could: but on discreetly seeking to have my surmises confirmed by a sort of courier half Swiss half Italian, who, in a gibberish between both was giving directions to the Greek steward of the convent who understood neither, I could only discover that the padrone was a young gentleman of great fortune, who, tired of having every thing at home in the most comfortable style, for nothing but the trouble of issuing his commands, was thus wandering about the world, for no other purpose but to enjoy the variety of now and then going to bed without his supper, or getting up without having gone to bed. Constantinople was to be his first halting place on the journey; but whether from thence he was to go by land to China, or by sea to Peru, was not yet decided.

I now began to think it somewhat hard that in the Sultan's own dominions, one of his faithful subjects, travelling on real business, and who had lived long enough not to think going to bed on an empty stomach, or sleeping in the fields a desirable

variety, should be thus kept on the *pavé* by strangers who only came to burthen us with their ennui: and accordingly desired my informer to go and remonstrate in my name with his master, respecting the unreasonable monopoly he was exercising; fully determined, should the negociation prove inefficient, to resort to more energetic measures for obtaining redress. I knew that, to whatever extremities I might proceed, the Greeks would remain neutral, and I feared not the Franks. All I apprehended was, that the servant might not deliver my message in terms sufficiently forcible; and I therefore soon followed myself—highly incensed at the supposed indignity I was suffering—and bolted into his excellency's dingy chamber, just as the courier had concluded his speech.

To find all complacency, where one expects nothing but resistance, and is prepared only for measures of compulsion, occasions a shock similar to that of sinking into a down pillow where one had laid ones account with finding a seat of impenetrable stone; and this sort of shock I mentally experienced, when I found a young man of the most prepossessing appearance, only intent upon knowing in what way he could most effectually accommodate myself and all my suite; and ending by inviting me to par-

take of his own indifferent supper, which—he added—his companion had just stepped down to hasten.

Thus courteously addressed, my answer was made to correspond, and nothing ensued but a conflict of civilities, at the conclusion of which I only just went out again to look after my suite, *viz.* my horse,—ere I gave myself up for the remainder of the evening to the pleasure of conversing with so well bred a host.

His invitation to the strange traveller at the gate had meanwhile gone abroad among his own retinue; and before I was able to return from my excursion, I had the satisfaction of overhearing the impression it produced on his companion, who was still bustling below stairs. This somewhat less hospitable personage was pleased loudly to wonder what pleasure Mr. T— could find in courting every adventurer, Turk or Christian, with whom he fell in on the road; and grievously moaned over the selfish vanity which made a man of his sense unfeelingly put his friends out of their way, merely to have his politeness admired by every stranger.

The remark fortunately had no effect upon my appetite; it only made me take a particular pleasure in interrupting its author's more agreeable

occupation of devouring the supper he had helped to cook, by a thousand little attentions, for which in his heart he would have boxed my ears. The meal, however, was not long. I soon perceived that my host, though striving to the utmost to entertain his guest, was quite overcome with the fatigue of the journey; and therefore speedily proposed a separation,—in which I was most warmly seconded by his companion, who, having eaten enough, and even more perhaps, now sagaciously observed that, as they were to rise betimes, they had better go to their rest.

As far as his own share was concerned, it is but doing the gentleman in question justice, to state that he spared nothing to promote this laudable object. He kept to himself a mattress, which might have accommodated three more of his fellow travellers, who were unceremoniously left to lie on the bare tiles: but in spite of this precaution the nimble tenants of the place, whose supper was only just beginning, kept him awake. This misfortune caused him to groan so loudly and so incessantly all night, that no one within hearing could get a wink of sleep. I heartily regretted his fine feelings, and wished he had had some of the selfishness of his patron.

The moment the Frank party was off, the Caloyers were released from the confinement in which they had been kept during their stay,—the Superior alone having manfully stood his ground all the time. I thought he looked at me with a suspicious eye, for having under my Turkish garb associated so freely with Franks, and feared he might make some report at Bucharest to my disadvantage. The impression was to be done away; and taking him therefore aside, I honestly confessed that I was not only a Greek—which my speech confirmed—but a disguised emissary from Russia, come to sound the disposition of the Greek Papases in favor of Ekatharina![9] Hereupon his heart opened: he expressed his admiration of the Empress, in particular for her laudable perseverance in the privations of widowhood; and earnestly entreated me to inform her by the first opportunity what a staunch friend she had in father Kyrillos; dwelling much all the while on the means of corresponding with the well affected to that sovereign which his convent afforded,—a hint by no means lost upon me, when afterwards I had troops to quarter, and contributions to levy.

Continuing my journey, absorbed in reflections which were greatly favored by my slow progress through endless bogs, I scarce perceived a per-

sonage who came from whither I was going, until he pulled up his steed to consider me more at leisure. I returned him the compliment, though his equipage little deserved it, and "Selim!" on his part, and, "Condilly!" on mine, were roared out at the same instant.

This Signor Condilly, originally a Roman Catholic, had first married a sister of Mavroyeni's, and consequently a Greek. On her demise he shewed his grief by embracing the Greek creed himself, and marrying a Roman Catholic. Her he left to go into a monastery; and the convent he fled from to take a third wife, younger than the two former. He had treated his sovereigns as he had done his consorts. When Venetian Consul at the Canéa, he sold the interests of the republic to the Turks; and when employed for the Turks at Zante, he betrayed them to the Venetians. I had known him at Constantinople, where he gave himself as much airs as if he carried Jove's thunder in his sleeve, and entertained his friends with stories so long and tiresome, that they would have made the very moon split her face with yawning. On Mavroyeni's appointment to the principality of Valachia, he sent this worthy brother-in-law on before him to Bucharest, as his Caïmakam; and when he came himself, he appointed Condilly his cupbearer: nor had I heard, when we met, of any later change.

"Whither bound, Georgacki," cried I, "for the Capital, or for the army?"

"For whatever place," was his reply, "I may be invited to. You see me at large again!"

"That misfortune," rejoined I, "you seem used to; but how happened this last dismissal?"

"Who can tell?" exclaimed Condilly with a shrug of the shoulders, "Not I at least!—When a man has his familiar spirit, with whom alone he takes counsel, we poor mortals are not admitted behind the scenes. Those who act by inspiration, may do any thing! You have heard of the wealthy Vakareskolo, the Cresus of Boyars,[10] who thought himself so secure from being fleeced, by never appearing at court, and declining all dangerous distinctions. Well!—has not Mavroyeni, by means of his invisible counsellor, at last hunted him out, and sent to him to say that the humble should be exalted, and that his very disinterestedness made it necessary, for the good of the country, that he should assume some high and responsible office!"

"The Bey found not the same reason, I presume," answered I, "for continuing your services?"

"His household Demon," rejoined Condilly, "lately put it into his head that his Greek name was a base corruption; that he was descended from the

ancient Venetian family of Morosini: and Maurocenus is now the name he insists on being addressed by. My tongue once made an unlucky slip; I called him by that of his forefathers;—and for this offence he condemned me, his kinsman, his counsellor, and his cup-bearer, who tasted every drop of his wine, to bread and water in the salt-mines! Had I remained there long, I must have become pickled alive, and so have died a vampire, even without excommunication, and have sucked his blood, as he does that of others. For that reason only, I suppose, he let me out at last, on condition of leaving Valachia. But, Oh! how I shall talk, as soon as I am past the frontier!"

To me it seemed that Signor Condilly waited not till that period to execute his threat. Loth however to lose time in conversation where I was sure not to hear a word of truth: "Hark ye, Georgacki," cried I, "you, who are going, may be right to talk, but I, who am coming, would do wrong to listen. You have been long enough in the world to know that the atmosphere of one out of favor is infectious, and cannot take it amiss if you are done by as you would do by others. So adieu! and fare ye well!

At these words I pushed on. The cup-bearer called after me, to say that, for all my caution,

he would bespeak the horses for my own return. I did not stop to retort, but made what speed I could, and the same evening reached Bucharest.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM the first moment of the rupture with Austria, Mavroyeni, expecting Valachia to become the theatre of the war, had sent his princess and all her useless train back to Constantinople;—a wise measure, I thought, where *real* clouds were gathering! In order to defray the expenses requisite for the defence of the principality, he had levied enormous contributions, not only on the laity, but on the clergy, who, as ministers of peace, could not conceive what they had to do with the war, and thought their task fulfilled when they had prayed for the safety of the country. He had moreover banished to Turkey, or put in durance on the spot, such of the Boyars and others—no matter what their rank—whom he suspected of a secret understanding with Austria. Among the passes or ravines which form the only communication athwart the formidable barrier of mountains that separate Transilvania from the land of the Roumoums, he had distributed seven or eight thousand Seïmen, or

provincial troops. Through his care, Bucharest, a city of immense extent, lying in an almost dead flat, for whose defence nature had done nothing, and art could do but little, became as strongly fortified as its situation permitted. Each khan within its circuit was converted into a battery, and each convent into a fortress. The very Archi-episcopal Palace, and the Cathedral, situated on the only eminence favourable for defence, were, to the inexpressible horror of the Valachians, transformed into a citadel. Soldiers were quartered where priests used to say mass, cannon balls heaped up where stood the cross, and muskets and sabres piled where had been raised the host!

It was in the midst of all this bustle of warlike preparations that I entered Bucharest. At its gates nothing was seen but groups of moaning families going out, and detachments of turbulent soldiers marching in; and wherever I stopped within its precincts, no other discourse met my ear but that of banishments, confiscations, fines, imprisonments, recruitings, fortifications, and plans of attack and of defence. "Good!" said I to myself; "this martial discord is music to my ears! It promises plenty of what I most want: dear delightful confusion! Born to live in troubled waters, again I breathe, again I feel in my element! And every

officer of state whose favor seemed expiring, every grandee of the court, whose fall was announced, I only considered as kindly making room for me. I resembled those sagacious birds of prey, who, the moment the battle begins to rage, flap their wings, exult, and already in imagination revel in their promised feast!

When, however,—the first tumult of the sense allayed—I sat down quietly in my lodging, to consider how I should best proceed, my reflections assumed a soberer hue, and my expectations gradually fell to a less exalted pitch. "I am now," thought I, "in a place where I possess not a friend, nor even an acquaintance; where all must consider me as an intruder against whom it is their business to unite; and, in that place, at the mercy of a single man, and that man, Mavroyeni!—Mavroyeni! even in his first dependant state often uncontrolable, and ruled by caprice rather than by cool reason, and who now, after so long thirsting in a state of servility for the despotic sway he has at last obtained, every hour drinks unto intoxication of the sweet cup of power! It is true, I bear within my own breast the qualities which his situation renders most valuable, and I carry in my pocket the recommendations which his interest obliges him most to respect. The commands in my favor of the two

rulers of the state—by sea and by land—would, with any other person in his place, leave me no further trouble, than that of announcing myself and my wishes! And I moreover know Mavroyeni sufficiently lenient in religious matters, not to regard my apostacy as a great bar to my promotion, even in his Greek principality: but," added I, in order to restrain the too sanguine hopes founded on these considerations, "may he not retain an unfavorable impression of my youthful pranks, and my insolent mode of quitting his service? May he not, with still more probability, feel hurt at my long estrangement from his person, my long apparent disdain of his protection, my long obstinacy in seeking my fortune any where upon earth rather than under the shelter of his wing?" —So often had his wayward temper only turned the more restive, for being more sharply reined, that, in order to shew his independence, it was likely he might make the very weight of my recommendations, a motive for treating me with the greater coolness.—I therefore, spite of my expectations, prepared my mind for the possibility of an indifferent reception, and resolved only to advance in so cautious a manner, as not to stand much committed should I meet with a rebuff.

In this spirit,—so far from dressing for my first audience of Mavroyeni as I had done for my

first interview with Suleiman; from informing every passenger as I went along, by the importance of my looks, that I was going to court; from announcing in an authoritative tone, on my arrival at the palace, that I carried letters from the Grand Visier, the Lord High Admiral, and the Drogueman of the navy,—I rather ran into the opposite extreme, and by way of pitching my tone at the outset in such a key as I might be sure not to have to lower afterwards, came in so modest a dress, crept into the audience chamber in so quiet a manner, and, having delivered my message in a scarce audible voice, stood so demurely with my hands in my sleeves at the further end of the room, that I scarce was noticed by a troop of gentlemen of greater apparent pretensions, who held their more conspicuous station in the middle of the apartment, and bore such a prodigious air of self importance, that their very yawnings (which were both frequent and loud) had in them a something grand and imposing; while their conversation—chiefly intended, it should seem, for the benefit of distant hearers,—ran entirely upon the last joke of the Ban of Crayova, the last remark of the Cameraz, and the last witticism of the Spatar!

I had heard that in some place or other the humble were to be exalted: but this certainly was not in Mavroyeni's anti-room. Its familiars seemed of

a sort not easily to give a stranger credit for higher claims than he chose to divulge, but disposed, on the contrary, to indulge a man desirous of remaining in the back ground, to the utmost of his wishes. It is true, they vouchsafed now and then to honor me with their attention, so far as to eye me from head to foot,—but it was with any thing but a look of invitation to join their group. This silent scrutiny was even carried to such a length, that at last my patience forsook me, and I began, in my turn, to stare at the starers with sufficient steadiness gradually to disconcert all their petulance, and to make them fall from their haughty self-sufficient look, into an appearance of downright constraint, until at last one of the set, determined to beat me out of the field, detached himself from the group, came over to where I stood with a sort of mock civility, and asked me in a simpering tone, whether the company had the honor of my approbation?

I was going to answer "No," without circumlocution,—when suddenly the door of the inner room opened, and the party fell back to range themselves round the room in a respectful circle, in the middle of which the gentleman usher advanced to select whom he should first introduce to his Highness.

Each was striving to obtain that distinction, by straining to protrude the upper part of his body

a few inches before that of his neighbour;—for as to me, I did not at that critical moment come into consideration at all, and would have been entirely forgotten, had I not informed the usher of my presence, by holding over the heads of those that pressed before me certain talismanic papers, at the sight of which the officer pushed the crowd aside to let me pass. I now handed to him my credentials to be taken to the prince; and as I delivered my letters, amused myself with naming the writers one by one.

Being, on the strength of so respectable an introduction, immediately let in, I left my anti-room friends nearly as composed as if a thunder-bolt had just exploded among them. One half looked pale as ashes, the other red as crimson; and every one seemed intent only upon how he should repair his imprudence most dexterously on the re-appearance of the great man in disguise.

Though my call was speedy, my reception was not the more promising. Mavroyeni, at first, deigned not even to greet me with that look of surprise with which I had laid my account, but went on with the different occupations in which I found him engaged, as if unaware of my presence; leaving me full leisure mean time to mark the havock made by ambition more than by age, in his

originally hard and homely features. In fact, the ruling passion seemed to have encreased to such a degree the obliquity which the natural dimness of his right eye had produced in the motions of the other, as to have rendered his a perfectly *sinister* look, in every sense of the word. He always eyed one askance! Those to whom he stood opposite, his eye glanced beside; and to fix his interlocutor, he turned his face away from him. It is true, that the lower features of that same face in some measure made amends for the defects of those above. His jet black beard and mustachios, of which he took great care, encompassed lips whose smile was as pleasing as the frown of his dark brow was terrific; and these lips in their turn disclosed, when he spoke, two rows of teeth as white as snow, which he never suffered long to remain unseen.

For some time after my entrance, however, he only shewed them to me in the process of dictating a letter of three pages to the Reïs-Effendee: and not until he had finished this and all his other business—paring his nails included—with the utmost composure, did he seem to perceive that I stood before him, tired of watching his left eye, and of commencing bows all stifled in the birth. At last, when he had fairly exhausted his own occupations and my patience, he cast a look my way, and

appeared to see me; but it was only to ask in a gruff and snappish manner—while pointing to my poor letters flung unopened on the sofa, "Whether it was I who had brought that load of paper?"—

I bowed again, and said it was, but only as entrusted with its conveyance. "For well I know," added I, "that with your Highness neither interest avails, nor even talent, when presumptuously relying on its own merit, and without the sunshine of your spontaneous favor, Heaven directed towards its possessor!"

This compliment to the Bey's independance smoothed the bristles round his heart. His features immediately relaxed; and I thought I could clearly discern athwart what they retained of outward rigidity, an inward smile of approbation. At last his satisfaction even broke out in words. "Right," he cried, "my will alone is my law! If you were the Angel Gabriel, descended from the highest heaven, you must hit my fancy, ere you obtain my favor,—at least here in Valachia. But," —added he, wholly unbending, "you know I always liked you in spite of your pranks; nay, perhaps even the better for them. You were clever as a lad, and I trust years have given you discretion without blunting your spirit. Tell me,—for I

know you have been Kiachef in Egypt,—how you got that rank; and how you contrived to lose it?"

Thus invited, I gave the Bey a sketch of my principal adventures,—not indeed drawn with the entire unreserve of these memoirs, but in which, without startling Mavroyeni's belief by an improbable account of my excessive wisdom or virtue, I yet only touched upon my follies and vices with the tender hand of a friend, whose blame is less severe than the praise of an enemy. The last occurrence which I mentioned was the first of my entrance into the Beys' dominions, the meeting with Condilly.

"He was going to Turkey," said I.—"Not so," answered Mavroyeni. "He was speeding to Vienna: he only made a circuit to deceive me. It was not worth the while. I ever knew him do more harm to his friends than to his enemies; and so I ordered that every pass might be opened to him. With you I mean to do the reverse."

I assured the Bey I should remain a willing prisoner; and finding that nothing more was wanting of me for the present, made my bow and retired.

Meantime my seemingly interminable audience had fully confirmed the idea of my importance in the anti-room. The mystery which hung over my character only served, like the vapours which envelope a mountain, to magnify my seeming gran-

deur; and when I stole back among my friends in sheep skin,[2] I found that during my absence they had had high words about me: each reproaching the rest for his own incivility. No sooner did they perceive my return, than they all dropped some incidental remark, intended to smooth the way to a more direct address. The gentleman who had the first turned a deaf ear to my salutation had lost his hearing from a cold; the one who had laughed at me most openly, had been able to think of nothing but a domestic misfortune which quite distracted his senses; and as to the one who attacked me in articulate speech, he always made it a point, when he saw a stranger of quality anxious to remain incognito, of doing something or other to favour the scheme.

Having thus each dropped his little propitiatory sentence, but without the smallest intention—poor innocent souls!—of its being overheard, they now all with the utmost surprise perceived me standing before them, immediately bowed in the most gracious manner, and all speaking together, ventured in the most obsequious terms to express . . . . . but what?—is the thing I am unable to tell, as without stopping to hear it, I left the cringing circle to divide among them a single supercilious glance cast upon the whole troop collectively, and

then turning on my heel, very quietly walked off.

The next day I received from Mavroyeni a summons to a pleasure-garden formed by him the year before, outside the city. "A good omen this," thought I,—"His villa is the place where he deposites his Beyship at the entrance gate;" and truly, among his tulips and ranunculuses, his temper seemed, chameleon like, to reflect a somewhat gayer hue. It was almost *couleur de rose*, and not perhaps the less resembling the queen of flowers, because it had a lurking thorn. Through Mavroyeni's transient gaiety of manner and conversation might still be discerned the stationary weight which oppressed his heart, as through the fleeting waters of the stream you see the rocks that lie motionless below. The whole drift of the Prince's apparently unpremeditated discourse tended indirectly to find out how he was spoken of by the world at large. "Nothing," he observed, "was so entertaining as to hear what people say of one: and no body had such opportunities of knowing as a stranger who mixed in every set, and whom no party yet mistrusted. Often an indifferent new comer heard sentiments drop by chance from the lip, which the person most deeply interested, could not wring from the heart.

"Ah, Sir!" cried I,—apt to doubt the delight which great men profess to find in hearing the abuse bestowed upon them; "what can your Highness expect to learn, but that your subjects vie with each other in expressions of attachment and veneration?"

"Do they," resumed Mavroyeni coolly, "dwell most upon my clemency, or upon my disinterestedness?"

This was a home question. It was taking flattery by storm, and inviting its caresses, where with the utmost good-will it could only inflict wounds. A man might swallow a good deal of vague and general panegyric, however inapplicable; but there appeared, in the present case, so strange a craving for the peculiar sort of praise most clashing with the constitution, that I thought it never could go down; I was sure it was not meant to be digested. So entirely had the query the air of a trap laid to catch the flatterer, and to turn into ridicule the flattery, that I looked at Mavroyeni for the confirmation of this surmise. But his countenance gave no clue, his features were immoveable.

"Sir," said I therefore: "every one knows the natural humanity of your disposition; every one is persuaded that if, in your conduct, you depart in the least from the dictates of clemency, your

tender soul regrets what your trying situation commands.'

"I see;" rejoined Mavroyeni with a gesture of impatience, "I can extract nothing from you. Now at least let me shew I can spare your information. Let me tell you myself what people say. They call me——a monster of rapaciousness and cruelty."

I looked surprised.

"Yes," repeated the Bey, raising his voice; "they call me as covetous as hell, and as merciless as Satan: and though you try to look astonished, you know it full as well as I do. But what you may not perhaps know quite so fully, is, that for being what I am, I deserve public thanks."

Here my surprise became real, and I therefore concealed it.

"Two things," rejoined Mavroyeni, "I assume, which you will scarcely deny." . . . . . .

I was going to say: "certainly not;" but I stopped myself.

"The first," he continued, "is that this province must be defended; and the second, that no man in the empire is fit to defend it but myself."

I bowed assent.

"Now!" added the Prince; "how am I to fortify my province against invasion, without money; and how, without money, am I to keep

myself in my province? Without the sums necessary to raise soldiers and batteries, the Austrians march into Bucharest next month; and without the sums requisite to fee the Capitan-Pasha, the Visier and the Sultan, I am turned out of my principality next year. Let then my avarice light on the heads of my employers. With them, my generosity would be my only crime."

"Again;—as to cruelty," resumed he, having paused to breathe. "For what purpose, do you think, has the Porte made, in my favor, the hitherto unexampled exception to its rules, of joining the rank of a Turkish Seraskier to the prerogatives of a Greek Hospodar? For what purpose has the Porte allowed me to command in the field several thousands of Moslemin soldiers? but for that of enabling me to avert the extraordinary perils that hang over this province, by extraordinary vigour! If I then find that from all the various peculiarities in my situation, as a native of the Isles, as the subject of a Mohammedan master, and as myself a follower of the Christian religion, I have every body against me, as well within the very heart of my principality as beyond its boundaries; if I see the Greek who hates me as an intruder, the Valachian who wishes for the Austrians, and the Mussulman who looks down upon me as a Yaoor and a

Rayah, all unite in praying for my subversion; if I have to defend myself against the jealousy of the first, the treachery of the second, and the fanaticism of the last; if I know that the least lenity, considered as weakness, will only encourage their audacity, and hasten my ruin; and if I also know that with me must perish my province,—is it not my duty to my sovereign and my province, by an extraordinary pressure to cement the jarring elements ready to fall asunder; and must I not, neglecting the petty forms of the law to do the speedier justice, wherever I can, pinion the suspected, paralise the traitor, and cut off the criminal?"

Here Mavroyeni again stopped to draw breath, and to see what effect his oratory produced; and having established, to his satisfaction, the entire propriety of picking pockets, and chopping off heads, without waiting to ask the owner's leave, he passed from his affairs to mine.

"You have much employed my thoughts," said he, "since your arrival. Unfortunately, by the capitulation of these provinces, it is as difficult for a Mohammedan to find promotion in Valachia, as it is elsewhere in Turkey for a Greek. Few are the offices to which Turks may be appointed; and yet I should like to give you something good in itself, and something too that might not remove you too

far from my person. To combine these conditions, is a purpose which I have turned every way in my mind. In short, convinced that, with your talent, it only depends on your will to succeed in any line, I make you my Divan-Effendee.[3] It is only exchanging the sword for the pen."

"A mere trifle," thought I.—"The same turn of the wrist will do to cut a flourish on paper and on the face of an enemy; and it would only be fancying myself in the field, marshalling a parcel of soldiers, when I sat in my closet symmetrising a heap of words, and that for the same purpose too of defending ourselves, and of attacking our enemies. The ministers of the Porte would be delighted with their new correspondent, and my epistles could not fail to be preserved as models of a diplomatic style for the use of future ages!

Too well, however, I knew the Bey's fondness for extraordinary measures to express my surprise at the proposal. "Sir," said I gravely, "your Highness has performed so many other wonders, that I consider the additional miracle of making me all at once a sober steady secretary, squatted all day long upon his heels, squaring lines and rounding periods, as only to depend upon your will: and as my forte in the Turkish language has hitherto been confined to the vulgar dialect, I mean this very minute to

go and study the court phraseology, in order that the grandees of the capital may have no fault to find with our provincial dispatches."

These suggestions made the Bey reflect a little. As I bowed to take my leave: "stop," cried he; "on second thoughts, I may do better in making you my Besh-lee Aga. You will have the command of my troop of jenissaries; you will see the orders of the Sultan carried to the different districts; you will provide escorts for the great officers of the Porte; and all that, I know, you will manage to perfection. It is true, you will also have to preside in a sort of court of justice, and to decide in all differences between Mohammedans and Rayahs, according to the Mussulman code. But what of that! Where God gives an employment, he gives the requisite capacity. My Postelnic makes an excellent secretary of state;—indeed, all the better perhaps,—for not knowing how to sign his name. I find no fault with my Vestiaris, in his place of treasurer, though he never learnt the rule of three; and as to my Spatar, is he a worse minister of police, I pray, for knowing practically how at night windows are broken and riots made in the streets? You will do like all the rest: provide yourself with a clerk who gets less pay, and knows more of the business than his principal;

and in every doubtful case of law, always presume the Mohammedan to be in the right; and give verdict in his favor."

I bowed as before. In truth, I liked the place of Besh-lee Aga as little as that of Divan-Effendee: but I trusted to the Bey's own mutability of temper for again changing his plan. I knew the only certain way to make him persist in it, was to remonstrate. I therefore silently retired.

The next day I was again called back. The wind meantime had, as I expected, shifted to another quarter. "Skanavi,"—cried the Prince, as soon as he saw me, "thinks you will make but an indifferent judge after all. He is sure, he says, you will never look grave enough in the hall, nor consent to let your mustachios turn down instead of up. I myself cannot conceive what made you so anxious for the employment. Take my word for it, the command of my Arnaoots will suit you much better."

This happened to be so exactly what I thought myself, that I now felt fain to argue the point, in order to have the nail more securely clenched; but, as my revolving the expediency of this measure in my mind gave me an appearance of hesitating, it answered all the purpose. "No words!" exclaimed the Bey. "I know what suits you much better

than you can pretend to do yourself. Here is your commission made out already. Take it; go home, and thank God and the bog-fever which has left so fine a vacancy for you. Your promotion will cause a few heart-burnings,—but I soon depend upon a good dose of leaden pills to cure them."

I now threw myself at the Bey's feet to thank him for his favors, and went to assume the insignia, and to perform the duties of my new station. Acquaintance was soon made with the officers of my corps; and obedience somewhat later enforced among the privates. Many had been haïdoots or banditti before they became soldiers, and seemed likely to end as they had begun; but though they at first looked at me rather askance, we in time came,—and without needing the court phraseology—to a proper understanding.

Of one who like me expected to be but little stationary, no great establishment was required. Leaving to prince Brankovano to be fanned in gilt keoschks by female slaves with tufts of white peacock's tails, I contented myself with a firwood hut for my habitation, and a few gipsies for my domestics. It is the fashion to abuse that chattering, lying, thieving, nimble race, who, invoking Mohammed among the Turks, and the Holy Virgin among the Christians, make shift in Valachia to extract gold

with equal dexterity from the filth of its cities, and from the pure chrystal of its mountain streams, and, if they were all to drive their waggons elsewhere, would leave the province without singers, dancers, fidlers, fortune-tellers, tinkers, blacksmiths, or grooms. For my part, I did not dislike their attendance. Too much despised to be honest, but too timid to commit atrocious crimes, I found them lively, entertaining, and sure to succeed in whatever requires more address than courage, and more dexterity than labour.

The disorganisation of the Otthoman empire often obliges the sovereign to enforce by stratagem that absolute right over the lives of his immediate servants, which the constitution admits; and thence does the government of the Turks frequently present a strange contrast of apparent perfidy with real good faith. Its scrupulous observance of treaties is proverbial; and has been most powerfully exemplified in the Greek provinces of Valachia and Moldavia. When they surrendered to the Turkish arms, they stipulated the preservation of Greek worship and rulers; nor has the letter of the capitulation ever been infringed upon. The governors may have been changed from the nobles of the country to the merchants of the Fanar; from men entitled to the situation by their descent,

to individuals only invested with the office in consideration of their treasures: but to this day in both provinces the steeple soars above the minaret, and the worshippers of Christ take precedence of the followers of Mohammed:—I mean as far as the internal organisation is concerned; for with regard to external allegiance, the Greek Hospodar holds his power of his sovereign by the same tenure as the Turkish Pasha. A despot in his province, he still remains the slave of the Padi-shah, and his head may at any time be included among the fourteen which it is lawful for the Imperial manslayer to demand every day as a douceur, without assigning any motive,—a circumstance which with some might be considered as a small drawback upon the felicity of possessing a court, modelled in all its departments upon that of the Greek Emperors.

With each new Bey a whole new flight of officers of state and courtiers comes from Constantinople. They are generally the relations of their sovereign, unto the twentieth degree. Mavroyeni, however, averring that these family leeches, the nearer their own blood was, the harder they sucked, had fewer hanging about him than any of his predecessors. My arrival therefore formed a desirable addition to the intimate circle. Scarce a day passed that I was not sent for to contribute my

share to his entertainment. He distrusted the Greeks and he feared the Turks. I was an amphibious animal, which he considered as equally destitute of the fins of the one and the fangs of the other. "Selim," he used to say, "will neither bite me, nor slip through my fingers."

This degree of favor, however, was not without its inconveniences. Nothing could exceed the variableness of the Prince's temper. Sometimes all calm and sunshine, it was at others more stormy and boisterous than the Black sea in March. Its changes chiefly depended on the news from Constantinople. Whenever a messenger arrived from the Porte, I used to keep out of the way, until the object of his mission had transpired. One day I found the Bey as desponding as if the old hag had come in person to warn him. "See," cried he in a tone of despair, "what I have got here!"—I expected to behold nothing less than a hatti-sherif purporting his recall. It was only a Vienna gazette; and the whole misfortune consisted in an article, dated from Bucharest, in which, it is true, he was somewhat roughly handled. "This ribaldry;" exclaimed Mavroyeni, "composed in a garret on the Danube, for the entertainment of a day, will be preserved by the scribblers of Germany, in their monthly, quarterly, and annual Journals; will be, by the writers

of the rest of Europe, chronicled as an authentic document, and will finally receive endless durability in carefully written histories, intended to go down to the latest posterity as accurate pictures of the present times. Strangers will defame my character to all future ages, and not one of my countrymen will waste a drop of ink in my vindication. Ah! why was I cast among so vile a race: why was I born in such a miserable epoch! I had some generosity, some honest pride, some noble sentiments in my composition; and it was only when I found modesty confounded with incapacity, and humility considered as meanness; when I saw virtue excite more distrust than vice, and successful vice usurp the praise of virtue, that I cast off qualities which could only prove stumbling blocks in my way, and that, like the rest, I became insidious, vindictive, and faithless: but on others fall the weight of my sins: on others the responsibility of my good dispositions depraved!"

It may be inferred from this speech, that one of Mavroyeni's great weaknesses was a desire to make a figure in history; and many were the things he did with no other view but that of their being recorded. Many also were those which on that account he enjoyed, though abstractedly they had nothing else very enjoyable in them. When an earthquake hap-

pened, or an inundation, or a fire, which laid waste half the capital, he would rub his hands and cry out with evident marks of glee; "materials for the annals of my reign! Posterity will say: this happened in the days of Prince Maurocenus;"—and in order that posterity might say this, he would himself, I believe, like Nero, have set fire to his capital. This thirst for posthumous notoriety gave all his actions a sort of theatrical turn, which appeared quite an anomaly in a Hospodar of Valachia, and made him do things which in Christendom would have been cried up to the skies, and here made him pass for insane. Nothing frightened him so much as an anonymous threat of being turned into ridicule, or mentioned in a slighting manner in some Frank publication: and I know of two or three heads that were left on their shoulders, not in consideration of what the owners might feel, but of what the Journalists might write. Sometimes he thought of imitating prince Kondemir, and composing the history of his time himself, in order to make sure of appearing in it as he wished; but for this he had not leisure yet, and put it off till after the war. At other times he talked of dubbing me his historiographer; but then I was not serious enough, and might make my readers laugh. At other times he had thoughts of sending for some French savant;

but their heads seemed all turned by the revolution in their country, and they might raise the cry of liberty in Turkey. Mean while he never failed to distinguish by his attentions whomsoever he thought likely to give him celebrity in verse or prose. Bucharest would have become a nest of writers of odes and sonnets, had not sometimes the Bey's fancy been difficult to hit. For, occasionally, amidst the most lavish praise, a single word would provoke his wrath; and that word the author would be sent to correct in the salt-mines. This place was a great damper to poetic ardor, and nipped many a bright effusion in the bud. Nothing, however, under ground or above, could daunt the courage of a little hunchback poet, who conceived himself destined to restore in modern Greece the pure Hellenic taste. This lofty son of Apollo was admitted to present to the Bey an ode composed in his honor on the Pindaric plan. In conformity to his model he had dispatched the Prince's praise in half a dozen words, and had then passed over to the Lisbon earthquake, and the fall of Babylon, which served to eke out the remainder of his performance with as many rumbling sentences as he wanted. This, however, suited not exactly Mavroyeni's less classical ideas; and the poet, finding he did not make the impression he expected, begged of the Bey to expunge what he disliked;

whereupon the Bey tore all away, save his name; observing, that that alone would say more than any rhymer could express.

The author united in his single person all the irascibility of a poet and a hunchback. He said nothing; but he sold his habitation, disposed of his moveables, and retired to the Austrian states. As soon as out of Mavroyeni's reach, he wrote him a letter, to state that he had intended to compose an Epic poem on his exploits; but that, since he disliked his verses, he only purposed writing in prose the history of the war, for which he had contracted with a Leipsic bookseller, and in which nothing was to be left out, but himself and his proceedings.

Meanwhile apprehensions of a very different sort from those in which the Muses had any share, began to appal the stout heart of Mavroyeni. The Northern frontier of his principality immediately bordering on the Austrian states, gave him little uneasiness. This, nature had sufficiently fortified by a barrier of mountains, only interrupted by a few narrow defiles scarcely less inexpugnable than the heights above. The vulnerable part of Valachia consisted in its Eastern boundary, which lay open to the neighbouring province of Moldavia, occupied by the Russians. Almost at the outset of the war, these barbarians had entered that principality, had

taken Yassi its capital, and had made prisoner Ipsilanti its Hospodar. It is true that soon after a detachment from the grand Turkish army of observation stationed at Ismaïl to cover Bessarabia, again compelled them to evacuate this open place, and to fall back upon Chotim, which they were blockading; but still they threatened every day to recover the lost ground, and to advance to where only a small rivulet, running through a dead flat, separated the confines of Moldavia from those of Valachia.

To defend this line of frontier most immediately threatened, Mavroyeni had early fixed, for the rendezvous of his chief forces, upon the plain of Fockshan, which took its name from an open place on the borders of the two principalities, belonging half to the one and half to the other. Thither were ordered in April, from Bucharest, the Arnaoots, of which I commanded the principal division, together with as many Seïmen and provincial Jenissaries as could be mustered. At the same time were marched thither from Sophia, where the Visier had now established his head quarters, several divisions of infantry and cavalry from the grand army, —the stipendiary Jenissaries under the command of their Sangeaks or generals by promotion, and the feudal Spahees under that of their Agas by descent.

When all were arrived, the collective force at Fockshan might amount to twelve or thirteen thousand men. Of these various troops, however, none were to be depended upon, save the Albanians, brave by nature, and only deficient in tactics and in discipline. Most of the Jenissaries, or infantry, came from Anadoly.[5] They were men engaged in the professions of peace, forcibly torn from their wives and families, and who only marched on foot when they could not afford a horse. The Spahees, or horse soldiers, on the contrary, often only holding their Zeeameth or Timar[6] from some grandee, as the wages of domestic service, or sent as substitutes by the real fieffee, a woman or a child, scarce knew for the most part how to sit on horseback, and would have looked better on foot. Obliged to furnish their own equipment and to find their own provisions, they were only occupied in calculating the length of their journey and the hour of their return, only stayed while the pillage of friends or foes afforded them a subsistence, and as soon as this mode of supply failed, considered themselves free to depart, and without asking leave, hurried back to their homes. The provisions supplied by government, and contracted for by the commanders, were, as usual, partly from neglect, and partly from fraud, at once

so insufficient and so bad, that it was difficult to say which was calculated to produce the speediest mortality, their abundance, or their failure. Destitute of all regular magazines, the troops must have been if not poisoned at least famished, but for the immense train of volunteer Tellals, or retailers, who always follow a Turkish camp, impede the progress of the army, and obstruct its retreat. When the pay of the soldiers runs short, these accommodating gentry take, in exchange for the necessaries with which they supply them, their arms, their accoutrements, and their horses. Thence, on a sudden emergency, half the Turkish infantry appear disarmed, and half the cavalry dismounted.

These disorders Mavroyeni saw, but could not cure. Only part of the forces at Fockshan were furnished from his principality, and he durst not remind the remainder by unwelcome innovations, that the man who had been raised over the heads of so many Turks and Moslemen, was a Yaoor and a Greek. When, however, on joining the camp, his own eyes were struck with the unwieldly and disjointed force brought together, he felt dismayed, and trembled for the issue. One day, going round with me to ascertain the observance of some new regulations, which he found wholly neglected, he could

not help bursting out,—"You know, Selim," cried he, "I am not a coward; I have spmetimes given proof of bravery, while prudence might still have seemed the virtue best suited to my station; and if at this juncture nothing but valour was required to insure victory, I should feel little fear of a defeat: but what can one look forward to with such an assemblage, and on what quality, preeminent on our side, can one found the least hope of advantage in the conflict?" "On that," answered I, trying to cheer him, "which the hireling member of those admirably drilled corps of Christendom—fighting for a cause he understands not, and for interests to which he is a stranger,—wholly wants; on that which alone, in the undisciplined gatherings of the Turks, often compensates for every absence of order, of tactics, and of subordination; on that which has often made the bands, led on by its powerful stimulus, beat double their numbers; on fanaticism! on the enthusiastic intrepidity with which the Mussulman soldier contemns, nay courts in battle a death which he regards as the surest passport to eternal bliss!"

Somewhat revived by this speech: "It is singular," replied Mavroyeni smiling, "that a Greek should be the person most desirous not to see

Turkish fanaticism abate; most anxious not to let the fair-headed Northern hordes afresh plant the cross on the banks of the Bosphorus. But so my strange fate ordains; and this blessing I can only pray the Lord in his goodness to grant!"

CHAPTER XIV.

For such a length of time had the Supreme Visier remained stationary at Sophia, that Constantinople began loudly to murmur at his inactivity. To restore the capital to good humour, Yousoof resolved to sacrifice a part of his army in an attempt on the Bannat of Temeswar. The attention of the few Austrian forces left in that province was however first to be diverted. For that purpose the commander in chief directed Mavroyeni to attack successively all the passes between Valachia and Transilvania, and sent him a reinforcement of about four thousand fresh troops, half foot and half cavalry. With these, and what other troops he could afford to draw from the camp at Fockshan, the Bey successively tried his strength against the passes of Terzburg, of Vulcan, and of Rothenturm; but the expeditions against these formidable defiles all ended alike in failures, and Mavroyeni now wished to give up the destructive and hopeless

attempt. The Visier was more confident. Having crossed the Danube at Widdin, and skirted with his army the western borders of Valachia, he renewed his orders to the Prince to make, towards the North-eastern corner of his province, a more vigorous assault on the still untried passes in the vicinity of Cronstadt; a rich and commercial town, whither the fugitive Boyars had sent all their treasures for safety. The Bey hereupon formed at Valeni a fresh force, consisting of about three thousand Spahees, already broke into the business by the attack of the former passes, and of about two thousand five hundred Arnaoots and Jenissaries, drawn fresh from the camp at Fockshan, and consequently new in this species of warfare. Some German deserters from the different passes, well acquainted with their intricacies and defence, were to serve as guides; and the pass of Bozan was the first to be attacked.

To me had been confided the conduct of the expedition: mine was to be the glory or the disgrace of the result; and, accordingly, I determined that nothing should be wanting which skill or vigilance (I do not mention courage) could effect to ensure complete success.

On the ninth of August I sent on from Valeni

six hundred Spahees, who the same day reached and threw themselves into an abandoned entrenchment opposite the Austrian lines. On the tenth I led on the principal division, composed of eight hundred Arnaoots and twelve hundred more Spahees. We halted within three leagues of our advanced guard, and were joined a few hours later by the remainder of the cavalry, and by all the infantry. Early on the eleventh our whole collective force arrived under the heights of Poru-Ilke, the first object of contention.

To secure this commanding eminence was a point both essential and difficult. Gently sloping towards the Austrian lines, it would, on the first intimation of such a design, immediately have been occupied by a troop of horse in observation to their right. For the purpose of deceiving this corps I made our Spahees and Jenissaries advance leisurely under the hill, as if with the intention only to pass round its base, and while they engaged the attention of the Austrians, our Arnaoots contrived, in the most practicable part on the reverse of the eminence, to drag our artillery up to its top; only halting within a few yards of the brow, and of the enemy's line of sight. This manœuvre at last happily achieved, I gave the signal for all the

columns which still were skirting the base of the hill, to wheel to the right, and to scramble up its sides; and the moment the Austrian cavalry set forward in hopes to gain its summit the first, the whole platform appeared, as if by magic, covered with our Arnaoots, who forthwith opened their fire.

At this unexpected sight the Austrians, already in full gallop, again suddenly stopped; for a moment looked in unutterable vexation alternately at our Albanians above, whom they durst not go up to, and at our Spahees below, who already baffled their pursuit; and at last again wheeled about, and, in despair, resumed their original position.

It was a fine thing to behold the troops, till then marching in the hollow, all at once, under the cheers of their comrades on the hill, rush at full speed up its steep and rugged sides, cut their way through copse and briar, scale heights that seemed inaccessible, leap like goats from crag to crag, stumble, fall, rise again, help or push each other on —the foremost serving as stepping stones to those behind, who in their turn, hawled up the others,— and this, amidst the thunder of the enemy's incessant fire, which our troops tried to drown in their shouts.

At last, with incredible labour, they overcame

every obstacle, vaulted on the summit of the hill, and there joined and shook hands with their comrades already occupying the ground.

In this eligible position, commanding the Austrian lines in front, and screened in the rear by a curtain of brush wood which left the enemy equally unable to guess our numbers or to effect our dislodgment, we spent the night. While darkness lasted the atmosphere was clear, and the stars twinkled in the firmament with their brightest radiance; but with the sun rose so dense a fog, that it seemed to spread an impenetrable veil before every object, and things became less visible in the morning than they had been during the night. Determined to avail myself of this invisibility, I sent our foremost Spahees—still watching as well as watched from their intrenchment,—to charge in flank the troop of Austrian horse, again immoveably fixed to the right of the lines.

Attacked on a side on which they thought themselves secure, and prevented by the fog from discerning the number of their assailants, these heroes were seized with a sudden panic, took to flight at the first fire, and yielded up to my Spahees their advantageous position.

Meantime I led the main body of my troops

down the hill. The right side of its declivity was screened by the continuation of the copse through which my Arnaoots had penetrated, the left side by that of the precipice which my Jenissaries had scaled, and in front hung the mist, which equally prevented our seeing, or being seen, at ten yards distance.

A pretended Austrian deserter had engaged to point out to us the most practicable mode of turning the enemy's entrenchments. The fellow was riding by my side, but a something suspicious in his look and manner induced me closely to watch his motions. Suddenly I saw him waver, pull up his horse, pretend to turn aside for some purpose or other, and thinking he had hit his opportunity, dart forward, rush by me, and run away at full speed.

Our approach, our numbers and our disposition would, thanks to his agility, have been announced to the enemy just at the critical moment. I immediately pursued my fugitive, and fired both my pistols at him: but the fog prevented my taking aim, or even seeing where the traitor went. He soon vanished out of sight.

Little however did his deceit avail him. I scarce had proceeded fifty yards, ere I heard a something heavy tumble down the precipice, from which, as I

advanced, arose dismal groans. They told me the fate of the double deserter. The fog had only saved him from being shot, to make him break his neck.

In pursuing the scoundrel, however, I had got on some way in front of my men; and on doubling a projecting crag, I all at once found myself in the midst of a cluster of Austrian huzzars. They had come out from their lines to reconnoitre, and had been attracted in our direction by the firing of my pistols,—the only warlike sound which broke the silence of our march; but had not dared to advance beyond the jutting rocks.

At this rencontre I gave myself up for lost. Still I determined to make some little attempt at an escape, ere I surrendered at discretion. "Friends," cried I therefore in Italian, "So you heard my signal!—Assist a Christian, rid me of my turban, and let me have a hat."

At this address all cheered me with loud huzzas, and every cap was waved in air. While every arm was thus engaged I seized my time. Already I could discern the tramp of our horse: suddenly I wheeled about, and with the speed of lightning gallopped back to my column. A volley of musketry, it is true, was sent after me; but the balls only whizzed about my ears: none hit my person;

and the hussars, afraid to stay any longer, immediately sheered off.

In the midst of our march the mist all at once cleared up, the hidden landscape became visible, and, within a pistol shot of our column, rose in full sight before us the Austrian lines. A tremendous fire saluted us immediately. I only answered by giving the signal for the assault; and while the body of Spahees, who had dislodged the enemy's cavalry, fell upon their lines in flank, we stormed them in front.

Our Arnaoots scrambled, with the help of their sabres, up the slope of the batteries, and our Jenissaries extracted with their teeth the matches from the guns. The pallisades were broken down, and the chevaux-de-frise filled up with the slain: for many were the brave that fell between the first assault and the forcing of the lines. At last the enemy's fire began to slacken, and their numbers diminished. A breach was made, and from all sides our troops poured into the entrenchments like a resistless torrent. But though we beheld heaps of killed, we found nothing alive. The Austrians had fled with such precipitation as not even to spike the guns they left behind.

On advancing to the Custom-house and other buildings which lay behind the now mastered forti-

fications, they too appeared abandoned. From the high ground which these edifices occupied the Austrians might distinctly be discerned, already at a considerable distance, trying to gain the narrow part of the defile, which separated us from the town of Cronstadt.

Harassed as we were, I still wished not to lose a single instant in the pursuit. We therefore continued to press close upon the heels of the fugitives. It is true that in the ravine which we were entering, three hundred men in close order might with ease have arrested a whole army: but in the panic of the Austrians every man among them was flying singly. One troop indeed of about thirty had kept together, and tried for a moment to check our progress. It only succeeded to encrease the bloodshed, and was soon entirely cut to pieces.

Presently, on turning some projecting ground, we beheld at a distance the outlet of the defile, and, at the now almost undoubted certainty of pushing on to Cronstadt without interruption, a general shout of joy arose among our men.

The only thing in the prospect which we did not much like, was a fancied appearance of some of the enemy till now in full retreat, slackening their pace, soon after to halt and face about. At first indeed we doubted the accuracy of our optics, but pre-

sently we no longer could help yielding to the evidence of our senses.

On the first intelligence which had reached Cronstadt of the danger that threatened the pass of Bozan, three thousand men,—nearly all the place contained,—had been dispatched to strengthen this important out-post. Early on its march the first division of these troops met the foremost of the fugitives, and learning from them that the lines had been evacuated, pressed on, in hopes to stop our progress ere we had cleared the defile. All their comrades whom they fell in with were forced to turn back with them: only they were placed in the rear of the new comers, in order that our exhausted strength might have chiefly to contend with their own still undiminished vigour.

Little indeed were we in a condition to resist a charge of fresh cavalry, when, from the distant eminence on whose brow these new troops first rose in sight, they bore down upon us with all the advantage of a continued declivity. Still I resolved to make a stand, thinking the corps a small one; but when, just as we had engaged with this first division, a second, till then concealed in a hollow, appeared on the hillock, I felt the game was up, and not a moment must be lost in making good our retreat.

On the first symptoms of the enemy's rallying, I

had judged my harassed men in need of some extraordinary support. With this view I infused into them copious draughts of courage in a liquid shape. It did its office; speedily reached the heart, and mounted to the brain. A small party became so inflamed by its inspiration with the wish immediately to gain heaven, that, not content to be quietly killed on the spot, they even climbed up a ledge of rocks overhanging the road, whence,—having already arrived so much nearer their destination while alive,—they thought their way would be shorter after they had been dispatched. Situated as we were, such a design was not to be discouraged. While this forlorn hope of self-devoted dellis contrived by means of the trees, stones, &c. which they hurled down the precipice, to retard the progress of the Austrians, the rest of our troops effected in tolerable order their retrograde motion; and, after setting on fire the Contumace,[1] and abandoning the dearly purchased intrenchments, with little additional loss regained the Valachian territory.

Seeing that the impending night prevented the enemy from pursuing us on our own ground, we now slackened our pace, and in a more leisurely manner proceeded back to Valeni.

One thing very sensibly affected my troops. It was the losing in the retreat most of the prisoners they

had made in the pursuit. The stoutest and most active had found means to recover their liberty in the first confusion of our flight: the wounded and the disabled alone had remained in our hands; but these only impeded our march. Half of them, however, had the discretion soon to die of their own accord by the way; and those that seemed perversely determined to live on for no purpose but to give us trouble, found their proceeding of little advantage to themselves. They were mostly submitted to the operation of having their upper extremities severed from the remainder of their bodies, in order that the latter might encumber their captors no longer, and the former only be saved for the sake of the premium. I tried, indeed, to keep a few of the best looking heads fast on their shoulders; but it was a business in which my men felt extremely jealous of my interference. "They liked," they said, "to settle it their own way."

We were marching on pell-mell in the dark, when, come to a somewhat uneven pass, we found a saddle horse tied to a tree. My Arnaoots recognised the animal as the steed of one of their comrades, who had gone on before with a Hungarian officer badly wounded, whom he wished to preserve—not so much from excess of humanity, as for the sake of his ransom. A few yards farther on, we stumbled upon a man lying in the road. Him I first supposed

to be the Hungarian, who, unable to keep body and soul together on so rough a journey, had given up the ghost, and been left in that place, as unworthy of further conveyance. On examining more closely, it proved to our utter astonishment to be the Arnaoot himself, quite dead, and with a deep gash in his side. As to the officer, no trace of him appeared.

The only idea which naturally suggested itself to my mind was that some of my Albanians had themselves dispatched their companion, for the sake of his envied prize: but this surmise I did not think it expedient to publish. The party around me all were, or pretended to be convinced, that Kara Mustapha must have been murdered by his own prisoner; and I was forced at last to grant that nothing seemed so likely to put a fellow of Kara Mustapha's size and strength off his guard, as a man half dead, bound hands and feet, and flung like a clothes bag across his horse's shoulders.—"Nay, so proud," added I, "does the culprit seem to have been of this achievement, that he has not even taken the murdered man's horse to assist him in his flight, but has walked away on foot, leaving the animal secured, on purpose to tell the tale of his prowess!"

My Arnaoots paid little attention to this remark; but, hearing something stir among the bushes, all ran to the spot, and found the Hungarian, whom they

had supposed far away, lying behind a tuft of trees, with his clothes half torn off; and what seemed more surprising, they found, not my suspicions but their own confirmed!—the officer himself, when accused of having killed his captor, scorning to deny the charge, and looking with a sort of complacency at the ensanguined blade of the knife with which he had done the deed, and which he still held firmly grasped in his hand.

"Wretch," now cried I, indignantly, in Italian, "what could induce you to murder the preserver of your life?"

"Its cold-blooded destroyer, rather call him," answered the officer, in a voice almost extinct.—"Finding that I encumbered his horse, and could not go on foot, the miscreant wanted to strip and then to kill me. A cutlass still lay concealed along my thigh. My hands being untied to take off my jacket, I drew out the knife unperceived, and, while the ruffian leaned over me to unclasp my belt, buried the trusty blade in his heart; then raised myself, and tried to mount his horse. The task exceeded my strength: feeling I could not accomplish it, I crept to these bushes, to die among them unperceived. Alas! even this, I find, is denied me!"

Fast as the officer's life seemed fleeting away, yet were the Arnaoots, in their thirst to revenge one of

their own body, still going to hasten its departure; when I interposed, and clasping their intended victim in my arms, tried to avert their sullen rage. During his narration, I had imagined I recognised in the dying man's disfigured countenance, that of an old acquaintance,—I may say: a sort of benefactor. I remembered in the days of my Ciceroneship at Pera, a young gentleman from Hermanstadt attached to the imperial mission, who had shewn me much kindness. He was then, from his extraordinary beauty, called the Hungarian Apollo; and indeed was one of the finest youths I ever had beheld: nor less brave than handsome, or less amiable than brave. Not that, with the manifold temptations which assailed him on all sides, he could be quoted as a perfect pattern of that virtue which we chiefly prize in an anchorite♦ on the contrary, as a faithful biographer of other people's lives as well as my own, I am forced though sorry to acknowledge that, where a fine eye shot forth its keenest darts, his heart was but too vulnerable; that seldom on the banks of the Bosphorus an unknown fruit of a tender but illicit intercourse came to maturity, which was not at least laid at his door; that the infant son of an embassadress of the highest rank,—a child beautiful as an angel,—bore to the son of Herman so shocking a resemblance, as to make all the prudes of Pera

try to blush whenever his name was mentioned; and that even one day suddenly seized, in the midst of all the diplomatic beaux and belles collected under the large plane tree of Boyook-deré,[2] blind-folded, whipped into a close araba, whirled away no one knew whither, and during three whole days ensuing given up for lost, he had, according to the common report, employed that time with a lady of the most exalted description,—of the imperial blood itself, — in a mode exceedingly disrespectful to the princess's far-distant husband, the venerable Pasha of Erzerum: but, waylaid as Miazinsky was by the fair sex, he only as it were reluctantly yielded to positive violence, and for the sole benignant purpose of preventing a parcel of angels from exposing their own frailty in public, and tearing out each others eyes; seriously bewailed his own beauty which brought him into these painful dilemmas; and was so far from confining his benevolent exertions to young and handsome females, that scarce an act of humanity or kindness of any sort took place where he resided, which, when traced to its source, was not brought home to the blushing Hungarian, who kept all his other charitable actions equally secret with those performed in behalf of young ladies from fifteen to fifty.

While, however, the youth's discretion stood every test,—in so much that a lady of very great fashion once seriously fell out with him, apprehending he felt not sufficiently proud of her favors,—his courage seemed on one occasion entirely to forsake him. It was at a gay supper with various foreigners. Another *Jeune de langue*,[3]—envious of his more favourable reception in a quarter where both had been candidates for sweet smiles,—insulted him very grievously, and even went so far as to add to opprobrious language, contemptuous and threatening gestures. Every person looked aghast, expecting to see weapons of death drawn across the very supper table, and the yet untouched dainties all deluged in blood: but to the amazement of all beholders, the Hungarian, though reddening up to the eyes, continued otherwise unmoved, and made no signs of demanding satisfaction. I alone, who happened to be leaning over the back of a chair next to his own, knew what to think: for when a neighbour asked him in a whisper, how he could put up with such behaviour, I heard him answer under his breath, "Why disturb the short pleasure of so many cheerful guests? first let us finish this good supper, and then cut each others throats!"

And so in fact it was arranged. Never did Miazinsky's antagonist digest the good cheer of that night. Ere the dawn arose, Miazinsky most reli-

giously killed him, begged his pardon for so doing, and then threw himself at his Embassador's feet, to relate to him the necessity he had been under of removing his colleague. The Baron advised him not to wait for his answer,—a hint which he took: but as he was a favourite with all the family, the daughters included, and had the concurring testimony of the whole supper table to his unimpeachable behaviour, the single life he had shortened was excused in favor of the many in whose production he had been accessary; and his pardon was, through dint of great interest, at last obtained. Still was he obliged to relinquish the diplomatic career for which he seemed little qualified; but having shewn greater aptitude for the military profession, he failed not, in consequence of his high character and good conduct, as soon as the affair blew over, to obtain rapid promotion in the army.

Not only all these circumstances, but the person to whom they related, were still more distinctly impressed upon my memory. I still saw the young man at Pera, as he entered the Internuncio's drawing room—his fine athletic figure set off to the greatest advantage by his close Hungarian dress—striking every person present with the grace and elegance of his appearance, and causing every fan to flutter like the leaves of the poplar tree, when there arises

a sudden gust of wind. I even remembered that, little as I was apt to envy others for their looks, I had once run to a large mirror, in order to compare notes with the dazling stranger; and though the poor creature now lying naked at my feet, encrusted with clotted blood and dust,—his eyes half closed, and his pallid sunken features all indented with scars,—differed most woefully in many respects from the brilliant image in my mind, yet did I discern in a few others such strong marks of identity, that I could only satisfy myself by asking point blank, whether I beheld the Count Miazinsky, once in the Austrian mission at Pera.

At these words the dying officer again opened his languid eyes, and looking at me earnestly, as if in his turn to find out who could thus recognise him in his present miserable condition, faintly answered, "I am he indeed: but you who ask the question, may I know who you are?"

"One," I replied, "whom, in the number of those you were eager to serve, you may not recollect; but one who cannot forget you, and would wish to do for your comfort what little this dreary place may leave in his power!"

Then turning to my Arnaoots, who grinned with impatience at the constraint imposed upon their fury. "The Prophet," exclaimed I, "has given the faithful the choice of making their enemies captives,

or of killing them on the spot; but he allows his followers not to begin with the one, and to end with the other. To this officer his poor remnant of life had been granted. It could not be retaken from him. In defending it against his aggressor, he has only made use of his undoubted right. He had therefore reconquered his freedom, when again I seized upon his person; and on that score, he now is mine—mine alone; and whoever shall at present dare to attempt his life, robs me of my property, and shall have me to account with for the deed!"

The assertion was true, and the tone made its truth be respected. Proceeding to do for the officer what little the untoward circumstances of the hour and place permitted, I made him swallow a few drops of the wine we had found in the house of Contumace. On its wetting his lips, he seemed for an instant to revive, and exclaimed: "Alas! It is my own Menesh you are giving me; that to which I used to treat my dearest friends. I may now drink it myself. Never more shall I see one to make welcome to this cordial of my own growth!"—and in truth, the transient spark of seeming amendment which enlivened the stranger's countenance, was only a last gleam of the extinguishing lamp.

I wished to have stayed with him till daylight on the spot, or to have had him conveyed on in a

litter to where we meant to halt; but the proposal to carry an infidel on Islamite shoulders, even though I offered to take my turn with the rest, was received by my proud Moslemen with such haughtiness that I durst not insist. All I could do for the poor Hungarian was to have him laid across a baggage-mule, and to walk by his side; trying with one hand to steady his body, while with the other I supported his head.

In this position I saw him, as we marched on, by degrees grow fainter and fainter. At last, on some inward anxiety appearing to agitate his mind, I again stopped; and—in order that he might be relieved of what made his fleeting soul depart in such sadness,—conjured him to confide to me his utmost thoughts and wishes.

"Then would you," said he at last after some hesitation, and collecting all his remaining strength to speak more intelligibly,—"would you do a dying man one last great favor which God and your own heart alone can repay?"

"Any thing in my power;" I eagerly answered.

"God bless you!" replied he,—"Observe; my mother's address there is not time to give you. But knowing me, you will easily discover it. Send, oh send her,—with a son's last duty, love, and grati-

tude,—the account of my death, and a lock of my hair; and beg of her to divide that last token,—too well she knows where, and with whom!"

This request I pledged myself punctually to perform: then tried to administer the only consolation in my power,—that of sympathy. Pressing the youth in my arms: "I feel," exclaimed I, "how hard it is to quit life in a strange land, far away from the endearments of parents and of friends."

"Of these," answered the Hungarian, "I might have been deprived even dying nearer home; and it then would have been with greater bitterness. Here at least I can fancy all I miss, and the idea soothes my soul during the few yet remaining minutes, after which it no longer will signify where Miazinsky ceased to be!"

Tears started from my eyes: they fell on the officer's wan cheek. A slight pressure of his hand told me he felt their value, and thanked the giver for them. Soon however his breath almost became imperceptible. At last a sort of convulsive tremor ran through all his limbs, and again vanished. I examined his countenance. The moon, which had just risen in her full splendor, cast a bright gleam over his features. I saw him again open his eyes, and fix them upon me with an expression of gratitude which his palsied lips no longer could confirm. He however seized the hand I held clasped round

his waist, made a sort of feeble effort to bring it to his mouth, once more uttered a faint sigh, stretched out his limbs, and died!—Eternal bliss attend his departed spirit!

His poor remains I wished to have preserved entire, in order to honor their funeral with decent rites; but on that subject my Arnaoots were intractable. Forced, therefore, to content myself with the ample braids of the youth's raven hair, which I claimed for the purpose he had specified, I let my Albanians dispose as they chose of the remainder of his person.

After marching almost the whole night without interruption, we stopped just before day-break to take a little rest. Having thus somewhat refreshed ourselves, we again proceeded, and towards the evening re-entered Valeni;—little thanked for laurels which, though we certainly reaped, we could not carry home; and only loaded with a few heads, which I would have felt little sure of not being those of my own slain Arnaoots, bagged by their companions, were it not that Moslemen warriors prudently shave their polls. Should my reader feel disposed to quarrel with my very minute account of this expedition, let him remember that I write principally for my own amusement; and to me, what event of the war could be so interesting as the affair of Bozan, of which I was the hero?

At Valeni, we soon received intelligence that not only that defile, but all the other passes into Transilvania were fortified in such a way as to preclude all further chance of retrieving our disappointment. The scheme of forcing them was therefore given up, and soon I received orders to march all the troops back to Fockshan, where from all quarters fresh clouds seemed to be gathering.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Russians under Romanzow had, early in the season retaken Yassi. The Austrians under Coburg had advanced to Adjoud. So far from heeding a Bim-bashee,' with about eighteen hundred men, whom Mavroyeni sent about the middle of October to dislodge from that place their out-posts, they still pushed on, and at last took possession of the town of Fockshan. Valachia now seemed in the utmost danger: the approaching winter alone suspended its fate. The combined armies, considering the entire occupation of Moldavia as progress sufficient for that year, went into quarters. Yassi became the resting place of the Russians; Coburg stayed at Romano; while we remained, not entirely at ease, in our camp near Fockshan.

On the other side of Valachia things wore not a more favourable aspect. Youssoof Visier had, by his irruption in the Banat of Temeswar, successively elated the Empire to the highest pitch of joy, and

plunged it into the deepest affliction. So sudden had been the reduction of the province, and so great the terror spread by the Visier's success, that Buda, nay the Austrian capital itself, already fancied the Turks at its gates: but a mightier hand than that of man marked Mehadieh as the utmost point of Youssoof's progress. Under the walls of that fortress the pestilential influence of a low marshy country, doubly envenomed by a season unusually wet, carried off his men in such numbers, that, in order to preserve a few, he was obliged abruptly to abandon his conquests. With the same speed with which he had led into the Bannat a numerous and exulting army, he led out of it a handful of troops enfeebled by disease; and was compelled, at the close of the year, to conclude with the Austrians for the three first months of that ensuing, a mortifying armistice.

In the naval operations of the Turks a no less entire revolution had taken place from unbounded hope to complete despondency. When, early in the spring of 1788, Hassan Capitan-Pasha, with eighteen ships of the line, twenty frigates, and gunboats innumerable sailed up the Euxine to seek the Russian squadron near Kinburn, the whole empire augured from his valour and his force the most brilliant success. But when, as month suc-

ceeded month, defeat followed defeat;—when first Hassan's gun-boats were destroyed by Nassau in the Liman; when, next, his fleet was repulsed with loss by Paul Jones at Gluboka; and when, lastly, his entire armament was annihilated by these two commanders united off Kinburn,—terror and dismay gradually filled each Moslemin heart, all clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and all saw the hand of Providence raised against the breakers of the peace.

What then became the consternation of the faithful, when, on the seventeenth of December, Potemkin took the important fortress of Ockzakow! The shock produced by this event baffles all powers of description,—and, after a year marked by the imminent danger of Valachia, the loss of Moldavia, the destruction of the Turkish army, the annihilation of the Otthoman fleet, an inglorious armistice concluded with Austria, and a bulwark of the empire lost to the Russians, calamities seemed destined not to cease until the race of Othman had been driven out of Europe. The populace of Constantinople, whose discontent at these distant defeats was still inflamed by the detachments from the Visier's army which daily, under their own eyes repassed the Bosphorus, in the most shattered condition, now with as loud a

clamour demanded Youssoof's head, as before they had demanded his appointment.

Meanwhile, renouncing all further schemes of offensive warfare, the Visier determined to concentrate his forces as much as possible for the defence of the empire itself. He sent Mavroyeni five thousand additional men, which, distributed between Ardgis, Rimnik, Brankovano, Valeni and Kimpina, seemed to render secure the frontier of the principality; and himself, during the suspension of hostilities, marched into Bessarabia.

Already was he lifting his hand, to strike from this new point a blow in Moldavia, which promised us not only a return of security, but a renewal of success, when an event took place which damped all our hopes, and paralized all our strength.

This was the demise—unannounced by any previous warning—of the Sultan Abd-ool-Hameed, and the accession of his nephew Selim. Without the smallest preparation for so great a change, this prince suddenly passed, on the 7th of April, 1789, from the confinement of the harem, to the throne of the Turkish despots.

Like all young men, Selim the Third was eager to undo all that his predecessor had done; and scarce had his beard attained a fortnight's growth,* when the two chief favorites of his uncle, Youssoof and

Hassan, were suddenly removed from their exalted situations. Some difference, however, marked the manner. Hassan's age, his long services, and his former successes, still inspired for the veteran hero a sort of habitual veneration which the new monarch durst not wholly disregard. His disgrace was disguised under the semblance of a new favor. While the Capitana Bey Geretlu Hussein stepped into his place of High Admiral, he rose to that of Beglier-bey of Roumili: but, not only was he removed from what seemed his proper element; he was commanded to march as Seraskier of the army of Bessarabia, and to recover the lost fortress of Ockzakow. Youssoof, less rooted in the affections of the nation, received a more unqualified dismissal. From the rank of supreme Visier he was degraded to that of Pasha of Widdin; while, the more to envenom the sting, the governor of that city, his inveterate enemy, was raised in his place to the supreme Visirate. This new commander in chief bore the sirname of Djenazé, or the dead, from the state which his extreme ill health made him seem fast approaching.

As to Mavroyeni, he experienced not any immediate change in his situation. While danger was rife and energy required, he could not be spared; but the fall of his patron let loose all the forked

tongues of envy, and a store of accusations was laid in, to be preferred against him at the first favorable opportunity. In fact, there was not a crime or an error which his enemies did not lay to his charge. He had mismanaged matters of which ministers never gave him the direction, embezzled sums which the treasury never sent, and cut off heads, not even for a moment absent from the shoulders of their legitimate owners. Indeed, if truth lies between the two extremes, he might be proved to have been a perfect character, from labouring at the same time under the most opposite and incompatible charges: for he was at once rapacious and profuse, timid and foolhardy, precipitate and dilatory, too lenient and too severe, a bigot and an infidel. But if, therefore, it seemed not so easy to determine in what precisely consisted his guilt, it was not the less evident that the punishment was quite decided upon, and would be inflicted as soon as the sentence, already pronounced *in petto*, could safely be executed. Of this circumstance Mavroyeni himself appeared fully sensible: and as in every Greek who departed from Bucharest he beheld an informer going to give fresh evidence against him, so, in every Turk who arrived in the place he saw only a messenger of his disgrace.

Thus situated: knowing that, the instant his principality was lost he too must fall; and yet hopeless of further supplies for its defence from the new Visier, rather anxious for his discomfiture than eager for his success, he exhausted all his private treasure in raising at his own expence a fresh body of troops, and, with what more men and ammunition he was able to withdraw from the force at Fockshan, marched to Rimnik, there to organise an attack to be made the same day on all the passes into Transilvania: hoping that, distracted by the multiplicity of points to defend, the enemy might in some one or other prove vulnerable. He himself undertook to conduct the expedition against the pass of Temesch: but whether the Austrians were informed of his approach or only suspected his design, they met it by so vigorous a sally from their lines, that, before he could issue the final orders for a general attack, he was repulsed and forced back with considerable loss upon Gloyest. The scheme thus defeated ere it had had time to ripen, Mavroyeni recalled his troops from the Hungaria confines, and returned much dispirited to Rimnik, which henceforth he made his head quarters.

At the very outset of the affair of Temesch I had

been wounded in the thigh by a ball nearly spent, which, grazing the bone, by degrees produced a painful exfoliation. Thus disabled for some time from serving, I left Rimnik, and returned to Bucharest, whither the Bey's own surgeon,—the only one in the principality who knew a shin bone from a drum stick,—was sent once or twice to forward my cure.

In what way, soon after the minor events here described, Coburg and the Austrians, twice threatened by the Turks with annihilation, were twice saved by the unexampled diligence of Suwarrow, who completely beat the Turks, first at Fockshan, next at Rimnik,—to which place Djenazé Visier himself had marched with all his forces, in hopes of saving Valachia,—are events preserved from oblivion in the imperishable annals of general history, and which therefore I need not detail. Such at Rimnik was the rout of the Turks, notwithstanding Djenazé,—too ill to sit on horseback,—held up the koran from his carriage, and ordered the cannon to be fired on his own troops, to prevent their retreat, that the whole Otthoman camp fell into the hands of the enemy, while the very course of the Danube became obstructed by the number of waggons and

corpses, drowned in the Visier's flight across its crimsoned tide.

For a considerable time before this decisive event, Bucharest had been in that hopeless state—not devoid perhaps of its peculiar luxury—in which people, regardless of a future they may never witness, and unwilling any longer to make sacrifices of which they may never reap the distant fruits, yield without further restraint to every wildest suggestion of the present moment, and, induced by unavoidable ruin, rush with premeditated thoughtlessness into all the bold merriment of despair. Men and women who never before had dared to stir disencumbered of the trammels of public opinion, and had measured every movement, studied every gesture, and prepared every look which might chance to have a witness, until it was become impossible any longer to tell how nature had moulded them, now resumed their original air, and carriage, and tone; and now for the first time cast away the irksome shackles of society, to display their genuine native character. No longer listening to prudential considerations, and committing to the winds all idle fears of the world, the irascible now yielded to their temper, the coarse to their brutality, the malignant to their spite, the covet-

ous to their love of rapine, nay even the prudes to their longing for open and unconstrained gallantry. I remember in particular one lady, besieged by a numerous troop of admirers, whose conjugal fidelity seemed proof, at the first opening of the campaign, against every form of blockade or of storm, but whose virtue exactly kept pace with the events of of the war. At every check our forces met with, her severity was seen to relax. Each battle lost removed some former scruple; and the bulletins from the army were the billet-doux in which her lovers might read their chance of success. Unapproachable while Youssoof's irruption in the Bannat was the theme of every conversation: cold as ice during the attack upon the Transilvanian passes, she began to relent after the affair of Temesch: after the battle of Fockshan she bade her lovers hope; and the defeat of Rimnik became the signal for her unconditional surrender—"She had not the presumption," she said, "to think that, on the loss of a province, that of her poor virtue could be of any consequence!"

Equally modest were, on the score of their character, most of Mavroyeni's courtiers: they deemed their reputation full as little worth preserving as the lady. The most straight forward conduct in that

respect was that of the Bey's own nephews, his Grammaticus and his Cameraz. These two youths agreed in conceiving that, on their employments leaving them, they might leave their employer. They only differed in their mode of doing it. When affairs began to look unpromising the Grammaticus begged to resign his office; the Cameraz, on the contrary, expressed great indignation at his brother's baseness, and swore that for his part he never would ask to quit his benefactor. Nor did he: for he afterwards went without leave. If, however, some public personages deserted the capital before the Prince thought of moving, others, to compensate, staid quietly when he went away. I mistake: as he went out at one gate of the city to retire to Turkey, his Boyars went out at the other, to meet and to welcome the Austrians, who immediately after the battle of Rimnik marched to his capital.

For my part, though I do not desire to boast of my fidelity, and might have pleaded, for staying, the bad grace with which—owing to my still festering wound—I must limp in his suite, I stupidly followed my patron. My great fear was that of seeing him miserably dejected on quitting that sovereignty which he had laboured so hard to obtain: but in this I was agreeably disappointed. After the de-

pression produced by his defeats, the bustle and excitement of the journey rather caused in his spirits a sort of exhilaration.—"Who ever ascended a throne?" cried he, as we went out at the gates, "to sit at his ease? Who, that feared for his head, ever accepted a Sultan's favors?—come death when it may, I have lived to be a Prince!"

This temper lasted until we reached the Danube. Arrived in sight of that noble stream, which a few years before he had crossed in the first bloom of his grandeur, and which now again he was to cross in the decline of his fortunes, stripped of all his dearly purchased honors, a fugitive and a presumptive criminal, he paused, cast back a wistful look, and, unable to tear himself away at once from the object of his life's long cherished schemes, refused to proceed further, until informed that Coburg had actually entered his capital. This intelligence he had not long to wait for. He soon heard how the victors had been hailed by the nobles of the country, then bade his principality adieu for ever, and stepped into the boat.

Out of evil sometimes comes good. Djenazé, with the battle of Rimnik, also lost the Visirate: but being called the dead already, Selim probably thought it not worth while to take his life. Having however, in consequence of his lieutenant's reverses

and others, conceived a surfeit of the war, the Sultan now conferred the high office vacated on Hassan our old Capitan-Pasha, whose pacific dispositions suited his sovereign's change of sentiments. Immediately on his appointment the new commander proceeded to the head quarters now at Schumlah, whither, with reviving hopes and spirits, now likewise went Mavroyeni, to meet his ancient master.

It would have delighted a stoïc to see these two old personages, who so well understood each other, greet, and wag their beards together. Such, it is said, was their emotion on first embracing, as absolutely to force from their features of brass a few iron tears. None however remain to confirm the assertion. In fact, the Prince and the Pasha were all in all to each other. To Hassan, the assistance of Mavroyeni seemed the pledge of diplomatic success; while to Mavroyeni, the support of Hassan seemed positively as essential as physical existence. But short, alas, was the joy! Hassan, like Moses, had been destined to view from afar only the object of all his wishes, the end of all his toils,—the long sought, and at last remotely glimmering peace. Fate had ordained he should not witness its consummation. After a whole winter spent in arduous and tiresome negotiations, an armistice was only just agreed upon, when, on the twentieth of March,

1790, Ghazi Hassan, after a few hours illness, ended as others do his long and brilliant career. His enemies were accused of having shortened his life; but he was ninety when he died.

Of Hassan, nothing now remains save his memory. This however will endure in all its splendor while the Turkish empire lasts. The single cloud[4] which dims the setting sun cannot produce forgetfulness of the many hours during which it shed its undiminished radiance! As a youth, I witnessed Hassan's expedition to the Morea. More matured, I followed him in that to Egypt. His history, his achievements exerted over my destinies that remote but unceasing influence which the luminary of the world exerts alike over all the living things of the earth, whether he directly gladdens them with his aspect, or whether, lighting up other regions, he be hidden from their view. As I beheld the meridian glory, so I beheld the last refulgence of his dazling career; and not only while Hassan lived did my fate remain indirectly linked to his fortunes, but even at his death did the mournful chill which pervaded the empire, extend its benumbing influence to my remote and narrow orbit. Of the bright beams which he poured forth in his zenith, a few had been reflected upon my humble person, and the long shadow he left at his decline,

involved my fate likewise in its wide extending darkness.

His demise again raised the hopes and views of the party inclined for the war. A simple Aga of Rustchook was appointed his successor, merely because, many years before, this turbulent Moslemin had contrived to raise a quarrel with Prince Repnin, when that nobleman passed through his town as messenger of peace. Private animosity was considered the pledge of military skill. I need scarcely add, that in proportion as Hassan had been a friend to Mavroyeni, Hassan's successor thought himself bound to be his rancorous enemy: but Mavroyeni had a secret enemy, not in the least distrusted by him, far more dangerous than all that stood confessed,—and this was himself.

The ever present foe in question—whose councils uniformly prevailed over those of all his friends, —had contrived by degrees wholly to estrange him from his nephew Stephan, the then Drogueman of the fleet; one of those rarely seen characters who, averse to intrigue and cabal, only found their stability in office on the broad and solid basis of their straight-forward services; in view of these find their assistance equally sought by whatever faction rises into power; and if, from their unenterprising spirit, they seldom attain those lofty

but narrow pinnacles where elevation sits in the lap of danger, little reck the comparative lowliness of the niches they occupy, and, while their chiefs constantly rise and fall, think themselves amply repaid for their want of conspicuous situations, by the safety they enjoy, and the clear conscience they preserve: and the man who, never above nor ever below the duties of his office, had seen Ghazi Hassan succeeded in the command of the navy by Hassan of Crete, and Hassan of Crete by Hussein the Georgian; and had still under the minion of the Sultan as under the idol of the people, preserved unimpaired and unimpeached his fidelity towards his principals,—because, in order the better to watch the course, and to counteract the consequences of the intrigues carried on against his uncle, he formed no intrigues himself,—because he exhausted not his strength in idle clamour, and exasperated not his enemies by useless invectives,—was, by his infatuated relation, in consideration of all his good qualities, and in return for all his great services, devoted to feel the last effects of his now almost powerless animosity. Mavroyeni determined to employ what little wealth and influence he still possessed, in purchasing his nephew Stephan's disgrace.

Frightened at this resolution, the execution of

which must render inevitable the ruin of the Prince and of all his adherents, I went to him, and without much circumlocution, set forth all the certain consequences of his rash design. But, soured by disappointment, the Prince was become incapable of dispassionate reasoning. He was like one who, while ascending a precipice and only looking upwards, has proceeded on with a collected mind and a firm and steady pace, but who, when again descending he sees the whole abyss before him, grows giddy, and from the very apprehension of danger, plunges headlong into destruction. Offended at my boldness, but unable to refute my arguments, he only involved me in the ill-founded mistrust his faithful agent had incurred, and answered my arguments with abuse. "You are all villains alike," cried he, foaming with rage.—"All engaged in the same plot! all leagued against my life; all watching open mouthed for my expected spoil!"

My breath was not wasted in useless refutations of so unmerited a reproach: but I now thought myself warranted to state that, if, in defiance of common sense and of gratitude, the Prince, by getting Stephan dismissed, chose wantonly to lead all his friends to the brink of the precipice, I too should think all obligation to stay with him at an end; and

vowed that the day of his nephew's dismissal should be that of my own retreat: whereupon I abruptly left him to digest the advice, and to profit by the threat.

But to no purpose! Mavroyeni, in spite of all my efforts, persisted in his infatuation: and as the favor he requested was of that sort which his worst enemies were precisely the most ready to grant, he soon obtained his wish. Stephan was dismissed, and his office given to his rival Handgerly; an event which, after all that had passed, would have fully justified my quitting the Prince immediately: but I was still retained by two motives; namely, a not yet entirely worn out attachment to an old patron, unjust as he was become; and a reluctance, after the long inactivity to which my wound had condemned me, to resign my commission the moment I again was able to do my duty.

Small, however, seemed the chance of fresh opportunities. The pacific influence which for an instant was seen to hover over the Turkish councils, had winged its way northward, and had settled permanently on those of Austria. Joseph the Second, the author of the war, who, through his ill judged mode of enforcing designs salutary in themselves, had driven to open rebellion all his dominions from the Danube to the Scheld—Joseph the Second was

no more! After quenching the flame he had raised, by cancelling at one stroke on his death-bed all the toilsome reforms of his whole life, he had resigned his breath under the pressure of every public calamity and private distress, which could embitter the last moments of a man replete at once with pride and feeling; and Leopold his brother and his successor, reluctantly transferred from the peaceful banks of the Arno to all the storms that raged round the Imperial throne, had already infused among the Austrian troops a spirit so different, that, during the whole of the summer they contented themselves with quietly looking at the Turks across the Danube; when, unluckily, the Pacha of Widdin,—the ever restless Youssoof—mistook this desire of tranquillity for a proof of weakness, and determined with his own forces and those of Mavroyeni, to dislodge the enemy from his neighbourhood. He summoned the Bey to join him with his remaining troops; and the Bey came at his call.

The fourteenth of August, by Youssoof's direction, we crossed the Danube at Widdin, and on the Austrian side of the river entrenched ourselves near the village of Kalafath, where, during several days, we continued to receive fresh supplies. Youssoof himself purposed, as soon as our intrenchments were

completed, to effect his passage a little higher up the stream, so as to put the enemy between two fires. But the enemy was not quite so inactive as patiently to wait the execution of this scheme. On the night preceding the twenty-sixth of the month, the Austrians advanced unperceived; and the dawn of the next day informed us of their vicinity, by the tremendous fire they opened on our lines. We immediately returned the compliment from our own batteries, supported by the gun-boats on the river, and by the fortress of Widdin on the opposite bank; and thus awhile kept the enemy at bay, uhtil, with the view of diminishing their exposure and loss, the Austrians determined to close with us. Many hundreds were hewn down in the attempt, by the troops concealed within our trenches; but the Austrian ranks being constantly replenished, while ours melted away apace, they at last succeeded in forcing our lines, almost choaked up with the dead and the dying. It is true that even after their torrent had begun to pour in with resistless fury, Mavroyeni, who on this occasion displayed a coolness equal to his wonted bravery, again was for a moment near driving them out. He had, on the first demonstration of the enemy's design of coming to close fighting, made the division I commanded, under favor of some high ground on our right,

turn the Austrians, and fall upon their rear. They imagined it to be Youssoof himself, who with all his force had passed the river, and was actually effecting his purpose: and had not at that very instant their advantage become too manifest on the side next to our lines, we must have remained masters of the field of battle.

Amidst the scene of carnage which accompanied our discomfiture, dare I introduce the fate of a flesh-pot, which, humble as seems the object, yet by the vicissitudes it experienced, forms a remarkable episode in the general picture? Time out of mind this capacious utensil had been the solace, the rallying point, the support of a most respectable oda[5] of Jenissaries. The members of this division were trailing away the ample vessel with all the celerity which its unwieldy size and little pliant form permitted, when, as it majestically retreated in all its unbending sturdiness before the advancing enemy, surrounded by its whole troop of ministers and of satellites, from the Astshee-bashee or head cook of the orta down to the lowest regimental scullery-boy, and from the largest kettle to the smallest stew-pan, it happened to be spied by a knot of Austrian hussars. With them to see was to covet. Immediately they determined to effect its conquest; while the regiment which boasted its property shewed

equal determination to defend to the last drop of its blood, what so often had sustained the life and renovated the vigour of its members. The conflict therefore was long and sanguinary: at one time the Austrians seemed victors, at another the Turks again recovered the highly prized utensil; and not until the unresisting victim of the fierce contest, now hawled one way, now pulled the other, had witnessed the fall of all its Moslemin defenders, did it pass from the hands of the faithful into those of the infidels; but with a face as round, and sleek, and smooth as ever; unmindful of the streams of blood spilt in its behalf, and little seeming to care itself who filled its ample belly, or lit the accustomed fire under its enormous base.

Ye who value words more than things, look not with contempt upon this scene of what may pass in your minds for misapplied heroism. Learn that the very fundamental organisation of the Jenissaries renders the vessel in which are cooked their daily rations the rallying point of each regiment; the insignia whose loss casts a lasting dishonor upon those to whom it belonged! and that, provided the common soldier has a something of which he connects the defence with his individual fame, it signifies little whether it be a copper vessel, or a piece of painted silk; an eagle or a flesh pot!"

In our defeat my divivision had, in consequence of its acting independantly, suffered the least. I therefore led it back round the village through which the troops retreated, to protect their re-embarking: but could not prevent this operation from presenting a scene of indescribable confusion. Hundreds of wretches, unable to reach the craft collected at some distance on the river, plunged headlong into the stream, and there found the death they had escaped in the intrenchments. The number of the drowned exceeded that of the slain. Several boats full of soldiers were sunk on the passage: a cannon ball went right through the barge which conveyed the prince; and, had it fallen half a second sooner, it must have ended his fate in the Danube: but Mavroyeni was not born to be drowned!

Having with a handful of Arnaoots remained the very last on the hostile side of the river, I expected to be completely cut off for want of conveyance, when at some distance I perceived a raft moored among some rushes, which thus far had escaped all observation. I pointed it out to three or four of my best men, and with them jumped upon and pushed it off. Paddling towards the Turkish shore we soon became a conspicuous mark, and were treated accordingly. Luckily the

current quickly carried us a good way down the stream, and though many balls whizzed over our heads, none entered very deep into our bodies. The most I brought back to Turkey was a couple of flesh wounds. Even these, it is true, I could willingly have dispensed with, in spite of the delicious odour which the Koran asserts to exhale from wounds produced by infidel weapons: particularly as the Turks shew themselves too resigned to the will of providence, to bring in the suite of their armies men so hostile to the awards of fate as surgeons.

Yousoof had set his heart on his long planned *coup de main*. The failure of our preparatory movements did not prevent him from attempting it two days after; and the only use he made of our defeat was to excuse his own. The whole blame of Yousoof's discomfiture fell upon Mavroyeni, and a long list of complaints against the Prince reached the Porte from the frontier, just as Handgerly had been raking up in the capital theold story of the Seraff Petracki, and representing Mavroyeni as possessed of all the treasure lost to the Sultan by the execution of his cashier. Blows so dire, coming so fast upon each other, seemed to render the Prince's ruin inevitable. Each effort he had made to recover his lost ground, had only caused him to

fall another step; and it appeared as if fate had been intent only to lead him so gradually from one misfortune to another, as, without breaking his proud spirit at once, to bend it by little and little completely to the ground.

Unequivocal signs of the utmost depression shewed themselves more and more every day, athwart all his unsuccessful attempts to keep up his lofty manner. The supernatural informer with whom, in more prosperous days, he used to threaten others, he had boasted of until he himself had at last begun to believe in his existence, nay, to fear his wrath: for, from a good genius, the familiar spirit seemed by degrees to have grown into an avenging demon, who pursued his own employer by day and by night. Fixing his haggard eyes on vacancy, the Prince would sometimes, as in a fit of raving, address the invisible fiend, beg a truce to his fancied persecutions, or enter into a regular defence of the conduct he had held in his government: and once, as in the middle of a numerous circle he was giving way to the transient somnolency which of late frequently overpowered his senses, and afforded a short respite from the goadings of his mind, I felt inexpressibly dismayed at seeing him—after some time moving his lips like one engaged in secret converse—at last start up

convulsively from his seat, wildly open his eyes, and exclaim in a voice of thunder: "Hellish spirit you lie! It is not I who did it:—it is not I who burnt the barn, feigned to have been full of corn: nor I who charged for the deserters, never faithless to their sovereign: nor I who buried in yon lonely garden the military chest, captured in my dispatches by a troop of Hulans: nor I who poisoned the cup. . . . .

Here my outstretched hand, laid on my patron's lips, at last succeeded to stop the frightful current of his words. I dragged him out of the room: and his ghostly director, kept for shew more than use, but not the less anxious to follow and to hear the tale concluded, on finding all chance at an end, ingeniously colored his presence by recommending to the Prince to say his prayers. The moment was ill chosen: "cursed priest," exclaimed the Bey, "how can my words hope to rise, when you see the vampire wings flapping over my head, which beat them down again!"

The day after this scene I was sent for to the Prince's closet: he seemed then quite composed. "Selim," said he, "my hour of fate approaches. It would be foolish to suppose that I could much longer avert the evil day. I therefore wish you to tell me with your accustomed candour, which you

think most for my glory: to take the business into my own hands, and by a death that may seem the result of my own choice, to balk my persecutors of their expected triumph; or, with a calmness and fortitude perhaps more difficult than a precipitate suicide, to await the executioner?"

"Sir," answered I gravely, "we all know that a king, a general, a statesman may, without the smallest scruple, sacrifice to a mistaken piece of policy, a foolish pique, or a silly point of honor, as many unwilling victims as the object requires. In the like manner we are told that even a private gentleman may sacrifice a certain fraction of his own body,—an arm, a leg, or both,—provided it be to secure greater durability to the paltry parts preserved. We are even assured by grave divines, that both potentates and private gentry may make themselves defunct on earth to every social duty, by becoming monks or anchorets,—and be highly praised for the deed: but however troublesome a man's existence may be to himself and to others; however greatly his voluntary removal might oblige all the world; however much his death would be a private and a public benefit, none dare dispose of their sum total of life, or remove their entire being from a worse to a better world. This act, which might do the performer much good, and could injure no one else,

is precisely deemed of all crimes the most heinous."

"Pshaw," cried Mavroyeni, "I did not call you in to retail to me the common place cant either of Christians or Mohammedans, which latter perhaps would have added that, as the hour of death is written on our foreheads, we are not able to hasten it. I sent to consult you, as being neither the one nor the other; but a plain spoken sensible fellow, honest enough to tell me which of the two methods I have left to choose betwixt, would figure best in history. Ancient heroes have been praised for dying without the least necessity; modern worthies for resigning themselves to live without the smallest hopes: and I cannot make up my mind to which will look best in the eyes of the world!"

"To live, beyond all doubt!" cried I,—"The living every where figure better than the dead! Besides, it is the fashion of the country, which no one should despise. People will only suspect some low born rascal, or some low bred disease of having envied you the honor of the Sultan's bow string; and the witnesses of your heroism may only be hanged as the authors of your death!"

Mavroyeni still preserved a lurking love for life. Not only he resigned himself to the remnant left

him; but in order to render that remnant more secure, he even determined to remove it out of Youssoof's reach.

Again was I going to accompany my patron. He had indeed forfeited all claims upon the loyalty of his adherents, by his wanton perverseness in encreasing their dangers: but still it went against me to leave him in his fallen state. So far, however, from appearing thankful for this devotion, he now, to my utter astonishment, began to consider it as an importunity: "He had seen me," he said, "much distinguished by Youssoof: he knew I was his spy; and the only service I still could render a once kind and indulgent master, was to withdraw for ever from his presence!"

The opportunity which I had wished for of distinguishing myself once more ere I left the Prince and the army, and of earning among men an honorable name, I had found at Kalafath. When, therefore, I found the reproaches for not departing according to my promise daily repeated by the Prince, I resolved at last to go. Watching a moment of comparative serenity in Mavroyeni's temper, I entered his chamber, kissed his hand, and begged his commands for the capital.

At these words he turned pale; and looked as

much aghast as if there never had been any question of my leaving him.

"Sir," said I, "did you not yourself, only yesterday, upbraid me for staying?"

"Ah," cried he, "could you then take at his word, a man driven by his misfortunes out of his senses!" Then, rising from his seat, and wildly pacing the room:—"My affairs must be desperate indeed," continued he, "since it is come to this!" but again sitting down, as if ashamed of betraying so much weakness, "No!" exclaimed he in a calmer tone, "the Sultan knows all that I have done for the empire; he cannot desire my annihilation!"

I tried to confirm the Bey in this more soothing idea, and fancied he had recovered some tranquillity, when again he broke out with more violence than before. "It is useless," he cried, "any longer to conceal from you my state. A dreadful gloom oppresses my soul. Unceasingly spectres of all descriptions hover around me: they assume every most frightful shape. At this very moment one—two—three—a whole host, whisper in my ear every dire and dreadful presage!"

"And is there among them no angel of light," cried I, "to tell your highness, that, by speeding to the capital, I may perhaps retrieve your fortunes? You know, sir, my ancient intimacy with young

Mavrocordato; his influence with his father; the relationship of that father with Handgerly; his connection, through his son, with the Souzzos; his riches, his sway, his ambition. Long has he aspired at the principality, and some compromise might be made by which his interest and his fortune should be employed to secure your life, on condition of your ceding to him, on the return of peace, all your claims upon Valachia."

This expedient was but a straw: the falling Prince caught at it greedily; and now pressed me himself to go, in order to put the scheme into execution. After sending for me but the week before, in order to discuss the propriety of seeking death by his own hands, he now conjured me to do all I could to save his life.

Yet, when I came to bid him farewell, he hardly would permit me to depart. Laying on my hand his cold and clammy palm, "Selim, Selim," cried he, as if oppressed with anguish, "you, who have known me from your youth; who have ever found me indulgent and kind, save when you rejected my kindness; over whom I ever kept a watchful eye, even when you thought I had justly abandoned you; henceforth, make me the only return in your power: Allow not those things to be imputed to my weakness, which were only the result of my necessities.

When my conduct in my principality is canvassed, recall to mind my means. What I have done, say with what I did it: and when the rest of the world shall unite to condemn me, remember your ancient patron, and dare to defend his memory."

I felt moved, and was on the point of giving up the journey. But what good could my stay produce? I therefore gently disembarrassed my hand from the Bey's almost convulsive grasp, and said: "I was sure I still should see him triumph over all his enemies."

"It shall be," replied he, a little calmer, "as Heaven ordains. To myself my warning spirit whispers: my days draw to their close. Go thou and prosper!"

I went;—but prospered not!

Mavroyeni, though he immediately quitted the vicinity of Widdin, removed not to a great distance. His first station was Arvanito-Chori, a mean village: but, constantly shifting his quarters from one place to another as if to elude pursuit, he still kept hovering over the borders of his principality, like the moth, which with wings already singed still flies round the candle, but at every circle narrows more and more its orbit, until it pitches on the spot marked for its final exit.

To Mavroyeni this spot was Bella. There it was that suddenly appeared before the Bey, no longer a

mere airy phantom, but the Capidgee of flesh and blood, commissioned to confer upon him the palm of martyrdom.[6] Mavroyeni had kept in reserve, when all other means should fail, an expedient on which he placed implicit reliance. "My firm conviction," said he to the Sultan's messenger, "has always been that a good Christian must be a bad subject. For how can he shew zeal for his sovereign and his country, whose religion enjoins entire detachment from this nether world? I therefore have long inwardly bowed to the truth of Islamism; and now only wish publicly to embrace its holy law, and to be numbered among the faithful.

Upon this, the Prince took from his bosom a small Koran, which he carried on purpose, kissed it devoutly, and desired to make his profession of faith. Such a request even a Capidgee durst not deny him: he was suffered to perform at his full leisure, his orisons, his genuflections, and his ablutions. Only when all was concluded, the Capidgee expressed his satisfaction that he now was enabled to send to Heaven so sincere a believer.

What could be done? No enthusiastic mob here pressed around to take under its protection a young and pitied neophyte. Before the hoary sinner stood no one but his cold-blooded executioner, intent only upon the performance of his office. Seeing all further

subterfuge therefore useless, Mavroyeni at last armed himself with resolution, and determined quietly to submit to his fate. Yet could he not, as he knelt down, help exclaiming: "I deserve not this, at least from my sovereign! May he, in his wide extended realms, find a Greek more faithful!" He said no more, uncovered his neck, suffered the fatal bow-string to be fastened round his throat;—and fell a corpse.

CHAPTER XVI.

If my destinies never enabled me to shine forth, like the rarer suns of the creation, with any inherent splendor of my own; if my vagrant disposition never allowed me even to reflect with steadiness the borrowed lustre of a regular satellite; if at all times I rather in my desultory rambles resembled the erratic comet, either so near some nobler orb as to be lost in its blaze, or so remote from every star in the firmament as to be abandoned to its own native obscurity, still had I thus far in my career at least at distant intervals shone with some little radiance derived from the reflection of loftier names: but this resource now ceases; this passport to public notice henceforth is denied me. Hassan and Mavroyeni already are no more; and if Youssoof, by concluding the war he kindled, still claims a page in history's weightier volume, he no longer comes within the compass of this desultory sketch.

Nor will other luminaries arise to succeed these setting stars. Whatever instruments of great changes or workers of great mischief may still appear, will move in an orbit so distant from my reader's view, as scarcely to preserve in his eyes any impressive size. Henceforth I shall constantly have to thrust my own insignificant person foremost on the stage; and to draw from my own common place vicissitudes alone, all my means of interesting or attaching my readers.

Nor is the want of great names, in whose radiance to walk, and on whose loftiness to raise my little stature, the only growing disadvantage of these pages. The humbler person on whom henceforth exclusively devolves the task of occupying the reader's attention, must even be resigned to lose, as the work advances, what little brilliancy might thus far inhere in himself, as well as the brighter light which he was enabled to cast around him by reflection. He no longer can expect to retain that power of exciting the interest, or of obtaining the favor or the forgiveness of the world, which might have been hoped for in the earlier chapters of this confession. In these the discourse was concerning a raw stripling,—a youth hurried away by the restlessness of his incipient being: and the immaturity of adolescence, as it enhances the merit of what is good, so it disposes to view with indulgence what is reprehensible. Of

the faults of a boy, the greater number are ascribed to his newness in the world, to his not yet being initiated in its manifold mysteries, to his not yet distrusting its older and warier tenants. The graces of youth secure the lenience of more advanced age: but that happy era, that period of delightful dreams once gone by, no more mercy must be looked for. Every action is considered as the result of a character formed, of a deliberate will. It is scanned with minuteness, and it is judged with severity. If it betray the smallest error, not only the deed is condemned, but the author is pursued by man's implacable hatred. "Of one so confirmed in evil, an example is all that can be made:" exclaims an unforgiving world; and where the Anastasius of sixteen might have obtained a full and unqualified pardon for his transgressions, the Anastasius of twenty-eight must expect to meet with all the rigor of unmodified justice.

If therefore I only wrote for others, here is the place where I would lay down my pen: but I write for myself—and I proceed! The very incidents which, more confined to my own individual self, may have less merit in the eyes of strangers, are those which my mind oftener recalls, and dwells upon with most pleasure.

"The more haste, the less speed," says the proverb; and the proverb speaks true. So anxious was

I, on leaving Widdin, to get to Stambool, that my hurry forced me to stop short in the middle of of my race. Still weak on setting out, and unprovided with Mohammed's angel wings to screen me on the road from a scorching sun, I was overcome by heat and fatigue early on the journey, and fell ill at Bourgas. What I hated more than Jews do pork and gunpowder,—attendants and gallipots,—now again beset me. Wholly defenceless, I was assailed by half a dozen physicians and nurses at once. They took forcible possession of my apartment, and waged over my body as fierce a contest as ever did the Greeks and the Trojans over that of Patroclus. In truth, this was lucky; for my safety only lay in numbers. The sons of Æsculapius and the daughters of Hygeïa neutralized each others sinister intentions; and I escaped, like a small district wedged in between greater powers, which owes its preservation to their rivalship. In the midst of the first tranquil slumber which I had enjoyed since my malady, I was awakened by the stray blows that fell from the hands of the two trusty persons hired to watch by my bed, as they were engaged across my pillow in a scuffle for my purse. Each tried to gloss over his own conduct, by accusing the other of having come to murder me.

Fresh from witnessing events of some importance,

it was during my convalescence that I first bethought myself of relieving its tedium by writing my memoirs. "They must,"—thought I,—"if consonant to truth, speak too ill of their author, not to be sure of finding readers;" and though I did not execute my intention at the time, that idea has chiefly encouraged me to do so at the present period. I am not even certain whether, though wishing never to deviate from the most scrupulous veracity,—I have not sometimes, out of respect for the public taste, made myself somewhat worse than the world gave me credit for being in my very worst days. If any of my readers should entertain a suspicion of that sort, I leave it to his own discretion to adopt or to reject it:—I shall quarrel with him for neither.

When sufficiently recovered, I proceeded to the capital and visited the Fanar; but no longer, as I had intended, to make interest for Mavroyeni. His cares in this world were over ere I quitted Bourgas; and I had no other object but to afford my friends and well-wishers an opportunity of realizing the warm professions lavished upon me at my departure for Valachia. It would be unfair to say they were wholly denied or forgotten. One person, whom I reminded of his promises, observed that he had pledged himself in much stronger terms than those I quoted:—but to whom? To one going to join Mavroyeni in the

plenitude of his power. "Now, prove yourself at this present speaking to be that man:" he added, "and you shall find me staunch to my word." I applauded the frankness of this answer. There was a delicacy in not wishing to wheedle me by empty words out of an esteem, which my friend was resolved not to deserve by his actions.

The filth of the Fanar now displayed to me all its lustre: it was like the contents of a sewer, when, through a chink in the vault, the sun darts its beams full upon their unsightly stream; and much did the nauseous spectacle increase my veneration for the wisdom of the Turks! "Sensible, sagacious, profound people," thought I, "how much your judgement is to be admired, in simplifying, as you do, all your dealings with the Greeks! Tight as you may fancy your grasp, still, if after catching those serpents, you only allowed them an instant to turn about in your hands, they would infallibly slip through your fingers, dart back into their native slime, and elude your sharpest search. Were you to employ with that deceitful race the slow and circumspect mode of judicial proceeding which the squeamishness of Christendom thinks necessary in those matters, your indolence, your credulity—your *bonhomie*, if I may call it so—would never get the better of their artifice and subterfuges: you

would never be able to follow and to lay hold of them in their endless turnings and windings; and with the moral certainty of being imposed upon by every individual of that wily nation, you must submit to be cheated out of every para of your property, and out of every inch of your estates, without being able to bring a single one even of your most barefaced plunderers to justice. But, wise and judicious people! far more securely do you go to work. In your fiscal administration you scorn those innumerable offices, and checks, and verifications, which, in each empire in Christendom, for every ten individuals directly engaged in collecting the revenue, employ twenty others to watch those ten, and thus consume half the income of the state in the collecting of the other half. In the same way in your judicial proceedings you wave those endless forms, and ministers, and tribunals; those interminable interrogatories, and scrutinies, and confrontations, which, in each state in Europe busy half the population about the rights and misdemeanors of the other half, let nine offenders out of ten escape, and often only inflict on the tenth a tardy and inadequate punishment. Exercising the vengeance of the law so rapidly that sometimes you mistake the innocent for the guilty, you are always sure at least of attaining one great aim of

penal justice, that of striking the mind with a salutary terror. Making an implicit submission to your most arbitrary sentences the express condition of every app intment in your state, you never fear that your agent may escape your clutches by some quirk or quibble of the law. Sure not to lose the smallest particle of your prerogatives by waiting; —aware that, whatever your representative accumulates during any given period, you still in the end may claim;—regarding each officer of the state only in the light of one of the smaller and more numerous reservoirs, distributed on more distant points to collect at first hand the produce of dews, and drip, and rills, ere the collective mass be poured into the single greater central bason of the Sultan's treasury, you give yourselves no trouble to check the dishonesty of your agent, or to prevent his peculations. You rather for awhile connive at, and favor, and lend your own authority to his exactions, which will enable you, when afterwards you squeeze him out, to combine greater profit with a more signal shew of justice. In permitting a temporary defalcation from your treasury, you consider yourselves as only lending out your capital at more usurious interest. Nine long years, while your work is done for you gratuitously, you feign to sleep, and the tenth you awake from your deceitful trance; like the roused

lion you look round where grazes the fattest prey, stretch your ample claw, crush your devoted victim, and make every drop of his blood, so long withheld from your appetite, at last flow into the capacious bowels of your insatiable hazné!

But the more I admired the system, as a mere indifferent spectator, the less I felt inclined to illustrate its principles by my own example. Having already with such infinite toil and danger—at the cost of my repose and my health—devoted so great a portion of that life that fleets away so fast, to climbing the rugged and slippery path of distinction, in order every time I thought I had attained a certain height only again to slide back to the point from whence I first started, I determined no longer to sacrifice to the same thankless task what still might remain mine of health and of vigour. Instead of the vain sound of titles and the unsubstantial advantages of rank, I determined to seek the more lasting and more tangible prerogatives of a well filled purse, and by the laudable thirst for solid gold to drive out of my mind the depraved appetite for mere unsubstantial fame. "The way to honors," cried I in my new species of enthusiasm, "is a steep and narrow path, where few can rise abreast, and those that follow only try to push down and to pass by the foremost.

It is a path which can only be ascended by arduous and abrupt leaps; while at every higher step the risk of stumbling and being dashed to pieces increases in a tenfold ratio. It is a path where distances ever deceive; and what from below appeared the highest summit, when attained, only is found the base of still loftier crags, bearing fruits still more empty and bitter to the taste! "But the way to wealth," exclaimed I, "is a wide acclivity, accessible to all without danger or fatigue: it is a road along which you may to a nicety calculate the progress made and the chance of further progress; where success depends not on the caprice and favor of patrons, but on the exertions of the wayfarer himself; where, as his way proceeds, he rests on a wider and more solid foundation, finds greater helps still to rise on, and yet needs them less; it is a road, in fine, along which such fruits only are gathered, as purchase or comprehend all the tangible blessings which man values here below!"

In this new view of things, I soon laid down my plan of future conduct. While in Valachia Mavroyeni made his harvest, I had been gleaning in his suite. Formerly, in my soberest moods, I would have hastened to get rid at least of half my ready cash, and contented myself with leaving the other half slowly to beget a puny progeny. But this

suited not my present temper. Each of my thousands was in time to grow to a million; and with millions in question, the difference of one half seemed too great to trifle with.

Now therefore behold Selim—the gay, the extravagant, the dissipated Selim, all at once transformed into a plodding financier; as much on the watch to turn a para, as formerly he had been on the alert for every means to spend his *purses;* carefully calculating the interest of each incoming piastre, and deeply groaning after each outgoing aspre: no longer only seeking to dispose of his capital in the way which should give the least trouble, but racking his brains to place his funds in the mode best fitted to secure that grand desideratum—that sort of philosopher's stone—perfect security, combined with exorbitant interest: no longer enquiring, when introduced to a stranger, whether he was a pleasant companion, but whether he passed for a man of substance, orderly in his affairs and punctual in his payments; lamenting the insecurity of investments, the badness of the times, and the high price of provisions; voting servants a pest; looking with pity on the extravagant youths of the age, who preferred gold lace on their backs to gold pieces in their girdle; lending them money at fifty per-cent out of pure charity;

wondering how any body could seek, in his attire and equipage, the short lived merits of novelty and fashion, rather than the lasting recommendations of costing little, and wearing well, and,—strange to tell—as proud of a cautious demure look, a smug jacket without binding, and a single half starved waiting-boy, as ever he had been of a giddy hair brained manner, clothes stiff with embroidery, and insolent pampered servants, more supercilious than their master.

In a cool sedate reflective person, so entire a change of tastes and of behaviour, I suppose, could not have taken place so suddenly. It could only have been the work of time, and would have displayed a graduated progress. But I possessed not that even temperature of mind which steers clear of extremes: I never could do any thing in moderation. However different might become the object of pursuit, the ardour of the chace with me still remained the same; and the greater the impetus with which I had rushed on in any direction, the stronger, when I met with a check, became the recoil in the opposite direction. My soul fired at the recent instances I had witnessed in Mavrocordato and others, of immense fortunes made in trade; and, already in love with wealth on its own account, I doubly reverenced it in view of the power obtain-

able through its influence: for ambition would never leave me entirely quiet; but when it was turned out of doors, it stole in at the window, and mixed its persuasions with the other motives that determined me to become in spite of every obstacle a first-rate merchant. So fast galloped my imagination, that already I saw myself standing with one leg in Cashmere and with the other in St. Domingo, with the right hand loading hemp at St. Petersburg and with the left gold and negroes on the Guinea coast; and covering with my vessels at once the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the South Sea.—I had genius; I could, if I chose, force perseverance; and the only trifles wanted were capital, credit, and correspondents.

Providence had just kept in store for me the only person ready to hold all these at my disposal on the shortest notice. I found every thing needful in an old Moslemin, grown enormously rich through nothing but his undeviating perseverance to do all that, by common calculation, ought to have reduced him to beggary. In the true spirit of predestination, Welid maintained that no mode of conduct so infallibly begot ill-luck as caution. It manifested mistrust," he said, "in the ways of Providence; and one single pious ejaculation at the outset of an enterprise, was worth all the calculations of worldly

wisdom." Indeed, Welid might quote his whole life in proof of this doctrine.

But, to go no further back in the recapitulation than the instances of the last twelvemonth:—the Porte had sent away for riotous behaviour the Sclavonians who do the garden work about Constantinople, just at that period of the spring when the setting fruits require constant irrigation. All Welid's neighbours strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, while Welid alone saw his oranges, his citrons, his pumpkins, and his pasteques droop, wholly unmoved; and only exclaimed, "God is great!"—What was the consequence? The sky, usually of brass in that season, all at once opened its sluices and made Welid's *agrumi*, on the very brink of annihilation, yield a double crop.

Again: the unusual rains, in the hottest month of the year, had produced a dreadful plague. Most of Welid's friends took some precautions against the infection, while Welid alone seemed by preference to go where the malady was rifest, and only repeated, "God is great!"—What ensued? Not a finger of Welid's ached all the time, but he became heir to every one of his relations who had evinced more prudence.

And again: the dampness of the summer was followed by an autumn so dry, that every night saw Constantinople disturbed by some dreadful

conflagration. Several of Welid's acquaintance therefore watched their premises, while Welid heard the cry of yanguen-var! in his very yard, without saying any thing but "God is great!"—How did the business end? Welid's house indeed was burnt to the ground; but the falling walls discoved a deposit of gold and jewels, sufficient to build a score of palaces.

What therefore could be more natural than for Welid to infer, that the more imprudences he committed, the less he could fail to prosper. Nor did he lack examples of the mischiefs arising from a more wary conduct; for, not to mention his own brother, who, with a sincere and heart-felt wish for wealth, had, from the mere apprehension of making a bad hit, never made a good one; nor his nephew, who, grudging a servant's wages, had, in his loneliness, been murdered by a band of robbers; nor his cousin, who, to save his old vessel a scouring, had sold his gold for brass,—what but Emin's resorting to medicine, in a malady from which he might have recovered, had made him take a deadly poison? What but Talib's fear of a pursuing foe had caused him to fall into a torrent, and be drowned? And what but Nasser's inventing a most ingenious trap for thieves, had kept him confined by the leg in his own fetters, until he died of hunger amidst all his dearly purchased treasure.

The vast fortune which Welid had, by his imprudence, acquired, I advised him to employ in some grand speculation, and to make me his partner in it. Others might not have thought me the fittest person for a commercial associate, but I repeated Allah-kierim[2] until Welid committed all his affairs to my management. We went, he, his son, and myself, to Smyrna, there freighted a vessel with cotton, and resolved to carry our merchandize to Marseilles, where we could not fail to find a good market. As I contributed but little toward the purchase, my portion was to be but small in the profits: this however remained a tacit clause between us, too well understood to be expressed. No regular account, no legal vouchers, no memorandum whatever in writing was drawn up of our respective shares. Welid was not a man to trouble himself about such formalities. "Each knew his own," he said, "and that was enough."

In one respect, however, he shewed an invincible obstinacy. He had taken it into his head it would be manifesting his trust in Providence, to hire the first vessel he should meet with. This happened to be precisely the oldest and craziest concern in the harbour; a thing on the eve of being broken up, as unfit for service. The circumstance, however, so far from deterring, only confirmed Welid in his purpose. He thought it a most fortunate opportunity,

of signalizing his reliance on heaven; and no entreaty or remonstrance could could make him desist from freighting this miserable wreck, in preference to a dozen stout vessels disengaged. He would not even insure. It was flying in the face of Providence, and almost as bad as atheism or blasphemy; so that, unable to persuade my partner, I had insurance made in my own name on the whole cargo.

We now set sail. Hardly had we got into the latitude of Chio, when Welid's son,—as hale a boy to all appearance as ever was seen,—suddenly fell ill, and died. Our crew, chiefly Provençals, doubted not his being a victim to the plague, which had begun to spread in Smyrna; and they became almost petrified with terror. Welid himself, though he had appeared fond of his child while alive, shed not a tear on his death, bore his loss with his inherent apathy, and only as usual exclaimed, "God is great!" I felt so angry with him for his insensibility, that I longed to see him go to the shades after his boy!

There was nothing to hinder me from realising that wish myself. The sailors only wondered that so infirm an old man as Welid,—after having as it were sat open-mouthed to inhale a contagion, which had snatched away a robust youth in a twinkling,—should still continue *to* breathe: and my putting an end to a thing so out of all rule as my

partner's escaping on this occasion his almost inevitable fate, seemed but a just return for his having exposed all our lives in a rotten vessel. Indeed, it was a proceeding which, in my situation, few of my former acquaintances would have considered as any thing more than a fair retaliation, or would have hesitated to accomplish forthwith; even though it must have entailed upon them all the encumbrance of remaining sole possessors of the cargo. Yet, unaccountable as it may seem, and scarcely justifiable in the eyes of many, I did nothing to get rid of old Welid: but suffered him to live on unmolested. It is true, that, scarcely had his son breathed his last, than there arose a storm, of which the very first blast shivered our frail bark to splinters. It made twelve fine young sailors and their captain go to the bottom, indeed, but spared Welid and me; and as the cargo was now lost at all events, I determined to atone for whatever evil thought might, without my leave, have risen in my breast respecting it, by doing my best to save my partner. I lugged him after me on a broken beam; and, as it had not required an out of the way rough sea to make an end of our crazy ship, this fragment supported its load, until the wind and current carried us ashore on the neighbouring coast of Samos.

Welid, who had only suffered himself to be

saved, like one of his bales of cotton, without making a positive resistance, experienced on this rather trying occasion so little extraordinary wear and tear of body or mind, that, weak and old as he was, he still brought ashore strength enough to cry out with great satisfaction on the loss of his cargo, as he had done on that of his child: "God is great!" While I, on whom had fallen all the weight of exertion, could not have supported myself another minute.

Our ship-wreck close to the land, in broad day light, had collected round us a number of fishermen, all impressed with becoming gratitude towards Providence, not so much for having spared our lives, as for having destroyed our vessel on their shores. Too late however to push our persons back into the waves from which we had just emerged, they exerted themselves the other way in helping us on. The little money we had in our pockets was employed in getting ourselves conveyed, as soon as the storm subsided, to Koosha-dasi on the coast of Anadoly; but this short voyage completely exhausted our finances, and on our arrival we had not a para left.

Nor were we, for the present, in want of a para. The Turk, where bigotry interferes not with his better feelings, is as charitable as he is confiding.

He neither attributes good fortune entirely to man's own sagacity, nor ill-luck solely to his imprudence; and neither is apt to listen with suspicion to the tale of the indigent, nor to cast blame on the conduct of the unfortunate. Looking upon adversity as proceeding from the same high source from whence flows prosperity,—feeling as little degraded by the pressure of God's hand upon him, as elated by its support, he confers charity without pride, as he asks it without meanness. We therefore, who came as supplicants, in need of every thing, found every thing we needed. Every inhabitant vied with the rest in supplying our necessities, and providing for our comforts. Hence Welid, who wanted repose, resolved to avail himself for a few days of the hospitality so handsomely tendered; while I only requested a horse and a guide, to take me on to Smyrna. The two animals soon were found, and I set off.

Our halting-place, the first night, was a mean-looking hamlet, situated in a narrow defile. The next day, after leaning a little more to the right than appeared our due course, we arrived early in the afternoon at a largish place in the plain. As we were to stop till the next morning, I established myself in a coffee-house, while Dimitracki the

guide went to look after my horse.[1] Scarce had I lighted my pipe and begun to sip my coffee, when a Tchawoosh, followed by two or three peasants, walked in, and summoned me before the Soo-bashee.[3]

Where bullying seems to be the thing intended, the best way is to be the first. Many a man continues troublesome only because he has begun to be so, and knows not how to end. "I have no business with your Soo-bashee," said I therefore to the messenger—"If he wants me, here I sit"—and immediately I squared myself a little more than I had done before. Accordingly the Tchawoosh went away, and the Soo-bashee came, followed by a posse of blackguards of all colors and sizes. My own guide Dimitracki, the greatest of all, brought up the rear, and stood peeping between the elbows of those before him.

I gave the magistrate a nod between civil and familiar. He gave me nothing in return, but gravely squatting himself down at the other end of the ragged sofa, bade my guide draw near. Dimitracki advanced, hanging his head, and afraid to meet my eyes. "So this man," cried the Soo-bashee, addressing him, "is a Russian spy."

"Nothing can be more certain," answered my

guide, clearing his windpipe; and trying to look resolute. "Let him but speak, and you will know him to be a Greek by his accent. He is the very man who betrayed Ockzakow to the Russians. There was Stavros, and Mavros, and Kokinos, and Proto, and Psaro, and Georgio, and Marçacki, and Michaelacki, and Manolacki, and I dont know how many more of us, who witnessed the whole proceeding. I know him as I do my father."

A wag here observing that that was not saying much, Dimitracki grew angry, corroborated his assertion by the most violent oaths, and called upon another Greek of the name of Petracki to vouch for his veracity.

Petracki of course confirmed all that Dimitracki had asserted: he even went further. "Indeed your worship," cried he, "there is no end to this man's iniquities. For, besides betraying both Ockzakow and Bender, it is he—and I have it from the best authority—who assisted the enemy in intercepting, near Hissar, your worship's own boat-load of corn."

The affair of Ockzakow and Bender the Soobashee might perhaps have overlooked, as not within his province; but the corn was too much. Almost choaked with passion: "Ah wretch," cried he; "I could stab you with my own hands. But I respect the law: I shall therefore only send

you bound hands and feet to Tireh; where the Moot-sellim, who is my friend, will be sure to see you hanged."

"No, no!" cried a parcel of fanatical Osmanlees, "we have stones enough for him here!"

I pledged myself to prove my innocence at Smyrna; but I scarce was listened to. "Any traitor," observed the party, "was sure of protection in that nest of infidelity, among the Frank Consuls;" and the Soo-bashee himself began to be abused for not seeing me disposed of on the spot. Either frightened or pretending to be so, he called heaven to witness he had no hand in what might happen; and then bade me be handed over to the mob, whom he told to act as they thought proper.

So they seemed resolved to do; for all were drawing their cutlasses. A flourish was all I had left for it. Spiridion's pocket book still kept its place in my bosom. Solemnly pulling it out: "By the dread seal of our sovereign inclosed in this case," exclaimed I emphatically, "I command you, slaves, to disperse. Tremble to impede my progress! For each hair of my head a life shall answer."

The audience looked aghast, the rioters slunk away, and the Aga begged to provide me with a suitable escort. "I want none, I replied; an invisible guardian watches over my safety. The wretch

who brought me to this place, alone shall go onward with me."

That was exactly what Dimitracki felt least inclined to do. His little scheme had been to appropriate my horse; and to obviate any opposition on my part, he had hit upon the expedient of swearing away my life. He now became so frightened that he fell upon his knees, and confessed all his untruths. "He had told them out of sheer loyalty, and in reality, I ought to feel obliged to him; but all he asked for, was to go with me no further." I protested I could not give up his company, and had him closely watched, while I condescendingly accepted a lodging for the night under the Aga's roof.

At sun-rise I again set off, ordering Dimitracki to take the lead. I destined him a remembrance that should benefit other travellers: but I soon found it was easier to shoot him outright than to give him a milder correction. The fellow looked as strong as a Hercules; and, though pacing on before me in gloomy silence, with his head stuck in his stomach and his eyes cast on the ground, he seemed so constantly on the alert, that it was quite impossible to take him by surprise. Even when we halted to take a little rest, instead of lying down, as he had done on the first days, behind the bushes,

he stationed himself with his back against a tree, and his face turned to me, so that I could not move a finger without his knowledge; and though he pretended to sleep, it was only with one eye. Every time I approached him, he jumped upon his legs, to ask me what I wanted.

At last we came to a pass in the mountains which looked propitious to my scheme. Here, having succeeded with some management to knock the fellow down, and to tie his hands and feet, I gave him the destined drubbing with unsparing liberality; which done, I left the too ingenious youth securely bound, to ruminate at his leisure upon the wholesome lesson. Ismir's gulph was in sight, and fortunately I wanted a guide no longer.

My first care on arriving was to recover the insurance on the ship-wrecked cargo, made wholly in my single name. After some delay, occasioned by legal enquiries, affidavits, &c., I got indemnified for every bale of cotton put on board. Welid, who in the mean time had also made his appearance, declined to share in the recovery, as he had refused to share in the insurance. It was only by stratagem I could make him accept a small part of the produce. ' No way cured, however, by his loss, of his blind confidence in his destiny, he continued to commit fresh imprudences, until from the condi-

dition of a wealthy merchant he became reduced to that of a poor basket-maker; but whenever we met, he still would lay aside his osier twigs to point to heaven and cry out: "God is great!"

While following up the recovery of my insurance, I fell in with a curious personage,—a Turk who had sought the protection of the French consulate at Smyrna. Descended from a Sultana, Isaac-Bey had in his boyhood been selected as playmate to the present Sultan. Soon, however, his fickle disposition made him quit the seclusion of the seraglio for the command of a galley. His jovial humour and his freedom from Turkish prejudices caused him to be much courted in the different sea-ports by the Frank merchants; and their conversation inspired him with a wish to behold Christendom. All at once Isaac-Bey disappeared from his station, and the next news of the truant came from Naples. Some said his frisk had the sanction of his master, desirous through his old confidant to explore the arts of Europe, and to learn which of them might be transplanted with success to the Turkish dominions; nor was Isaac-Bey at any pains to contradict the report. Statesmen, therefore, courted in him the favorite of his future sovereign, as the fair did the favorite of nature. The genteel Turk became the fashion in Christendom, and every body wanted

to see a Frenchified Moslemin, who eat an *omelette au lard*, drank champaign, and wore a portrait of his Circassian mistress.

It was entertainining enough to hear Isaac give an account of his journey. "Unaccustomed," said he, "as I was, to the shocking sight of men and women mixing in public, or posture-making exhibited otherwise than for hire, how did I stare, when, on my arrival in Christendom, I was taken to a ball at the house of a Bey. I thought little of the dancing. None of the females knew how to shake their hips; but their faces I liked, spite of their plastered heads. I went up to the one that led off, and watching my opportunity, slipped a purse into her hand. I thought she would have boxed my ears, and every body turned up their eyes in astonishment, the lady being wife to the first Visier. In my own mind the impropriety rested with herself: but the adventure made me cautious how I spoke. Before the unsuccessful overture, I had secretly destined three or four of the damsels present an apartment in my harem on the channel; unfortunately, one was the daughter of the Reïs-Effendi, the other the wife of the Cazi-Asker,[4] and the third the Spanish embassadress: so I only offered them a pinch of snuff."

"At Rome I went to see the grand Mufti of

the Christians, who bears the same title with our Greek papases. He appeared a very modest, well behaved, quiet gentleman. His suite made more fuss about him than he did about himself. They dressed and undressed him a dozen times in the middle of the church, changed his caps, fed him, and sang to him. As I stood a good way from the table, which was richly decked out with gold cups and candlesticks, I took his cardinals, with their sleek faces, their laced petticoats, and their long trains, for his wives; but was told he could not marry, though he had his troop of Hoossa's and Medjboobs[5] like our own Sultan: these however he keeps, not to guard his harem, but to sing in his chapel; and so dismally do they squall with their shrill pipes, that it is called a *miserere*. Finding Rome a very ruinous place, I was glad to leave it."

"From Italy," continued the Bey, "where I saw nothing but priests and *cavalier-serventes*, I went to France, where I was pestered by *petit-maîtres* and philosophers: but they so often exchanged characters, that I never could tell which was which. Strangely was my poor Turkish brain puzzled on discovering the favorite pastime of a nation, reckoned the merriest in the world. It consisted in a thing called tragedies, whose only purpose is to rend the heart with grief. Should

the performance raise a single smile, the author is undone. Much however as I was bidden to cry, I could not help roaring out with laughter, when I saw a princess in a hoop three yards wide, stick a huge pasteboard sword in her whale-bone stays, for love of a prince with his cheeks painted all over: but my bad taste excited great contempt. One day they took me to a representation of Turks; as if I had not seen real ones enough. Luckily I did not find them out: for the fellow in the feathered night cap I certainly would have knocked down, for daring to travestie our holy Prophet. The place called the Opera, with its fine shew of dancing girls, pleased me the most of any. The first time indeed of my going there, on seeing a superb palace crumble to pieces, I thought there was an earthquake, and ran out as fast as possible, expecting the whole house to come down about my ears: but by degrees I got used to those things, no longer minded even the whole stage being on fire, and, though I could never think the shew before the scenes otherwise than very tiresome, often thought that behind them exceedingly pleasant."

"The French are all prodigious talkers; but those who never ceased were a sect called economists. They were for making the country produce nothing but what might be eaten: forgetting that men

have eyes as well as palates, and that if the former find nothing to feed upon, the latter will consume double quantities,—were it only to kill time,—and thus turn economy into waste. This I ventured to observe: but they shrugged up their shoulders, and said I was a Turk!"

"Being so near England I had a mind to visit London. My French friends—I mean of the female sex—all opposed the idea of visiting those savage people, for no purpose but to lose all my newly acquired good breeding. "Life is not long enough," said Madame de Mirian, "to thaw the icy coldness of their first reception. They will indeed tell you, as they did me, that if your lungs can but stand their smoke a dozen years, you may be admitted to the honor of stirring their fire,—that is to say,—of finding yourself at home in their chimney corner; but, in the mean time, if you dress like themselves, you will be left to your own meditations, and if you vary from them, were it only in the width of your shoe-straps, you will be stifled with impertinent curiosity: to say nothing of their churlishness in not admitting strangers otherwise than by sea, and prohibiting all French articles!"

"These last instances of ill breeding persuaded me: and as I had a French article of which I was very fond, I stayed at Paris till the accession of my

Imperial master made me return home, and console myself for the pleasures I quitted by the honors which awaited me."

"The first I received was an order for my exile at Lemnos: but this was not the last. My enemies accused me of having, in my rambles, not, only ridiculed the laws of the Prophet, but committed the dignity of the Sultan. So great a crime required the greatest punishment. Sitting mournfully in the boat in which I fancied myself going to the place of my banishment, my eye caught the looking glass at the prow, and in that mirror the reflection of my conductor, seated behind me, just as he was shewing the boatmen how in half an hour my head would be bouncing at my feet. Judge of my situation. A French tragedy was nothing to it. At Paris I had quite got out of the habit of that sort of thing!"

"Arrived at the Dardanelles, I was stowed in the dungeon of the castle, while my guardians loaded the great gun that was to announce to the world my happy exit, by the inestimable honor of the Padishah's own commands. Just at that moment, Seïd-Aly, returned from blockading the Russians in the Black-Sea, was passing full sail with his squadron through the straights. He failed not to claim the ancient priviledge of the fleet to liberate a prisoner in the castle. But what was his delight to find

himself by that means—spite of every opposition—the preserver of his old friend. My sudden translation from a dark underground dungeon filled with fierce executioners, to a brilliant state cabin skimming the waves, in which each face shewed a friend, had such an effect on my senses, that at first I thought the whole business a dream, and kept feeling myself all over—and especially my neck—before I could believe it a reality."

"Seïd was giving chace to the pirate Lambro. Ere he proceeded, he deposited me in this place, under the safeguard of the French flag. I have been here some time, but now no longer regret my disgrace, since it procures me the inestimable felicity of your acquaintance."

At this extravagant compliment I burst out laughing,—told Isaac-Bey I was glad to see how much he had profited by his travels, and made him laugh too. We however became friends in earnest; and while I remained at Smyrna, scarce a day passed without our drinking together—hidden behind the tri-coloured flag newly hoisted—a glass of muscadel to the health of the nimble footed nymphs that adorn the Paris opera.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note.

1. p. 1. *Masr:* Cairo.

2. p. 1. *Kalish:* Canal or cut, communicating with the Nile. That which runs through Cairo, and feeds its different birkets or lakes, is opened every year with great solemnity, when the Nile has attained the requisite height.

3. p. 1. *Birkets:* excavated ground in and about Cairo, transformed, after the rise of the Nile, into tanks, on which the inhabitants go in boats.

4. p. 3. *Tried to spit in my own face:* see vol. i. chapter 13, note 2.

5. p. 3. *The lake Yusbekieh:* one of the principal birkets: surrounded by a number of the most considerable mansions of Cairo.

6. p. 7. *Franguestan:* land of the Franks; name given by the Mohammedans to Europe.

7. p. 10. *The felt:* which the Mamlukes practice to cleave at a single stroke with their sabres.

Note

8. p. 11. *Seratches:* domestics of the Beys, who are not slaves.

9 p. 13. *Tchibookdjee:* pipe bearer; from Tchibook pipe.

10. p. 14. *Maallim:* master; Arabic form of address to gentry of an inferior description.

10.* p. 19. *El Azhar:* one of the great religious foundations at Cairo for the promotion of science: but where of course all science is discouraged, which is thought to militate against the interest of those supported by the foundation.

CHAPTER II.

1. p. 28. *Caïmakam:* lieutenant or official representative of a public personage. The Grand Visier, when he takes the command of the Turkish army, leaves his Caïmakam at Constantinople.

2. p. 28. *Mokhadam:* servant who, in Egypt, precedes public officers with a staff called Nabood, to drive away the mob.

3. p. 29. *Bazirghian:* merchant or purveyor of a man in office, by whom he is paid in drafts on his estates, or government.

4. p 30. *Samoor:* spotted fur much esteemed in the Levant.

Note

5. p. 31. *Fellahs:* peasants; who in Egypt are all of Arabic extraction, and hold the land according to different tenures; though in general considered as serfs.
6. p. 31. *Kawasses:* servants who follow their masters on foot.
7. p. 32. *Shehoods:* notables of a village or district.
8. p. 33. *Khandgea:* boat for passengers, used on the Nile.
9. p. 39. *Miri:* territorial imposition of Egypt.

CHAPTER III.

1. p. 54. *Hashish:* an intoxicating drug.
2. p. 56. *Haznadar:* treasurer; from hazné, treasury.
3. p. 58. *Luxuriant crops:* among the Mohammedans slaves are not suffered to let their beards grow: this appendage therefore is always a sign of freedom; and generally marks official dignity, or at least gravity of deportment. Once having been suffered to grow, it is thought indecorous, and almost profane, again to shave it.
4. p. 59. *Somebody's mother:* allusive to an exclamation of anger, much in use among the Turks.
5. p. 62. *Kohl:* a black and almost impalpable pow-

Note

der, used to tinge the eye-lids, and supposed to strengthen the sight.

6. p. 62. *The Padi-shah*: the emperor; title given to the Sultan.
7. p. 63. *Surmeh*: another name for Kohl.
8. p. 63. *Henna*: a red juice, extracted from a plant, with which the Egyptians dye their women's toes and fingers, and the Persians their horses tails.
9. p. 65. *Almé*: the singular of Awali or singers.
10. p. 69. *Clapping her hands*: which in the east, where servants are always in waiting in the room, stands in lieu of ringing the bell.
11. p. 69. *Tensook*: small tablet of musk or amber.

CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 71. *Abbah*: Arab cloak.
2. p. 74. *A Solomon*: it stood in the original; Suleiman,—which is the same name.
3. p. 77. *Bedowee*: or Bedoween.

CHAPTER V.

1. p. 97. *Koobbees*: sepulchral chapels.
2. p. 100. *Zaïms*: vessels which navigate the Red Sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Note

1. p. 104. *Hadjee*: a pilgrim; from hadj, pilgrimage: all Mohammedans are enjoined by the Prophet to perform that to Mekkah, in person, or at least by proxy.
2. p. 104. *Kaaba*: the holy house of Mekkah, originally built by the angels in Paradise; n its wall is inserted the black stone, probably of atmospheric origin, already worshipped by the Arabs previous to Mohammed, who found the superstition in its favor too deeply rooted to contend with.
3. p. 104. *Coorban Bayram*: festival which takes place forty days after that of the Bayram.
4. p. 105. *Kishr*: a beverage much used in Arabia.
5. p. 109. *Dives*: celebrated magicians.
6. p. 109. *The bird Roc*: a fabulous bird of prodigious size.
7. p. 109. *Simoom*: the poisonous wind of the desert.
9. p. 112. *The balance Wezn*: in which, according to the Koran, are weighed man's good and evil actions.
10. p. 115. *Birket-el-hadj*: the lake near Cairo, on whose banks the pilgrims bound for Mekkah assemble.

Note

11. p. 117. *The Shereef of Mekkah:* the prince or sovereign of the country.

12. p. 118. *Djezzar:* whom it fell to our lot to defend against Bonaparte.

13. p. 118. *The Hadj:* or caravan of pilgrims.

14. p. 119. *Bosniac guard:* some of the Turkish Pashas or governors of provinces have Bosniac soldiers for their body guards, as others have Albanians, and others Koords or Turkmen.

15. p. 119. *Deli-bash:* or officer of Delis.

CHAPTER VII.

1. p 131. *Seraff:* cashier, banker.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. p. 165. *Before the holy doors.* In the Greek church the priesthood alone enters the sanctuary, which is divided from the nave by a screen, the doors of which are called the holy doors.

CHAPTER IX.

1. p. 174. *The infidel hill:* on which stands Pera, the quarter of the Franks.

2. p. 179. *Capidgee:* gentleman usher of the Grand Signor. The Capidgees are wont to carry

Note

to the Governors of provinces, the commands, favors, and bowstrings of the Sultan.

3. p. 182. *Iskiudar*: Scutari; situated opposite Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore.

CHAPTER X.

1. p. 205. *Nea-Moni:* rich monastery in the island of Chio.
2. p. 207. *Fior di Levante:* emphatic epithet of praise given by the Greek islanders to Chio.
3. p. 217. *To the Despots:* title given to the Greek Bishops.

CHAPTER XI.

1. p. 250. *Reala Bey:* the second in command in the Turkish navy, after the Capitan Pasha.
2. p. 258. *His body guard of Koords and of Turkmen:* mountaineers of Anadoly, who often carry their tents to a great distance from their native provinces, combine a predatory with a pastoral life, and form the body guard of the Asiatic Pashas, as the mountaineers of Albania form that of thegovernors of Turkey in Europe.
3. p. 254. *Dellis:* properly madmen: species of

Note

troops who in the Turkish army act as the forlorn hope.

4. p. 255. *Bairak:* company.

5. p. 266. *Tootoondgee:* officer who carries the tobacco-pouch of a great man.

CHAPTER XII.

[by mistake 6.] p. 277. *The seven towers:* state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.

2. [by mistake 7.] p. 280. The Sultan—in his capacity as heir to the Kaliphate. In his wars with the Christian powers the sacred standard of the Prophet is always hoisted, as if they were only undertaken for the defence of Islamism.

3. [by mistake 8.] p. 286. *Mikmandars:* officer who in Turkey accompanies embassadors and other distinguished travellers as purveyor.

4. [by mistake 9.] p. 291. Ekatharina, pronounced Yekatharina: equivalent among the Russians to Evkatharina; the great or good Katharina.

5. [by mistake 10.] p. 293. *Boyars:* the indigenous nobles of Valachia and Moldavia.

CHAPTER XIII.

Note

1. p. 296. *Roumooms:* name which the Valachians give themselves.
2. p. 310. *Seraskier:* give *Hospodar:* The first means a Turkish general of division; the latter is the title given to the Greek governors of Valachia and Moldavia.
3. p. 312. *Divan Effendee:* Turkish secretary of the Hospodar's divan.
4. p. 317. *The Imperial Manslayer:* one of the titles assumed by his Turkish majesty.
5. p. 324. *Anadoly:* or Anatolia,—as it is marked in our maps,—is the name given by the Turks to Asiatic Turkey.
6. p. 324. *Zeeameth or Timar:* feudal fiefs, which only differ in the number of men properly mounted, whom the holders are obliged to furnish in war.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. p. 338. *The contumace:* name given by the Austrians to the custom-houses of the Hungarian passes.
2. p. 343. *Boyook-deré:* beautiful village on the shores

Note

of the Bosphorus, chiefly inhabited by Frank embassadors and their suite.

CHAPTER XV.

1. p. 352. *Bim-bashee*; Turkish colonel.
2. p. 355. *A fortnight's growth*: a new Sultan only lets his beard grow from the day of his accession.
3. p. 356. *Capitana-bey*: first in command in the Turkish navy after the Capitan Pasha.
4. p. 365. *The single cloud*: alluding, I suppose, to Hassan's defeat at Tobak.
5. p. 372. *Oda* or *Orta*: Turkish regiment; those of the Jenissaries attach great importance to the preservation of the vessel in which they cook their pilau; and the officers of their kitchen possess, from the head cook down to the lowest regimental scullery boy, their regular rank in the army.
6. p. 384 *The palm of Martyrdom*: according to the Mohammedan prejudice, the favor of the bow-string conferred by the Kaliph of the Faithful, or his representative, ensures in the next world all the rewards of martyrdom.

CHAPTER XVI.

Note

1. p. 400. *Yan-guen-var*: the cry of fire in the streets of Constantinople.
2. p. 401. *Allah-kierim*: God is great! the usual exclamation of devotion, or surprise, or resignation, among the Mohammedans.
3. p. 406. *The Soo-bashee*: inferior officer, commanding a village or small district.
4. p. 412. *The Cazi-Asker*: title of the chief magistrate, among the Turks, and therefore probably applied by Isaac-Bey to the Lord Chancellor; as the appellation of Reïs Effendee seems to be to a secretary of state; and that of grand Mufti of the Christians, to the Pope.
5. p. 413. *Hoossas and Meljboobs*: names given to those who are qualified in different degrees to act as guardians of the harem.

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